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IN WAR TIME.

XXIII.

Soon there fell upon the house the quiet with which we surround those who have no longer the power to hear, and the servants went and came with the want of naturalness which death inevitably brings to all who are not simply crushed by grief. Arthur, too deeply hurt to be of any use, sent for Mr. Wilmington, and had a curious wonderment because the old man, who was much attached to Edward, did not seem to be more shocked and more visibly distressed. Arthur was too young to have learned that age rarely retains life's primal capacity to grieve, and that for it a young life cut short does not awaken the same sense of premature wreck as it does in the young themselves. Age is too near eternity to value justly human hopes. Yet the elder man's calm was of service to Arthur, and steadied him; and then, too, the following day Hester came over with Ann Wendell to see him.

Wendell had felt that it was wise to stay as long as possible at the Mortons', so that it was near dusk before he reached home.

Ann was comfortably seated in a rocking-chair, her work on her lap, the shadows of evening having for a time suspended her task. She was singing one of the old Puritan hymn tunes with

which she was wont to enliven her labor or gratify her leisure. Wendell stood still a moment at the door.

"Ah! Is that you, Ezra?" she said. "How late you are! You are getting very unpunctual. Your tea must be stone cold."

Her quiet little criticism — she smiled as she spoke — exasperated him.

"You, at least, seem very comfortable!" he exclaimed, in a tone so hard and unnatural that his sister rose instantly, facing him. Then, even in the failing light, Ann saw that in his face which shocked her.

"What has happened? Something has gone wrong. What is it?"

He hesitated a moment before saying, "You won't be so comfortable when I tell you." He recalled with an approach to fury that it was the haste caused by Ann's obstinate folly that had been the true cause of the disaster which had befallen him.

"Why do you speak so to me, brother?" she said. "There is nothing wrong with you, is there?"

"No; but Edward Morton died suddenly, this afternoon."

"How dreadful, Ezra! I have long believed it could not be far off; but death is always near, and always far off. What can I do for them? Don't you think I should go over there at once?"

"No one will want you," he answered

abruptly. "Edward was in great pain when I got there, and your letter did not make things any better."

"You cannot mean that what I did hurt him! How could it do that? How could I have hurt any one I loved so well? And it had to be done,—it had to be done."

"Yes, and so have all stupid follies, I suppose."

"Ezra!"

"Oh, I don't mean it killed him, but it did make him worse. How could it do otherwise?"

"Will you tell me how the boy died, brother?" She spoke quietly and softly.

"I can't," he said. "I — Don't ask me any more about it yet. I was never in my life so upset by anything."

"Very well. Don't say any more now. We will talk of it another time. But why did Mrs. Morton trouble the sick lad with my letter? Surely that was needless."

"She was so angry, Ann, that I think she lost her head. She broke out about it before both the boys. A nice business you have made of it! I call it wicked."

Ann's eyes filled; if ever tears were bitter, hers were bitter then. Her incessant sacrifices for her brother had been too purely instinctive to be counted by her as of any weight in their mutual relations. Secure of his affection, she asked no more return for the gentle offices of life than the mother-bird asks of her young; but that any one she loved should think she would deliberately do a wrong action disturbed her deeply.

"What we think right," she said, "is all the right we can do. The issues are in other hands. Please not to say I am wicked, Ezra; but you did not say that, did you, — not that, exactly?"

"I do not know what I said. I trust that you were not fool enough to talk to Mr. Gray. In future I hope you will consult me about things which concern me more than any one else."

"I will do as you say, brother, as to anything in which my conscience is not concerned."

"Conscience! I am tired of hearing of it. Did you see Mr. Gray?"

"I did not. He failed to come, as he said he would. He was delayed, and has sent a letter for you."

Wendell took it from her. "When he does come, Ann, you must not speak to him at all about this matter. I shall attend to it myself."

"Oh," said Ann, shocked into unusual subjugation, "if you will do so, I shall be much relieved, Ezra. You are certainly the proper person; but you did not appear to think it quite so important as it seemed to me."

"Very well," he returned, "we shall see;" but he made no such pledge as Ann desired.

"Has Mr. Morton been heard from?" she asked. "Somehow I cannot feel at ease about it. I just seem to be putting aside a duty. And this awful death! It seems to bring one's duties closer, Ezra."

"Perhaps," rejoined Wendell, "it may comfort you to know that Colonel Morton has been heard from, and that he says it is simply absurd; so I trust we have now heard the last of it, Ann. It has made mischief enough to satisfy any woman."

Her brother's positiveness confused her. She was not clear as to being in any way responsible, and concluded that Ezra's outbreak was due partly to his grief, and partly to the irritability of a man not quite well, and now worn out by the strain the day's events had put upon him. She had the maternal feeling that unusual peevishness must be due to some distinct failure in health.

"You must be sick, brother," she said gently. "You never have talked to me this way before!"

It was not in Wendell to like to wound, and he was made uncomfortable by his sister's increasing distress; but we

cannot strike and not hurt our own knuckles.

"I am perfectly wretched," he returned. "This death has been too much for me. You must forgive me, sister."

"Don't ask me to forgive you, brother. It hurts me to think that you feel I have anything to forgive. You will go and lie down, won't you? I will not mention that business any more."

"Thank you," he said, and went upstairs.

Once in his room he threw himself on the bed, and with his hands clasped behind his head lay still and thought.

He was annoyed that he could not steadily control his own logical processes. He tried to feel clear that he was not entirely to blame for Edward's death, and then essayed with some ease to persuade himself that Arthur was the person most blamable, and yet that even if he himself had been hasty or careless he was bound to protect Arthur, and that to speak frankly would never so entirely clear Arthur as to be of any use. Still, no sooner had he seemingly satisfied himself than thoughts which rose unsummoned, like ghosts, startled him, and filled his mind with new and horrible suggestions of future risks and dangers. Vivid and terrible images of the fatal moment of haste came before him, and with a memory of his physical recoil he saw again the dead, and his own hand stretched out to close the open eyes. It was growing dark. He rose and lit the gas. As he crossed the room he remembered the Middle-Age belief that the blood would flow anew when the slayer touched the dead slain. There was a grotesque horror in the idea that in a man who had been poisoned this could not be. He sat down, with his face in his hands, and gave way to a strange sense of mental confusion, a valueless jostling of incongruous thoughts and memories and fears, which seemed to come and go on the stage of consciousness, until at last the

giddiness which sometimes follows great emotional tension made him stagger to the bed, on which he fell heavily.

Then happening to see Mr. Gray's letter, which had dropped on the floor, and being a little eased by the supine position, the physical distress of his vertigo having for the time cleared his head of its thronging and uncontrollable phantoms, he opened the envelope. It contained a kind note, in which Mr. Gray desired the doctor to tell Hester that, if pleasant for her, he wished her in a week or two to go with him to Baltimore, and further south if the state of the country made that possible. He repeated his thanks to Miss Wendell and her brother, and said that even if Hester wished to return to them for a time, he would like now to take charge of the sum placed in Wendell's hands. He hoped, however, that Dr. Wendell would not feel unwilling to retain a thousand dollars, as he had before asked him to do, and also would kindly render him a full account of the extent to which money had been expended for Hester's board and dress. He desired that the nine thousand dollars might be remitted to him in New York by draft as soon as convenient.

This added blow fell with but little weight on Wendell. Capacity to feel anxiety has its limits in mysterious failures of response in the brain cells, and convulsive explosions of emotional torment make impossible for a time the normal activities which an intellectual conception of a difficulty or trouble should awaken. He had a certain obscure sense that this matter had been provided for, until suddenly he remembered that this idea was due to Edward's promise to lend him money. A more commercially minded man would very early have presented to himself this as one, at least, of the embarrassments which arose out of this calamity, but Wendell was not prone to think even enough of money. To do him justice,

through all his fears, and efforts at self-vindication, there was forever coming and going a remembrance of how dear to him had been the young man who was dead, how noble he had been, how tender and true a friend. Recalling Edward's self-sacrificing character, he even tried to find in this an excuse for his own concealment, not for the moment setting before himself the conception that in hiding the truth he was allowing an innocent person to bear his guilt, even if only in the minds of Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Westerley.

"And really," he said to himself, "a brother should have been the most careful;" and he thus confused himself at moments into a state of rest of mind. Many people are helped at such times by their incapacity to think clearly, and at all times Wendell, who was admirably veneered with intelligence, was incapable of attaining in any of his logical processes the definiteness of results which is reached by more thoroughly trained intellects.

By degrees, this matter of the money he was unable to return to its owner began to relate itself painfully to Alice Westerley. Too well he knew what sentence he might have to read in those eyes, whose light would be to him as the sheen on the blade of the angel of judgment. For the time the nearness of this peril routed all other terrors, and he sat on the bedside holding the letter and thinking the vain thoughts of a man without resource. At last he felt again the dizziness which is so apt, upon concentration of mental effort, to return to a brain recently overstrained by either work or emotion. Then he began to fear lest some horrible physical incapacity should come upon him, and paralyze his activity. Stuffing the letter into his pocket, he opened the door and called, "Ann! Bring me some whisky." He took a half tumblerful, and quieting her fears said that he would undress and go to bed. Then he locked

the door, and still confused threw himself dressed on the bed, and was soon in a deep sleep, brought on by the unaccustomed stimulus.

The next morning his head ached, and he went back to bed, asking Ann to request a friendly physician near by to see for him such of his cases as needed care. She wrote also to Mrs. Morton that, overcome by the events of the day before, he had remained at home, suffering from a severe headache.

He was glad, indeed, when Ann herself suggested this course to him, and felt it an inconceivable relief not so soon again to have to enact his part before Mrs. Morton, and possibly Alice. From the former there came kind inquiries, and later in the day, with a basket of hothouse grapes, a note from Alice Westerley. It was simply a loving little remembrance in words, with of course no allusion to the scene through which they had so lately passed.

Towards evening a servant came over to ask Dr. Wendell for the usual formal attestation of a death. We have said that he had looked forward to this act with dread. He remembered too well the day when he had failed to meet a professional obligation brought on him by the unlooked-for chances of war. It had been known to few, and not to Ann, but he had bitterly regretted his weakness, and had only by degrees succeeded in putting it aside from his life; and now again he was to sin against the moral code of his profession. The need was too urgent to admit of long reflection. He wrote with haste the name and age, gave as the cause of death paralysis of the heart, and signed his name. After putting the paper in an envelope, he took it out and looked at it again, wondering whether his signature had in it, any of the peculiar feelings with which he wrote it.

The next morning, early, he received a note from Mrs. Morton, asking him to call as soon as he was able, and contain-

ing other matter of so grave a nature that he hastened to write a reply, at the close of which he excused his prolonged absence on the plea of continued suffering.

The constant petty need for self-command which becomes part of the social training of women like Mrs. Morton is apt to make effectual those larger efforts which are now and then demanded by some grave exigency. But supplementing this, Mrs. Morton had one of those natures which are steadied by great emergencies, and sometimes unduly excited by small ones. In the presence of her dead son, she broke into the passionate grief of sorely wounded motherhood; but away from this dreary reminder, she shocked or surprised all her friends, save Alice, by a calmness and self-control to the mystery of which they had no clue. Three days after her son's death she said to Alice Westerley, "I have been unwilling to talk to you, or to any one; but now I have made up my mind, and I want to say some things to you, and then I desire never again to speak of them or hear of them."

Alice had dreaded this talk, but on the whole was not sorry to have it over. She too had something which she felt must be said.

"I think," she answered, "you are very right, Helen. I have not ceased to feel how hard it is for you that a thing as sacred and sweet as the ending of this dear life should come to you surrounded with such awful bitterness of suffering and such unusual trials. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, there is nothing. You understand me; that is something you have done for me. Beyond it there is nothing, — nothing! When once this talk is over, we will let its remembrance be as a thing that is dead and buried with my boy; but now there are things I must say, — I cannot live alone with them."

"And what, dear Helen?"

"Have you thought, Alice, that Arthur, whose carelessness cost my Edward's life, is his sole heir? That he ignorantly profits by it? That his way to an easy, happy marriage is smoothed by this deed?"

"Oh, Helen, don't talk of a pure accident as 'this deed'! It sounds too much like speaking of a voluntary act."

"I spoke as a malicious world might speak. What would such a story become with the comments of Mrs. Grace or a half dozen others we can name? What would happen to my son if such a whisper reached him? He would say, 'I cannot touch this money;' and then this feeling would be called remorse. Oh, I have tasted this cup in all its bitterness, Alice!"

"But he never can hear. He never will hear, unless you betray yourself. I trust he has not the faintest idea of his share in it, poor lad!"

"Not the least, Alice. He has seen the doctor's certificate, and you yourself heard what Dr. Wendell said to him. No; I do believe he has not the very faintest suspicion. Indeed, how could he? But I shudder lest something should turn up to make him inquire further. Suppose I were ill, or dying, and were to let slip some word of terror; and never, never, will this be out of my mind! Oh, I shudder to think of it! Even the most unlikely possibilities become probable to me, and it seems to me that there is no precaution I can take which would be needless. And you, — can you always be sure of yourself? And there is Dr. Wendell. The very ease with which he accepted the situation alarmed me. It seemed like weakness."

"Indeed, my friend," returned Alice, "you are making yourself uneasy without just cause. Like you, I too have thought over all this sad affair. To tell you the truth, I think we were all wrong: you and I, who were swept away by our love, and Dr. Wendell, who nobly accepted a compromising position to

shelter one who is not of his kindred. You and I may lie, and believe that he who knows all things and the secrets of all hearts will forgive us; but, Helen, whether you — whether you had a right to permit a man in Dr. Wendell's place to protect your son at the cost of his own honor — is — I think — you won't mind what I say? — I think it wrong."

Mrs. Morton reflected a moment. "I did not ask him to do it," she said.

"No, but you accepted the sacrifice, and you thanked him."

"And could I have been human and not have done so? Put yourself in my place. If Arthur had been your son, what would you have done?"

"I cannot say, Helen. No one can put herself in another's place. And yet — and yet I cannot think you were right; and, dear, to blame you even in thought at a time like this seems to me cruel."

"I must say, Alice, that you appear to think more of Dr. Wendell than of me."

"I think of you both. He has not in this matter the stake you have, and for him it must be inconceivably painful. And yet I confess that I see now no escape. It might have been better to have faced the truth openly at first, and taken the consequences, — better, dear, even for Arthur."

"You cannot expect me, at least, to think so. But now, Alice, that things have gone so far, what course except silence is left us and him? I mean, what in your judgment? Mine has never varied. I shall defend my boy at all costs, — at any one's cost."

"I see no other course," Alice sadly replied. "We have been wrong, and — now we must abide by it," and silently she thought of Wendell.

"Why," questioned Mrs. Morton, — "why do you suppose Dr. Wendell has not been here? I sent for him."

"But you told me that Miss Ann said he was sick."

"Yes, and he has written me himself to the same effect, but he must know how intensely desirous I am to see him. She says it is a headache. A headache!"

"Oh, I suppose that is a mere excuse. Cannot you imagine that a man may have been shaken by what he went through? And he is a very sensitive man, Helen."

"I know all that, but I think he should have come. I want to feel more sure about him."

"And you distrust him after what he has done for you?"

"I — I distrust every one, — him, you, myself, Arthur, every one! I must feel more certain, or it will kill me!"

"But how can you feel more certain?"

"I don't know — yet, but I must. I do not like this delay in coming here."

"It seems to me natural enough."

Mrs. Morton was silent for a moment, and then said, —

"Did I tell you what my poor Edward said to me about Dr. Wendell being a good deal in debt?"

"No, but it does not surprise me. He must have had many expenses; and there was Hester."

"Edward wished to put him at ease, and had not enough money on hand, so he asked me to lend him a thousand dollars for a few days."

"And did you?"

"I said I would. I did not think Edward was right, but you know, dear, I never refused that boy anything."

"And why do you speak of this now?" queried Alice, who was all alive with a terrible anticipation. She understood Helen Morton well, and knew that she was at times determined to carry her plans at any cost, and that in a difficulty, such as the one before her, no considerations were likely to arise except how to meet it.

Her friend's manner was full of suspicion for Mrs. Morton.

"I thought," she explained, "I would fulfill Edward's wishes, and I sent Dr. Wendell the amount Edward mentioned as desirable."

"How much?" asked Alice, faintly.

"Five thousand dollars, — a check, dear."

"You sent him five thousand dollars!"

"Yes. It would have been my boy's wish."

"My God, how horrible!" exclaimed Alice.

"Horrible! What do you mean, Alice!" demanded Mrs. Morton, sternly.

"I mean," said Alice, "that you did not do this as a gift from our dead Edward. You gave it as a bribe to silence! That is why you gave it. And how could you do it? A man does a wrong thing from noble motives, and because you never liked him you insult him with an offer of money, and this when you knew him to be in difficulties! And the folly of it, — the folly of it!" Alice rose and walked to and fro, agitated and angry.

"You told me that you could not put yourself in my place," said Mrs. Morton, "and now I am sure of it. I dare not trust any one, and I must make myself certain."

"And does this make you certain? It makes you insecure, if that were possible. Do you suppose a gentleman — do you suppose a man like Wendell will let you smirch his motives with even the semblance of a bribe?" She recalled Wendell's sad and refined face, and saw, as it were, the scorn of his lips. "He will send it back to you," she affirmed, "and you will have hurt a fast friend, or even made an enemy. I should hate you were I he."

Helen looked the surprise she felt. "Read that," she said.

Alice took the open note and reading it, life grew black before her. Its sweetness went out of it, and belief in man, and trust in God. It was this: —

"Dear Mrs. Morton, your kind note, with its inclosure, fulfilling my dear friend's wishes as expressed to me, has touched me deeply. I hasten to thank you, and to say how great a relief it is to me. I can never forget the terms in which you speak of my services to him, and I thank you again, both for the act and the words which accompany it. You do not speak of it as a loan, but as that I must of course consider it. I shall, I think, be able to see you to-morrow or the day after. I must ask, as I am sensitive about such matters, that you will not mention this to Arthur or to Mrs. Westerley."

"Not mention this to Mrs. Westerley?" said Alice, standing with the note in her hand.

"Of course," returned Mrs. Morton, "that was a matter for my discretion. You had to know it, as you know all the rest of it."

Alice felt that she must get out into the air. The paper fell on the floor as she spoke in broken tones: "Oh, he said well who said there is no wrong which has not a child! You have done a wicked thing. Don't talk to me any more now. I cannot bear it! May God forgive you, — I never can! Let me go, — let me go! Life is over, — life is dead."

"Alice, — Alice!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton, alarmed. "I could not have dreamed of this! Don't go!"

"I must, — I must! Don't stop me! I shall die! I shall fall dead if I stay here! Room, room!" she cried, wildly. "Let me pass! Let me go!" and with a face that scared her friend she left the room, and presently was moving swiftly across the lawn. Walking with a fierce energy which represented in physical action the agony of restrained emotion, she passed through the lanes. It was the close of June, and the air was warm even in the afternoon, so that in her own house the long windows were open to the floor. Alice was glad of it, as it enabled her to enter unnoticed.

She caught at the nearest chair, sat down at once, and a minute later was aware of Hester at her side.

"Oh," said the girl, "I am glad to have found you. How are they all?"

But hearing no answer, she came close to the chair. Alice was shaking, unable to speak. Hester turned in alarm to call for help, when Alice said explosively, "Don't — ring!" Hester was quick-witted, and her life in a doctor's house had not left her quite ignorant. She knew at once that this was an attack of nervous agitation, and that Alice was unwilling to have it seen. She closed the door, and kneeling without a word held Alice's hands steadily in hers, while the elder woman set herself with great effort to overcome the physical agitation which now possessed her. She was suffering from one of those wild insurrections which seem to be the natural result of the social laws which so continually crush into expressionless silence the normal outbursts of our passions or emotions. By and by Alice grew more quiet, and at last her tremor ceased, and she fell back with a sigh of relief.

"You are better," said Hester; "but shall I not run home and ask Dr. Wendell to come? He is not out, you know, to-day, but I am sure he would come at once if he knew you were ill."

"No," replied Alice, "I want no one; and you will never tell any one of this. I have had a great shock, Hester, and it has nearly killed me."

Hester of course presumed that it was Edward's death of which she spoke. "I can well imagine it," she returned.

"No, you cannot, child. any more than you can imagine death. But now I want to be alone; so please go home, and let this be as between us two. You behaved quietly, — I like that; and kiss me, dear."

Somewhat reluctantly Hester went away wondering, leaving Alice Westerley to the sad company of her own

thoughts. Like Wendell, the woman he loved had also to face a future. As her physical control returned, she began to find it possible to think. She knew that by degrees she had gathered interest in Wendell, and that a part of it arose from her power to lift him out of his moods, and to sympathize with his theoretical ambitions. He had said that others had not that ability, and the attribution of exceptional capacity is a subtle flattery. Then he was gentle, sad, and with all his intellect, which Alice rated too highly, he had much of that strange dependence on women which some much larger characters have exhibited. She knew that she had had full warning as to where the path she trod would lead, but each step was pleasant, and the steps unconsciously multiplied, until when Colonel Fox spoke return was impossible. Her lover had now done that thing which more than justified Colonel Fox and all that the malicious-minded had whispered.

A great writer has said that in all women's love there is a maternal element. It rose at times wildly in Alice's breast, making her yearn to help and protect Wendell, and for the moment utterly blinding her to the depth of infamy to which he had descended. This, indeed, was to her most strange. How could a learned, scholar-like man, of gentle ways and refined tastes, suddenly fall so far! She shuddered. There must have been events in his life of which she knew not. — horrible preparations for this final degradation. Then also there was something blundering and stupid about it all, — about his note, and his mode of acceptance, and his reference to Alice. And why did he not come to her, if he was in such sore straits? "And if he had, — oh, if he had," — she exclaimed aloud, "I should have married him; and then — and then — some day I should have come to know that he could do such things as this!"

And here it struck her that she was

ingeniously torturing herself. "I must decide," she said.

In fact, from the instant that she read Wendell's note to Mrs. Morton she had made up her mind; nay, all the habits and sentiments of a life of truth and purity and honor made it up for her. When seeming to hesitate she was only cheating love's sweet patience with the semblance of indecision.

How the next twenty-four hours were passed Alice Westerley could hardly have told a year or two later. Great moral catastrophes, like physical shocks, disturb or even obliterate in some minds the memory of the lesser events which follow them. It may be added that she was suffering less acutely. For the mind, as for the body, the tiger claws of calamity bring about for a time a certain amount of incapacity to feel further anguish, and leave us crushed, inert, and hopeless.

The day after her talk with Mrs. Morton, Alice sat alone, towards evening, in her drawing-room. Unsympathetic nature mocked her mood with the sun of a June day, and with full eyes she sat watching a pair of humming-birds as they darted through the swaying roses which hung about the window.

At this moment she heard a step on the gravel walk, and catching a glimpse of Wendell stepped back into the room as he rang the bell. Then, without a moment's hesitation, she went to the door of the room and waited until the servant appeared in the hall, when she said, —

"I am not at home to any one, — to any one."

She stood with one hand clutching at her heart, holding her breath for the moment, as she heard a voice but too well known, and then through the vines saw Wendell turn and go slowly down the gravel path. She could see his side face, its pallor and the fineness of its lines. She gave way for the moment. Overcome by her emotions, and hardly

knowing what she meant to do, she turned to a window which opened out on to the porch and gave access to the garden. It was closed, and fastened by a catch. The physical effort needed to move it steadied her, and when she succeeded in lifting the sash she paused irresolute, and remained standing by the window while Wendell walked slowly and hesitatingly away from her, down the little avenue of maples which led to the gate.

"And with that face!" she thought, as she moved away, "I don't know how it can be!" For the moment she had a wild desire to see Wendell, and to tell him that, love him as she might, marriage was out of the question; but she was wise enough to fear her own weakness, and to know that to say to his face what she must say would but add to the sum of her misery an incalculable torment.

The love she dreaded to torture face to face was as strong as her own, and the capacity for the nurture of an intense affection was large in Wendell, — of a half-womanly largeness, — and represented a life of absolute purity.

As he left her house he knew that his reception had been unusual. He had seen Mrs. Morton, who had been kind and thankful, and had so stated her gratitude as to make him feel that the money he had taken with apparent reluctance was in a measure earned; but no word had been said about Mrs. Westerley. Mrs. Morton did not know what to say, or in fact whether she could wisely do anything but keep silent, and for the time her own grief was paramount. Then Wendell had walked up the main street, and been much questioned as to Edward's death by Mrs. Bullock and by Miss Sarah Grace, who was developing a promising faculty for the collection of facts about her neighbors. It had put the man in an ill humor, and he turned into the lane, contrasting with these petty natures the

graciousness of his mistress, her multiple interests in life and thought and politics, even her sympathy with those who followed pursuits that were incomprehensible to her. He had the happy poetical quality of dreaming himself out of situations, of ceasing to be himself for a time; and he walked along feeling as if now he were true and were moving in the sunshine of her truth, and as if her kiss had had the force of a benediction and had laid the demons of sin which once possessed him.

Then he was sent away from her door. That might have been an accident, but at present it was a new wretchedness. To see her banished all other thoughts, and to-day he had great need of her. He turned back, on a fresh impulse, and again rang.

"I must see Mrs. Westerley, if she is in the house," he declared.

"She is not at home, sir," repeated the servant, who knew his business.

"Give her my card," said Wendell, peremptorily. He had written on it "Please to see me."

John turned, rather dubious, and found his way through back premises into the drawing-room.

Alice shuddered. Fate had been too much for her. Should she put him off, and then write to him? But she hardly felt up to so stern a rôle of endurance. "Show Dr. Wendell in," she said. The servant closed the door behind him, and Wendell advanced with outstretched hand.

"At last, Alice!" he cried. "How I have longed for you! I have been so wretched."

There was something strange in her face, but he did not see it for a moment. She gave him her hand, and he drew her towards him. She had not spoken. Then he saw how grave and cold her face was, and that her eyes were red and the lids swollen.

"You cannot kiss me," she said. "Sit down."

"I cannot kiss you!" he repeated, slowly, and sat down with automatic obedience. "What have I done?" he faltered.

"Ask yourself," she rejoined, proudly. "I am not your conscience."

"I!" he said. "What is it? What does this mean? You know that what I did, I did for Arthur's sake! Did you disapprove of that? Oh, you could not! You must have understood what it cost me!"

"It was not that," she said. "You know me too well to suppose that I meant that. I have thought it over since, and I feel that what we did was wrong. Mrs. Morton had no right to ask or allow it, and I was weak to yield to her. But I cannot talk of it any more. The thing is done, and there is now no help for it. But why, why," she said, looking down as she spoke, — "why did you accept a bribe from Mrs. Morton? You had done a thing I might call falsely noble, and you took money she gave you to make her feel surer of your silence! The two acts were so unlike. The one was heroic; the other — I — I can't understand it!"

She had meant to ask no explanation. Now in her pity she had done so; but it was love, not hope, that prompted her.

He sat looking at her downward face, while she questioned him with slow, distinct utterance, seeming at times to search for the right word.

"If you think it was wrong," he said, "it must have been wrong, but Edward had promised it, and I am perplexed with debts, and I had to have help. You cannot conceive what misery it is to owe money. I shall repay it."

"Repay!" she cried. "What you lost to get this help you can never get back! Can she give you again your honor? Can you cease to be an accomplice, — a paid accomplice? You have made it look like a crime. It does seem to me strange that you did not see this.

I cannot dare to face the thought that, seeing it, you did as you have done."

He was silent. The darker guilt she did not guess was scourging him with intolerable anguish, as he saw himself in the clear light of her judgment. He dreaded to hear his sentence.

"What can I do," he asked, "to justify myself? I see that I was wrong. Help me to do what seems right to you."

His humility appeared to her disgusting. "And this," she said to herself, "this was the man I loved!"

"I will send it back," he added.

"That is for you to decide," she returned, looking at him.

"And you won't desert me, Alice?"

"If you mean by this that you can ever again be to me what you have been, you strangely misunderstand me. I could not marry a man I do not respect."

"Then it is all over."

"Yes, it is all over, — all but the shame and the bitterness of it. And I loved you! — oh, I loved you dearly; more than life, more than my soul! God help me, I would give it now, this instant, to be able to think of you as I once thought!"

She was scared when she looked at him. Down his face, ghastly and white, great drops of sweat rolled, and his mouth twitched convulsively. He was crushed by an agony of despair that seemed to him to make life unendurable. It was not alone the lost love that hurt him, but the fact that this woman regarded him with contempt, — she, so gentle and so full of sweet pity for all the forms of human trouble.

"And there is no hope for me?" he moaned, hoarsely.

"If I said there was, I should be false," she returned. "I meant to write to you, but you would insist on seeing me, and I have said more than I wanted to say. No doubt I have hurt you sorely, but you are not the only one hurt."

"And I must be to you of all men the lowest."

She made no answer, feeling that she was at the end of her powers of endurance. He stood up. "I cannot bear your scorn. I can bear the rest; that I cannot bear!"

Her silence tortured him beyond endurance. All else in life became little to him, — his name, his safety, his very existence.

He spoke, and with a singular calmness: "You are right; but I am now as one facing death. I had to do as I did, or resign all hopes of you. That I could not do."

"What?" she exclaimed.

"I — made the mistake that cost Edward his life. I did it. I was in a hurry, as you know, to reach Ann in time, and in my haste I gave Arthur the wrong vial. It was I who killed him. It was to be either Arthur or I; and if I had said it was I, then I knew life was over for me. It was because I loved you, Alice."

"And is this really true?" she cried. "Oh, it cannot possibly be true! You could not have lied thus, and looked me in the face. Take it back. Please to say it is not so. And the money, — after that, to take her money!"

"Wrong or right," he said, "I did it for you."

"For me! For me! He says he did it for me! How little you knew me, — how less than little! If you had spoken the truth I should have clung to you for life. You cannot know how I should have loved you. Ah, I should have loved you as man was never loved."

"And now is it over, Alice?"

"Yes, it is over."

"Oh, my God!" he cried, "what have I done? But at least you cannot scorn me now. When you think of me you will say, 'He had the courage to do one right thing. He was not utterly base.'"

"I shall pray for you," she said softly.

"I shall try never to think of you except in my prayers;" and the tears rained through the hands with which she hid her face. "Go," she urged; "please to go. I can bear no more."

"I will go," he returned; but he fell on his knees beside her, and seizing her hand kissed it, one long, lingering kiss. Then he rose and slowly left the house.

Several days had gone by since the burial of Edward, when Captain Arthur Morton took his way, one afternoon, across the fields from his home towards the long highway of Germantown. He was on his usual visit to Hester, but was more sad than common, his morning having been spent in the legal business which necessarily followed his brother's death. Nothing in life had so sobered him as this loss. He went along through the woods of June, thinking how remorselessly the busy waters of life had closed over this dear one, as the sea above its dead. It was in truth no common calamity. Edward's strong individuality intensified the sense of his loss to those he left; for although there are many people in the world, there are but few persons, and Edward's was a distinctive personality.

As the young soldier approached the house, he saw Hester in the garden beside it tying up the roses, which were now putting out anew their summer buds. She had dressed herself in black, and the vase-like curves of her young form came out sharply in the dark dress against the gray stone wall.

Arthur leapt lightly over the pale fence, and if the roses were of a sudden jealous they had reason therefor.

The two young folks strolled down the little garden, chatting as they went of many things: of the great war, out of which he had come with little scath; of the happy future they promised themselves, — and over and over returned to speak of the power to love which their

brother and friend had possessed, of the sweetness that came out of his strength, until, looking up, each saw tears in the other's eyes, and owned their mysterious relief.

"And, Arty, no one loved him better than Dr. Wendell."

"I am sure of that. But was it not very strange that he did not come to the funeral? I could not understand it."

"He was in bed all that day," returned Hester. "I never saw a person so altered. I think he must have been dreadfully shocked by Edward's death. I heard him tell Miss Ann once that he ought not to have been a doctor; and I think may be he is right, for Miss Ann says he broods for days when any of his patients die."

"And Ned did love him well," said Arthur. "I have a pleasant surprise for him, and I want you to come into the house with me and find him. It may do him good, poor fellow."

"And what is it, Arty?"

"That you cannot know until I tell Miss Ann. Come."

"I think he needs some help. He really must be ill. He scarcely speaks to any one. Miss Ann went out early to-day, and came back to tell me that she has arranged with Mrs. Westerley that I am to go to her, while Miss Ann takes the doctor to the seashore a while."

"Mother has a still better plan. She has written to ask Mr. Gray to let you go with her to Europe in August; and then in September, if you are a good girl, I may follow you; and afterwards, in a year, Hester, — mother says you must have a year abroad, — you will consider the propriety and advantages of a residence in a mountain district; Alleghanies, we may say."

"Perhaps," said Hester, smiling. "How kind your mother is!"

"Mother is never half anything," he returned. "She fought us a good while, and now she is making believe that she has won a victory. We need n't contra-

diet her. I never contradict people who agree with me."

"I shall know how to escape contradiction," cried Hester, laughing. "But there is Miss Ann at the window;" and as she spoke they passed through the hall into the sitting-room.

"Good news, Miss Ann," cried Arthur. "I wanted to be first to tell you that my dear Ned has left your brother ten thousand dollars." He had in reality left a letter asking Arthur to give it, as he had only a life estate in his property, which passed to Arthur.

"It was like him," she returned; "and I may say to you that it will be a great relief. God has been good to us, and there is no one I would like better to think of as helping us than your brother. But here is Ezra. Please don't remark his appearance. He has been very wretched, and he does not like to have it mentioned."

Arthur was struck with the man's face. It was haggard and flushed.

"Tell him about it," continued Ann; "you will like to, I am sure."

"What is it? Tell me what?" returned Wendell, in an uninterested voice.

"Only some pleasant news," Arthur responded. "I came over to say that by a provision of Edward's will you are to have ten thousand dollars. And we are all so glad, — Hester, and I, and all of us."

"*He* has left *me* ten thousand dollars!"

Arthur was troubled. "Yes; is n't it nice? We all owe you so much that I should like to have given it myself; only you might not like to take from the living what you can take from the dead. But it is as if dear Ned were thanking you for us all. That is why we like it."

Wendell looked up at the speaker with a face written all over with the toneless, infirm lines of weariness. Then he said, in a monotonous voice, as if he

did not feel the meaning of his own words, —

"The dead thankful! the dead thankful! I can't take it, — that's all. I can't take it. Let me lie down."

Arthur looked his amazement. "Doctor, doctor," he said, "you are ill. It has been too much for you. Why do you talk so?"

"No, I am not sick; I am dead. But hell is alive. Go away, all of you. I want to be alone."

"Yes," said Ann, "go away, children. Leave him to me. He will be all right in a few days. This last week has been too much for him." She knew he had taken a good deal of opium, and, thinking his strangeness of conduct due to this, dreaded lest he should further betray himself.

Somewhat reluctantly they left her. Then Wendell spoke: "We must get away, Ann. We must go somewhere. And don't mind what I say. Tell Arthur I don't mean anything. Tell him I took some morphia this morning; and don't look at me that way, Ann."

"Yes, brother," she replied uneasily; "yes, you want a change. Don't worry, dear. I will arrange it."

It was all one horrible mystery to her, — this last week; but she got her brother to bed, and went on at once completing her arrangements for leaving town for a week or two, hoping that with change of air he would become as he had been.

Within a day or two they left abruptly, without leave-taking; and the house was closed, and Hester went to Alice Westerley's.

Alice found it impossible to talk of what Wendell had told her. Some day she must do it. Just now she could not make up her mind to blacken further the character of the man she had loved; but being a just woman, she wrote to Helen Morton: —

"I have done you a wrong, and while I have in no respect changed my views

as to what should have been our course, I want to ask your pardon. I have kept away on the plea of ill health. If you can forget what I said in haste, I will come over to-morrow and see you, but let us say nothing of the past."

Helen Morton was too much softened by the sorrow of the week to give any but a kindly answer, and they were friends again, but always with a sense of some vague barrier between them. We may be eager enough to let the dead past bury its dead passions, but at times their ghosts move sadly in the dreary graveyard of memory. Some day the good priest Time shall lay them.

Late in August Mrs. Morton, Hester and Alice went abroad; and meanwhile there came no news of Wendell. In September, Ann returned. There was a sudden sale of their furniture, and she went as she had come, still ruddy-cheeked and quiet, and betraying no sign of any suffering these months may have laid upon her.

XXIV.

A year or more had gone by since the actors in this story passed, one by one, from the quiet village which now makes a part of the great city. There was a dinner, one of those debtor-and-creditor feasts which wise men dread, at which was assembled a somewhat incongruous collection of guests.

Mr. Wilmington found, to his horror, that he was assigned to Mrs. Grace, and was not sorry to see, as he sat down, that the seat on his left was occupied by Miss Clemson, who came in to dinner on the arm of Dr. Jones, a more than middle-aged man, much known as reliable; a comfortable physician, too well satisfied with his art, "and so sympathetic, my dear."

Mrs. Grace spoke to him across her neighbors as soon as the soup was removed. "Whatever has become of Dr. Wendell?" she asked.

"I do not know," he returned. "He was always a rolling stone, I am told. And he was a rolling stone in his opinions, too. Never could hold fast to anything."

"He was very strong on gout," said Wilmington; "had some ideas about it I never heard before."

"I dare say," rejoined Dr. Jones.

"The doctors are like dentists," murmured Miss Clemson to Wilmington. "How they hate one another; and after all people get well. It is merely a question of statistics."

"May be Dr. Lagrange knows," said Mrs. Grace, who pursued a personal fact as a naturalist does a butterfly. Lagrange was within ear-shot across the table. "We were talking of Dr. Wendell," she added. "Do you know where he has gone? I always did think he went away quite mysteriously."

"He is in the West, I believe," replied Lagrange; "but why he left I do not know."

"There was always something queer about him," affirmed Mrs. Grace. "I should think a doctor that didn't believe in liver, or malaria, or even in neuralgia, would n't come to much good."

"That is conclusive," said Miss Clemson. "I always liked him."

"And did n't you think he would marry Mrs. Westerley?" returned Mrs. Grace. "I think he will yet."

"It is hardly a subject for thought," said Miss Clemson severely; "but it may interest you to know that Alice Westerley is still abroad, and has so far married no one."

"I did think there was a chance for Colonel Fox."

"Might do worse," growled Wilmington.

"A year is surely long enough to mourn a lost lover," returned Miss Clemson; and then she whispered an aside to Wilmington: "Alas, poor Sarah! You should avail yourself of the opportunity."

"I am not old enough to manage so much real estate," said Wilmington, ferociously. "But do you know," he added, aloud, "that we expect Arty and his wife next week?"

"Oh, that is too bad!" exclaimed Mrs. Grace. "I never heard it."

She began to feel that the world of facts was evading her pursuit in some maliciously mysterious way.

"You seem skeptical," said Miss Clemson; "we shall have you dubious as to the census next, Mrs. Grace."

"Well, I have my opinions," returned that lady. "And as to Dr. Wendell, you can say what you like; I never approved of him, and I am not surprised at the result."

"You should have been a doctor yourself," remarked Lagrange, who said vicious things with a bewildering tranquillity of manner; "you are such a good observer thrown away."

Mrs. Grace had her doubts as to this compliment.

"And," added Miss Clemson, "it would be so nice to be able to ask people their ages."

"But they would n't ever tell you the truth," rejoined Mrs. Grace, thoughtfully.

"It is the absence of truth that makes social life possible," said Miss Clemson.

"And women agreeable!" cried Wilmington. "What a horrible sherry!"

"Poor thing!" cried Miss Clemson. "Let us talk wine a little."

"It is better than gossip," said Wilmington, sharply.

"I agree with you; but gossip is socially valuable, because it requires no intelligence. Even the weather is lost to us now, since we have the signal service. All the pleasures of doubt are being taken away from us. I like it myself, and if I live long enough life will become sufficiently definite to be agreeable."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Wilmington,

"I wish you would say all that over again to Mrs. Grace."

"Thank you, I never talk to her if I can help it. It makes me feel as if I were looking at life through a bad window glass. Alice Westerley was right about her when she said the real *chiffonnière* would be nicer society. Mrs. Grace does like the pursuit of ragged facts."

"Oh, our dear Mrs. Westerley! I wish she would come home and abuse me a little. Seriously speaking, I had myself some idea that she might marry Dr. Wendell. I liked the man, on the whole, a good deal better than I like most Yankees."

"I do not share your prejudices," returned Miss Clemson. "He was charmingly intelligent. What has become of him?"

"Well, you know his health broke down, and I believe Fox found him quite ill and penniless at Long Branch, where his sister had taken him. I understand that Fox carried them off to the West, and has given him a fresh start."

"It was like Mr. Fox," said Miss Clemson. "I shall write Alice Westerley all about it this very evening. She will be so interested."

Wilmington smiled.

"What is amusing you?" she asked.

"Oh, I was thinking," he replied.

Some two months after this dinner, which has let us into a knowledge of the fates of some of our friends, Mrs. Morton received from Ann Wendell this letter:—

DEAR MRS. MORTON,—I have been able to persuade my brother that it were well in the eyes of God that he permit me to write to you, and say that the death of your son Edward was owing to negligence on the part of my brother, who was in haste, for some cause unknown to me, and so gave the wrong vial to Arthur, and did not sufficiently

examine as he should have done. For reasons which I do not understand, my brother allowed the blame to rest on Arthur, and seemed to be willing to assist in concealing the truth. Now, at last, having come to look at it more wisely, he is desirous that I should tell you the truth; and hence you will see why he could not take the money which would not have come to him except for the death he caused.

Perhaps, now that some time has

gone, you will try to forgive this great wickedness, knowing that my brother is much broken in health and spirit.

When Alice Westerley saw this note, a good while after it was written, she had a great longing to be able to say some tender words to the true, simple, honest woman, who had poured out the waters of her loving life where the barren soil seemed to give back no least return.

S. Weir Mitchell.

OVER THE ANDES.

It was with regret that I broke up my residence in Santiago, and prepared for a trip across the Andes to Buenos Ayres. I was sorry to say good-by to the many hospitable and kindly friends whose attentions had made my stay among them so pleasant, and yet I was on the whole quite content at departing, since I was at last to scale that immense snow-crowned mountain range that formed a permanent background to every view, and with whose stately and sublime grandeur one could never become too familiar.

After leaving Santiago, I passed a few days upon the hacienda of Don José J. Carbajal, with his estimable family, which now includes his sister, the widow of Arturo Prat, the hero of Iquique; and at length, feeling eager to set out upon my proposed trip, I bade them adieu, and rode over to Santa Rosa de los Andes, where the road begins. Here I hastily procured provisions, a guide, mules, etc.; and being already provided with an American saddle, blankets, and revolver, I felt fully equipped for my journey.

At 6.05 A. M. I left the Hotel del Comercio with Pascual Martinez, the guide, and passed leisurely through the

dusty streets in the cool morning. On leaving Santa Rosa, we struck the Rio Aconcagua almost immediately, and followed it through its sinuous course until ten o'clock, when we reached the Resguardo,¹ where the Rio Colorado joins the river which gives its name to the province. The Rio Aconcagua is the redder of the two. I had brought letters to the Resguardo from friends in Santiago, and I stayed and breakfasted with him. At 11.30 I took my leave, thanking him for his attention, and, mounting my *macho*, rode off across the river and up the spiral path which leads easily into the Cordillera. Many of the tourists who cross the mountains by this pass come as far as the Resguardo in coaches; but soon after leaving this point the road becomes impassable for carriages.

I very soon found, to my regret, that the guide who accompanied me was as stupid as he was trustworthy, and that, although he had traveled the road for over twenty-five years, he could never give any explanation of the curious and often striking names of the different lo-

¹ The Resguardo is the custom house of the Cordillera. The same name is given to the officer in charge.

calities that we passed. I suspected this soon after leaving Santa Rosa, but on arriving at the Salto del Soldado¹ (the Soldier's Leap), which we passed at two o'clock, I found that even this name had never excited his curiosity to learn its origin.

In great disgust, and comprehending fully the little benefit I was to get from the fellow any further than to conduct my luggage, I left the path and wandered off through the dry thorn-bushes to get a nearer view of this famous ravine. Imagine two valleys, separated at this very point by a constriction whose two parts run out like immense buttresses, as if to meet each other; the level of the valley on the left hand being about a hundred feet above that of the other. The upper valley had evidently been shut off from the lower one, at some remote period, by an enormous boulder, which completely filled the little pass between the hills crowding down on the two sides. This rock, lying thus directly in the channel of the river, is split into halves, and its two fragments are pushed apart laterally, leaving the great fissure twenty yards wide, over which a Spanish soldier of the time of the Revolution is said to have jumped, thus escaping from his pursuers and following up his flight in safety among the mountains. Through this vertical fissure now foams the Rio Aconcagua in its rocky bed.

All day I regretted the exuberant stupidity of the guide; but nothing could be done now, and I must hunt up the notable objects on the way by myself.

From this point the hoary summits rise abruptly in rocky grandeur from one side of the road, while on the other, at an immense but varying depth, roars the whitening river. In many places and for long distances the road is simply a spiral path cut in the side of the mountains. Here and there a thin silvery

¹ Height 1172.40 metres (3845.50 feet) above the sea.

thread seems to waver down the rocky slope: it is a rivulet cascade rushing from the region of snow to join its cold, clear stream to the turbid river in the ravine. Fantastic forms of uncouth monsters come suddenly into view above me or at the side of the track: they are simple boulders and rock masses rolled down long since from the barren heights overhead. The side of every hill is a landslide, formed by the alternate action of the sun and the snow from the detritus of the immense rock mountains. These land avalanches, now smooth and stationary, are being gradually covered with hardy vegetation, which in the distance yields to the eye a pleasant prospect, but which becomes thin and meagre on a near approach, shearing the brown and gray hillside of its green glory.

Riding on, on, at a gentle trot, the heat of the sun is soon passed, and turning round the side of the mountain one dips into the grateful cool shade of the twilight, while the mountain summits, rising on every side, still retain their bright glow, "*et sol crescentes decedens duplicat umbras.*"

At four o'clock I passed, without stopping, an adobe building on the other side of the river, bearing the inscription, "Posada i talaje. 1350 metros." This posada, the Guardia Vieja, is at the point of junction of the Rios Aconcagua and Blanco, being situated on the rocky bluff between the converging streams. It is accessible by a narrow willow bridge spanning the Rio Aconcagua.

A long road still separates me from the Juncal, which is the limit of this day's journey, and I push on without pausing to take a sup of water from the numerous icy streams which cross the path, or even slackening rein unless some abrupt ascent or sudden fall in the road renders it necessary.

Pascual seems to have considerable trouble with the pack-mule, and he has already degenerated from a guide to a

muleteer. I have ridden alone all day, with my revolver in my pocket and smoking an occasional pipe.

It was already dark when I passed Ojos de Agua, but I pressed on another two miles to the Juncal. The light had already faded from the mountain tops, and the valley was submerged in darkness. The profound quiet of the place and the hour, the loneliness of the road, the sublime spectacle of the mighty mountains rising all about and above me, impressed me strongly and strangely. The light blue sky had become dark, and the stars glinted out over the mountain tops; a sensation of delicious melancholy weighed upon me.

A turn in the road brought to view a white hut, or house, or rancho, at my right hand, without window or apparent door; it stood there like a phantom in the full darkness now upon me. I do not remember that I even wondered what it was; I was overwhelmed with the sensation of strange emotions.

As I thus moodily rode along, a small boy clad in white rags stood suddenly at my side, and in a hungry tone asked me if I could give him some bread for his sick brother, pointing to the white cupola, as if his brother were there.

"What is the matter with your brother?" I asked.

"We are Chileans," he replied, "and were coming back from the other side on foot, when my brother slipped and fell down the mountain side and hurt his leg, and he cannot walk, and I brought him along to this *casucha*, where he is now. I could not leave him to go to Chile, for it would take me a long time, and he would die, for he has nothing to eat and is very weak. And if I could leave him two or three rolls of bread I would go back to my country, and then I could bring my friends for him and take him home."

But I have not any bread with me, I thought, and must wait for Pascual, and—I knew not when he would come up;

it was still half a mile to the Juncal, and already late.

"Come to the Juncal in an hour," I said, "and I will give you bread." Then it occurred to me that I could at least examine the sick boy, and perhaps help him. "I will go with you to see your brother," I said. "I am a doctor, and may be able to help him."

"Oh, God bless you, sir! for he is very bad;" and the little fellow hurried on before me, while I turned my macho's head and let him pick his steps towards the small house, for it was too dark to guide him. But if it was dark without it was black within. The darkness seemed palpable, solid, as if you might strike your head against it. I fumbled about for my matches. I heard the child ask his brother if he brought him any bread.

"No, José, but God has sent us a doctor to cure your leg,"—I thought that he was putting it rather strongly,—"and he will give me some bread for you at the Juncal. But, sir,"—his voice turned towards me,— "we have no light."

I had already taken out a box of matches, and he spoke as one struck fire. The flame showed me a haggard little fellow lying almost naked on the damp earthen floor in the corner, and I crossed to where he lay. As he lit match after match, I examined his leg by their flickering light. It was an old dislocation at the hip-joint, and the adhesions were strong. There was only one thing to do, and he was weak with hunger; but I took out my pocket flask, poured into a cup a few spoonfuls of brandy, and gave it to him with a little water.

"Now, my little fellow, be a man, for this will hurt you badly, but it is the only way to save your leg." So he lay back on the floor; his brother struck the matches, while I with some difficulty replaced the thigh bone in its position. I was struck with the conduct of the two

brave boys, one of whom bore the excruciating pain of the reduction without a shriek, while the other continued scratching the matches, one after another, without leaving us for a moment in darkness. "Two genuine little Chilenos," I could not help saying to myself as I rode away, after giving them what help and directions I could. There was a glow at my heart as my macho picked his way carefully down the slope.

A few paces further, I crossed another stream,—this time a fairly large one,—and walked my macho up the opposite bank, when, at a short distance, he shied violently, and could not be induced by spurs or whip to follow the road. Indistinctly I saw a black mass lying in the path before me, and knew from the macho's persistent refusal to follow the road that it was a dead body, but whether of horse or man I could not see. I made a *détour* over the small sharp rocks at the side of the road, and in a few minutes reached a couple of mud-huts, in one of which was a light. I rode up and called for supper and a bed (*comida y cama*), and dismounted.

Two villainous-looking bandits appeared at my call, and showed me into one of the huts. I suspected them from the first. Dirty, wrapped in rags, faintly seen in the darkness by the stray light of a miserable candle which sent its straggling rays through the half-open door, they eyed me attentively and questioned me closely. I answered their questions in an offhand way, and entered the hut. Four posts stuck in the uneven earth and connected by two poles, upon which some ragged boards were irregularly laid, formed the only furniture, and promised me a night's cold rest.

For supper they could offer me nothing but a chicken *cazuela* (stew), and the chicken was perched somewhere in the corral without. I hurried them up, got them out of the room, and then examined my quarters. A damp earthen box

in a mud-hut, with no window, one door which padlocked on the outside, and with a wooden shelf to sleep on, gave me a poor assurance of comfort. Nor did I much like the conduct of the two suspicious vermin who had received me. One would enter and ask if I were alone, or if I carried money, or if my luggage were soon coming up, and who was my *arriero*, and then, joining his fellow, they would hold conferences outside in the darkness. I only responded by telling them to hurry up the stew; but they annoyed me until finally I took my revolver from my pocket, laid it on the table which they had brought in, and sat down on a box to write in my journal.

Soon Pascual came up, and brought the luggage to my room; then the *cazuela* came in, and I sat down to supper. The demands of impatient hunger once satisfied, my first question was for news.

"Are there any other travelers staying here to-night? Who have passed over this way within a few days?"

I found that my friend Señor J. Abram Pérez, the consul of Venezuela in Santiago, was a couple of days ahead of me; that the Argentine minister, returning from his post in Bolivia, had also lately gone over; and that there was actually in the other rancho a *caballero* who had arrived that very afternoon, and who intended to push on the next morning. These were all who had recently passed on their way to the other side, although two gentlemen had come over from the Argentine several days previous. This information was got in snatches and at intervals, and it required much skill not to completely lose their identity and mix them all up in an amorphous jumble.

I was anxious to see the *caballero* who was going my road, and if agreeable we could easily ride in company. At any rate, whether agreeable or not, it would be difficult to avoid him. Had the *caballero* dined? I asked.

Yes, he had dined two hours before, and had eaten up all the *asado* (roast) that there was, and then wanted more; and they had to kill two chickens for him.

What was he doing now?

Well, they could n't say; but if I wanted to know I could go over to the other hut and ask him.

The coolness of this unexpected answer made me smile, and I went on with the *cazuela*.

I presume the Hungry Unknown had similarly inquired of them about me, — though I hope with better success than I had had, — for when I went from the hut to take a breath of air I found him standing near by: rather a short and slightly formed figure, with a black beard and a slouching felt hat, which could not conceal the brightness of his eyes, that seemed to shine in the darkness. I could not tell if he were thirty or sixty years of age, but his face was seamed and scarred with either age or accident. All this I learned better the next day, when in the early morning we set off together.

As I came up he stepped forward, saluted me in a quiet voice, looked into my face closely and scrutinizingly by the faint light, and then fell back again. But if he examined my face, he did not try to conceal his own, and I was not unpleasantly impressed by his quiet voice and manner; so after assuring myself that Pascual had attended to the mules, I went back to the *cazuela*, and in a few minutes sent out to ask the caballero to do me the honor to come in and take a glass of wine with me.

I was amused at the alacrity with which he answered the invitation in person. As he entered my half of the hut his face beamed and glowed with good fellowship. He seemed not at all the gloomy, dark, subdued Spaniard whom I had met without. I should rather have taken him for an Italian than a Spanish gentleman. I arose, extended

my hand, and welcomed him; he replied cordially but quietly, and gave a side-long glance at the box upon which a few posthumous bones and supernumerary potatoes represented my dinner. His glance met a couple of bottles of "*Urmeneta*," however, and he beamed a hundred fold.

He proved to be a Spaniard who had long lived and mined in Bolivia; had been the proprietor of two silver mines until recently, and had sold them out in Chile for the purpose of going up into Santa Cruz, where he said much gold had been lately discovered. His silver mines had paid him well and were still productive, but the mere desire of a change had proved stronger than all else. I found him to be a man of wide experience, who had traveled through all parts of the world; a nervous, fascinating talker, — certainly a bad conversationalist, — of vigorous and original ideas and marked individuality. I was especially glad to learn that he had twice before crossed the path we were now traveling, and knew thoroughly the road and its traditions. We agreed to start out together the next morning, and he arose and bade me good-night. I, for my part, pulled off my outer clothing, and, with my revolver beneath the pillow, lay down on the bed they had made for me.

The next morning I arose at 5.30, and while Pascual saddled the mules I got out the coffee, to take a cup before starting. While making it I suddenly remembered the little fellow who was to have come for the bread, and I called out to the squalid bandit who had served us the night before.

"Did a little boy come here last night for bread?"

"Yes," in a surly tone; "he comes every night. I have no bread for beggars. He wanted to disturb your worship, but I would n't let him."

"You did very ill," I answered severely, for my conscience stung me for

having forgotten him, and I did not know now how to get food to him. "It is very evident that you are not a Chileno."

"No, I come from the other side," he answered coolly. "As for the boy, he is hanging about here somewhere," and he called the little fellow, who came into view from behind the corner of the hut. I spoke to him, and asked him about his brother, while pouring a double quantity of coffee into the pot. His brother had been in pain all night, he said, but felt well this morning, — better than he had done since he hurt himself; and the Holy Virgin Mary would help me for my kindness to him. So I gave him an armful of bread, poured out half the coffee into a tomato can for him, told him to keep the cloths wet for two or three days, and hoped he would get to Chile safely and soon. The little fellow skipped off gayly across the rocks, while I drank my coffee and ate a couple of crackers and watched him.

Desiring to cross the pass before noon, we began at 6.30 the ascent of the series of mountains intervening between the Juncal and the summit. Daily about noon rises a strong wind, which blows over the pass and before which nothing can stand. As I rode along I saw why this little valley was called "Juncal,"¹ for it was everywhere covered with the naked rocks except where the reedy rushes rise from the swamp. An hour of steep and rocky ascent brought us to a summit overlooking the tortuous path by which we had mounted and the delicious little valley of the Juncal, — a beautiful setting for the miserable rancho in which I had passed the previous night.

The first object that caught my attention upon the upper level was a big white dog-kennel-like building of brick, which recalled the similar structure that I had entered the night before. Later

I found others scattered along the road, making in all four on the Chilean side of the summit and six or seven on the Argentine side, the latter being much worse kept and less sightly structures. Stationed at intervals, they are meant to serve as a protection to the mail-carriers during the passage of the Cordillera in winter time, when the pass is closed, and all who live now along the road have betaken themselves to the cities on the plains. They are, as I said, large dog-houses of brick and mortar, whitewashed; the walls being about three feet thick, and the only opening except the door being a hole cut obliquely through the side of the wall.

It was Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, the father of the Chilean Liberator, who, as inspector of highways, ordered these post-houses to be built, and for a century they have been kept in excellent repair. From May to November the couriers alone enter this frozen wilderness. Three of them go together: one carries the post-bag, the second bears the provisions, — the load of each being strapped to his shoulders, — and the third goes to fulfill either office in the case of one of his companions being frozen to death. The trip sometimes requires thirty days, and is rarely made in eight; each courier earning twelve dollars for going and coming. In July, 1880, a courier named Vidal Toro, one of the most hardy and expert of all, froze to death in the Puente del Inca, when the thermometer registered 24° Centigrade below zero. A year later, August, 1881, two others, Victor Lagos and Juan Guerra, were whirled down by an avalanche for the distance of a mile and a half, and their bodies were found several months later, when the thawing of the snows discovered them in the valley below.

Passing along by the courier's lodge, we turned out of the way to see one of the wonders of the Cordillera, the Laguna del Inca, a beautiful crystal sheet of water occupying the whole space be-

¹ "Lapis omnia nudus
Limosoque palus obducat pascua juncos."

tween the bases of the surrounding mountains, and stretching away towards the north. The water bubbles up through many springs at the bottom, and the popular belief is that it is in direct connection with the ocean. Its water is wonderfully sweet and fresh, as I can certify.

Until now I had had few opportunities of exchanging more than casual remarks with my new companion, but here, standing on the shore of the Inca's Lake,¹ he opened the conversation:—

"When I passed here, two years ago, I did not stop to visit this lake, as I was hurrying to Valparaiso to take the steamer north, for the news had reached me of a rich vein struck in one of my mines; but I remember quite well the story that the men on the road were laughing at. Some scientific Englishman, in his journey over the mountains, had stopped, as we have done, by the side of the lake, while his guide told him that this lake had existed from the time of Noah, and that strange forms of fish were often seen deep down in its clear waters, but could never be hooked or snared. This was a very bald tale, like guides' stories in general; but three months later that Englishman came back, with a tent and provisions, a boat and a fish-line, and day after day he spent with his line out, rowing about to what he thought good places for fish. For weeks he stayed here, fishing for antediluvian specimens to enrich the British Museum, while all the passers-by would come a mile out of the way to sit on the rocks and laugh at him. When or how he left nobody knows, but the very boat he rowed round in is in the room where I slept last night, at the Juncal."

"And did he catch his fish?"

"Quien sabe? They say his boat capsized, and that he lies down there now on the cold bottom, with his face in

the sand. I cannot tell. Englishmen are always doing senseless and unexpected things."

I was inclined to pity the fate of the poor fellow, and the bitter laugh of Señor Queseyó jarred on my mind. I turned about, and we left the lake to return to the path from which we had strayed.

Between the path and the lake is a sandy area, perfectly level, through which a brooklet cuts its way between sandy ramparts about six feet high, their upper surface being perfectly parallel with the valley through which the brook runs. On all sides birds are flying about, as large as the English sparrow, and of a dull, dark-green color. The natives call them "*jilgeros*" (linnets).

This valley, near which is the Laguna del Inca, is the first of three, all of nearly the same size, each on a higher level than the one before, and all surrounded by lofty mountain crests towering into the infinite ether. These valleys are called the Valley of the Lake (Valle de la Laguna), the Valley of the Skull (Valle de la Calavera), and the Valle de Tambillos.

The first received its name from the Inca's Lake, and of the third I can find no explanation,—certainly Señor Queseyó could give me none; but of the second the story runs that many years ago three couriers were crossing the Cordillera at the worst season of the year, and had already narrowly escaped death in many ways when they passed up together along the side of the hills skirting this valley, for the purpose of reaching the lodge which already appeared below them on the edge of the rising ground. While stepping carefully along, a sudden avalanche of snow came rushing and roaring down the slope, and before they could turn to see if it threatened them they were sunk and separated by the overwhelming mass. One disengaged himself, after a

¹ Height 8508 feet above the sea. (Pretot-Freire.)

time, and in looking for his companions found one of them buried deep in the snow, but alive. All search for the other was in vain, and in the following November his head was found directly in front of the door of the lodge, whither the avalanche had bowled it, but his body was never again seen. For this reason the valley is called Valle de la Calavera, and the lodge in the valley is named Casucha de la Calavera.

In the Valle de Tambillos, two little streams of water that crossed the road were frozen over.

From the time that we left the Laguna, the conversation, or rather the monologue of my companion, had not flagged. Tradition, incident, and stories relating to the various parts which we had passed, or which we were to pass, flowed in an unceasing stream from his lips.

"There is little doubt that the Chilean Indians crossed this very road to reach the grand highway that led to Cuzco, and send to the Incas the yearly tribute that they exacted. The last journey that they made was in 1535, when Don Diego de Almagro left Cuzco and passed southward to conquer Chile. A little north of Jujui he met the Inca's slaves bearing the annual tribute to Cuzco, and himself took it in the name of the dead Inca. At the Puente del Inca, which we shall reach this afternoon, there is still buried the last royal tribute that Chile collected for the living Inca. You probably know better than I the circumstances of the occurrence, but I have read in the history of your countryman Prescott of the offer Atahualpa made to Francisco Pizarro to fill the large room where they were standing with gold 'as high as he could reach,' if Pizarro would receive it as a ransom for his life. The Spaniard at once accepted the offer, and the Inca sent out to all parts of his kingdom to bid his subjects collect and send to Cuzco their vessels and ornaments of gold, with

which to buy his freedom. To Chile, as to all other possessions of Atahualpa, came the royal command, and here, as elsewhere, they hurried to collect the precious metal which was to save the life of him who was more to the Indian than father, friends, or home, — of him who represented the great sun which they worshiped. The Chilean tribute, tied up in the fresh hides of guanacos, was carried along this very road. I can almost see the poor slaves sweating up this hot, dry road, in their haste to pour their gold at Pizarro's feet. In the very Valle del Inca came to them the fatal news that Pizarro had put their Inca, their high priest, their beloved idol, to death, and with sad hearts they scooped out the earth, and hid the precious gold which they had brought to save his life. Their offering was no longer required, and they buried it in some unknown place in the Valle del Inca. Ojala supiera yo donde se lo enterraron!" he continued, with flashing eyes, "that is the kind of mining that would suit me, and I hope to find it. I have a clue. Listen! Two years ago I was in a great hurry when I crossed this road, but I stayed one night in the Puente del Inca. I had no money then to get a room in the rancho they call a hotel, and I lay down on the lee side of it to keep from freezing. It was late in the season, and in a week longer the road would be deserted. It was already bitter cold, and at midnight I had to get up and walk about to keep my blood going. I had only slept an hour, but that was an hour too long, and I could not get warm. I determined to cross the bridge and take a good run across the plain to get myself alive again. I took my revolver from my *alforja*, put the strap about my waist, and started off on as fast a run as I could with my stiff legs and my senseless feet. In a few minutes I felt better, but kept on running faster than before and straight ahead, until suddenly I stopped dead short. I saw a light about

a hundred yards ahead, and some one moving. 'Strange,' I thought, 'any one out here at midnight with a lantern!' I began again walking slowly round about, that I might approach them behind the shelter of a neighboring rock. When I reached the rock I heard them talking, and I peered out. They were sitting on the ground. The light was out, and they were talking earnestly. I heard and understood them: they were talking about this very treasure; they knew where it was; it was at their feet as they sat there. How they had found it I could not learn, — they said nothing about that; they were disputing about the quantity they should each have. 'There were three guanaco skins, they said, and each claimed two of them. Each could not have two of them, of course, and consequently they went at each other with their knives. My heart danced and sang for joy. 'Let them kill each other,' I thought, 'and the secret shall be in my keeping alone. I could not distinguish them in the darkness, but I heard them struggling and gasping and rolling over along the smooth ground, until suddenly the noise of the struggle ceased. In my intense curiosity I had already stolen out from behind the rock, and gradually felt myself drawn towards them, and now I was at the very scene of the fight. One was sitting up on the ground trying to bind up his arm or leg, I could not see which; the other was lying beside him, dead. The very fiend seized me, and a fierce desire came upon me and shook me, as I stood there' — He stopped short and looked at me closely; his eyes were filled with a fierce distrust, his cheek was flushed with the vividness of his recollection, and he glared at me for a moment like a very tiger. Then remembering himself, he half laughed, and said uneasily, as if to finish the subject, "And that is all I know of the guanaco skins."

"And the other one, — the survivor

from the fight?" I almost asked, but I already knew without asking. His wild manner had told me all that his tongue had left unspoken, and I knew that he was the only one alive that held the clue to the Inca's treasure.

After this his presence made me uneasy, and he kept his eye on me askance in an indirect, suspicious way, which did not promise any more friendly talk between us, nor tend to tranquilize me; and I was glad when he gradually dropped behind, and rather secretly tickled my macho with the spur, so as to increase the distance between us. In a few minutes I felt that he was not in sight, though I pretended to myself not to know that he had left my side.

Through this chain of contiguous valleys, lying level and green, I passed, with the imposing presence of the mighty mountains always accompanying me, until the ascent began again, an hour later. Steep from the first, it soon became precipitous, and for a long hour my macho clambered up a sandy path, stumbling incessantly over the loose overlying blocks of stone, which were too small to obstruct, but large enough to impede, the passage.

At length at 9.30 I stood upon the summit,¹ and looked off on all sides upon the clustering crests of snowy mountains, rising like very companions at my side. The air was wonderfully clear. Aconcagua² rose before me on the north, and the clump of Tupungato seemed at hand on the right. Above each sharp white peak a light, fluffy cloud hung like a halo. Standing here on the summit, seemingly suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between earth and heaven, I was glad to be alone. I had been warned by friends in Chile of a feeling of faintness and giddiness, which might be followed by a hæmorrhage, and which always attacked travelers at the pass; they called the disease *puna*.

¹ Bermejo, 11,580.60 feet above sea level. (Pre-tot-Freire.)

² The highest peak on the western hemisphere.

I in fact forgot all about it on the *cumbre*;¹ indeed, I forgot everything, and seemed to exist like a cloud or a piece of red porphyry, without self-consciousness, as if I were a part of the sublime panorama before me. On the Chilean side the mountains seem to crowd upon you, recklessly, tumultuously; on the Argentine side a beautiful valley lies far below you, but almost at your feet, so sharp is the descent. Through the valley trickles a yellow thread, apparently so thin that only the color renders it noticeable: it is the River of the Caves² (*Rio de las Cuevas*), which runs along at the side of the path for about twenty-three leagues.

Here where I stand, on the wind-swept pass, a young man from Valparaíso, Rafael Tapia, came to a tragic end in 1879. After arranging his business in Valparaíso and taking a tender farewell of his wife and little ones, he set out for the Argentine over the mountains. Without knowing the cause of his desperation, one can but vaguely imagine the poisoned recollection that drove him away from his home and his friends on his fatal journey, and whipped him up the mountains till he had reached their highest point. Here, drawing his revolver, he shot his horse in the head, and watched the poor brute

roll and pitch down the steep slope. He then dressed himself in full evening dress, while the night-wind shrieked and swept by him, opened and drank a bottle of champagne from among his stores, and, putting on his white gloves, shot himself through the heart. He was found over three weeks later seated there, with his head bent on his breast as if asleep, and a dark stain on the gravel beneath him. He was buried at the side of the road, and one still sees the wooden cross that the pious hand of a stranger erected to mark his resting place.

The descent from the *cumbre* was so steep that, partly to rest myself after the long ascent, and partly because I distrusted my *macho* on a plunge like this, I dismounted, and jumped and tumbled down the slope with the bridle on my arm. Even thus it took me a full hour to reach the valley.

Here, as I had taken only a cup of coffee and two thin wafers in the morning, I paused to await Pascual. I unsaddled the *macho*, rolled a large stone over upon the end of the long bridle, and, finding a convenient crevice between the enormous boulders, lay down upon a pair of blankets to rest while I waited.³

From my post I could see the whole

¹ *Cumbre* means simply "the highest point." The special name of this *cumbre* is *Bernejo*.

² Height 10,248.2 feet above sea level. (*Pretot-Freire*.)

³ It would be impossible for me to give a more exact description of the geological formation as far as the *Bernejo*, or in fewer words, than Charles Darwin has already done in narrating a journey which he made over the same road fifty years ago. I have therefore borrowed from his *Private Journal* a part of the following description, which, in quotation, I have abridged, and in some places even ventured to modify.

From "the point where the *Rio Aconcagua* debouches on the basin plain of the same name—at a height of about 2300 feet above the sea—we meet with the usual purple and greenish porphyritic claystone conglomerate," with an occasional granite ledge becoming dimly visible through the overlying strata. "Beds of this nature, alternating with numerous compact and amygdaloidal porphyries, and associated with great mountain

masses of various, injected, non-stratified porphyries, are prolonged" to the *Bernejo*. "The mountain range north (often with a little westing) and south. The stratification, wherever I could clearly distinguish it, was inclined westward or towards the Pacific." After leaving the *cumbre*, compact blocks of red sandstone rise perpendicularly on each side, together with green, yellow, and reddish porphyry, with frequent calcareous conglomerates.

These vertical beds alternate with oblique strata of the same formation, with a westerly dip, and are flanked on the north by a lofty mountain of dark, amorphous porphyry, with a jagged top, which mountain Mr. Darwin believes "to have determined by an extraordinary dislocation the excavation of the north and south valley of the *Rio de las Cuevas*. This mountain of porphyry seems to form a short axis of elevation, for south of the road, in its line, there is a hill of porphyritic conglomerate with absolutely vertical strata."

mountain side down which I had just descended, but it was at such a distance that the dusty path looked like a zigzag white thread. Many objects caught my eye upon the slope, and I examined them all carefully to see if they really moved. I fixed them against some rock upon the hill's crest, and then watched the relation between the fixed and the questionable object. Then suddenly a new object would abruptly attract my attention, and I would say, "There comes Pascual!" until by a repetition of the parallax test (if I may so call it) I found that the new object had probably not moved for centuries. Thus inexhaustible hope unconsciously deceived me and stifled the cravings of hunger; but at noon, after a fruitless study of the mountain side for an hour and a half, the hot rays of the sun stole round the angle of the rocks and poured down upon my bed. Hunger and heat together were too much for my patience. I got up, saddled the macho, and with a hot head and a fainting stomach I desperately spurred him on over the dusty road, under the blazing sun, which beat down into the bed of the valley where I rode.

There was but one hill on my road this time, and in half an hour I had mounted its crest and descended into the valley on the other side. The road now lay through a sand desert and without a breath of air, while the thick dust followed me in a cloud, and filled my eyes and parched my throat; the heat seemed to rise from the earth as well as descend upon my head and back, and for another hour and a half I tore along at full trot through the sandy desert. Not a living thing moved on the track. The white and whitening bones of countless animals lay strewed along on both sides of the path, while far overhead, a floating speck in the light blue sky, the silent condor wheeled his graceful and tireless flight. On each side of me the view was closed

in by an unbroken range of mountains, bare of vegetation, and glistening red and yellow in the blistering sun. I hardly noticed them as I hurried past. At length I saw in the distance a round red brick lodge, which I approached and, dismounting, entered. Two roughly dressed men were seated there; one was the Resguardo. I was at the Puente del Inca.¹

In 1453 the Inca Tupac Yupanqui passed south from Cuzco, and with his enormous armies conquered the whole of the continent as far as the thirty-fifth parallel. During his triumphant passage his army descended into this very valley, and under a natural bridge which spans the river the Inca found the hot springs, in which for several weeks he daily bathed, and to which, as well as to the bridge, his royal title is now firmly attached. Some time before reaching the Puente del Inca I had passed the Río de los Horcones at its junction with the Río de las Cuevas; and this is the stream² which, running for a long distance at the bottom of a deep gorge, finally passes under the bridge of the Inca.

Imagine a deep ravine with perpendicular sides, and a brawling river at the bottom. On passing a bend it is unexpectedly spanned by a natural bridge, whose upper surface is continuous with the level on each side of the gorge. The bridge is perhaps fifty to sixty feet wide, and presents nothing remarkable as you cross it. Indeed, you might pass it and never see it. But on the side towards the Resguardo is a steep descent, down which a circuitous foot-path leads you directly underneath the bridge. From ten thousand stalactites of varying length, which hang from the arch of the bridge above you and before you, fall the sluggish drops, cold and clear, upon the irregular surface where you stand and into the river which raves

¹ Height 8690.2 feet above sea-level. (Pretot-Freire.)

² Retaining the name Río de las Cuevas.

over its rocky bed far below you. The water is said to possess the peculiar property of petrifying all with which it comes in contact. In two days a sheet of tissue paper becomes stiffer than parchment, and by the infiltration of the salts which the water contains it will petrify completely the body of an animal placed in it. The process is a long one, requiring a year or more to become complete, but the fact of its success is attested by the concurrent and sonorous voices of many eager and voluble witnesses.

There are four springs: the first one bubbling from the hillside, seventy-five feet above the river in the ravine; this spring is called *Mercurio*. The second and third, *Neptuno* and *Champaña*, are situated on the ledge just below the arch of the bridge, in natural grottoes, and come foaming and bubbling out of apertures into which you may thrust your arm to its full extent. You may do it, but I should advise you to refrain from the attempt if ever you visit the Inca's bridge. Out of curiosity I made the trial. I expected that the water, bubbling out so forcibly, could not be restrained. Nothing easier. I inserted my hand, completely blocked the passage, and the flow of water ceased; but before I could withdraw my arm the ground began to shake and groan under me in the bath, and the choking noise of the water startled me to the extreme that I could hardly tumble out of the bath and fall upon the rock at its side. What would have happened I do not know. I shall never repeat the experiment. Probably the force which expels the water is in such perfect equilibrium with the diameter of the passage that the obstruction of the opening for a few seconds would suffice for the accumulation of expulsive power enough to make for itself another channel, which would perhaps be in the centre of the bath.

At a lower level and even more com-

pletely concealed from view is the Bath of Venus, where in the concave floor of a grotto, whose arched roof sparkles with the dripping stalactites, bubbles and foams the clear spring. It is like entering a sea-shell, and an effort of will is required to leave the bath, so delightful is the sensation and so beautiful the interior of the grotto. Hand of man has had nothing to do in the preparation of these springs, but the most luxurious Roman of the time of the empire, even Petronius Arbiter himself, could not have dreamed of more delightful baths than have made themselves here in this beautiful spot.

The composition of the water I could not learn with any degree of accuracy, but it contains a large quantity of sulphate of magnesium, carbonates of lime and of iron, and common salt. "Solid matter amounts to forty-five grains in every ten cubic inches of water."¹ The gas which bubbles up with the water is sulphureted hydrogen, and the temperature of the Bath of Venus is about 90° Fahrenheit. The altitude of the bridge is 9700 feet above sea level.

In this wonderful valley, by the side of one of the grandest of all natural objects, is a filthy rancho, ill kept by a wretched beggar of a Spaniard; and this is the only place where one may tarry and fare for the time that he wishes to stay at the baths. It was here that I went for a cup of coffee, on my arrival, weak and faint, at the *Puente del Inca*. While taking it and wishing to learn what I could from the Spaniard's wife, a thin, pinched, yellow woman, with her jaws tied up in a flannel kerchief, I asked her,—

"Will you kindly tell me what is the altitude of this valley?"

"Altitude?" (*altura*). She did not understand me.

"Its height above the sea," I explained.

Her face brightened at once. Yes!

¹ Darwin, op. cit. page 505.

she evidently understood that. "Seven days," she replied, with a satisfied look.

At about three o'clock Pascual arrived with the luggage, but Señor Queseyó did not accompany him, nor had he been seen since leaving the Juncal in the morning with me. I was hourly more and more perplexed at this singular man. Was he really a Spaniard, a Bolivian mine-owner? Was he even in his proper senses? What unknown path had he taken after dropping behind me on the road? I had noticed none by which he could have escaped. Was he perhaps some mountain bandit who wished to see if I were worth the trouble of robbing? He was certainly an educated man, and could make himself a pleasant traveling companion, but he was cynical and selfish. He talked well, however, and I half regretted that he had left me.

In the early twilight I went again to the bridge to take a bath, and I lay there in the warm, bubbling water and looked at the brilliant dripping stalactites above me, and then at the early shining stars away off past the top of the bridge, past the mountain summits, past the cool evening breeze, — away up there in the dark sky. How long I dreamed there I cannot tell, but when I came to myself it was so dark under the bridge that I could hardly find my clothes. I dressed rapidly, and left the bath-cavern along the slippery, zigzag path leading up to the level ground, when right before me in the narrow way I came abruptly upon a man standing there alone and silent. To say that I was startled would hardly express my sensation, for almost without seeing him I felt that it was my morning's companion. My foot slipped; he made a spring at me and caught me by the arm, saying politely, as he helped me back to my feet, —

"It is dangerous, sir, walking here in the dark; one stumbles and slips so easily on these wet stones. A friend of

mine fell into the river from this very spot, on an evening like this, and broke his head. But we are happily all safe."

A suspicion flashed through my mind as he spoke that perhaps he could, if he wished, tell the story of his friend more minutely; but by the time he had finished speaking I was able to thank him for his assistance to myself, and together we went back towards the rancho. By the way I thought, "If he wished to take my life, he could not have had a better opportunity. Indeed, if he had been content with the effect upon me of his sudden appearance, he could have simply let me fall, as I would have done when I slipped, and — No, he evidently did not want my life, nor could he get it now," as I put my hand in my pocket and grasped my revolver.

But these thoughts were due to the simple disturbance of my circulation, and in a few moments I was again collected and almost communicative. I forgot his tale of the morning, and we walked along quite gayly to the rancho. Here we lay down under the cool sky, on the hard, bare ground, as it rose from the valley to meet the hills. Señor Queseyó continued talking: —

"When I set out it was about this time of night, but much darker than now. My friends in San Isidro tried to keep me till the morning, but I was anxious to reach the mine as soon as I could, and I felt quite fresh from my afternoon sleep and a hearty dinner. I was well armed and well mounted, and had been over the road twice already, so nothing could persuade me to stay until the next day. My dog ran along beside me, and I galloped up the slight rise and then dipped into the cool valley beyond, leaving San Isidro and my old companions far behind me.

"Well, it was to be a good long pull, but my mule was fresh and the moon would be up in an hour, and after that there would be no chance of missing the road. But there was one thing I had

not noticed, — that there was not a star above me. The sky was blank and empty. I rode along looking anxiously for the first light streaks of the rising moon, but they did not appear. An hour, two hours, I waited for it, and only then did I perceive the dead darkness in the heavens. The sky seemed to have almost settled upon me; instinctively I crouched in the saddle that I might not touch it with my head. The air was hot and stifling. I was uneasy. I had never seen it like that before.

“I could not see the road, and I gave over trying to guide my mule, and trusting to her instinct I let her choose her own pace. This of course rapidly fell off from a gallop to a trot, from a trot to a walk, and then she came to a full stop. I whipped her, but she did not move; I spurred her, but she only shook herself and stuck there. I jumped to the ground with a good old Spanish oath, — forgetting that she might easily enough have halted on the side of a precipice, and that I might consequently have leaped not four feet, but a thousand, — and getting down on my hands and knees I felt about among the rocks for the road. I found none, neither on the way forward nor on that by which we had come. Sharp, jagged rocks covered the ground over which we had passed, and I wondered that the mule had found her feet among their cutting edges. The wall at my side I found to be continuous, rising higher than I could reach, and it seemed half smooth, as if done by the hand of man. Then I remembered that I had matches, and lit one. In a moment I saw it all. Not a breath of wind stirred; the flame of the match rose vertically in the still air. I was in an immense cavern, formed in some mountain side by artificial excavation, — perhaps some long-deserted mine. The walls were near together, leaving a passage of only ten or twelve feet in width where I was. The roof I could not see; I could only guess, by

the gradual approximation of the sides, that there was one. Ahead of me, in the part opposite the entrance, the light of the match was lost; it met with no object to reflect it; the cavern continued in that direction. Should I go on, should I pass the night there, or should I return by the way I had come? I made up my mind at once not to stay there for the night, and I disliked the idea of going back, because in the darkness I should have to trust to my mule entirely, and she would certainly choose the way to San Isidro; and to go back to my friends would shame me. Moreover, it was possible that — At any rate, I was going to explore that cavern and make up my mind as to it. I searched about for a piece of wood to serve for a torch; there was none, and I had only a few matches, but I took up the bridle of my mule and advanced into the darkness. Conscious that my matches must be husbanded, I decided not to light one until I came to an obstacle, and as the floor, after a few steps, became fairly level and smooth, I walked along confidently, with my dog beside me, the mule behind, and my revolver in my hand, when suddenly a damp puff of air smote me in the face, and I stopped as short as if the blow had come from a club. It was not repeated, and I lit a match. Then indeed I saw what I never expected to see, what I think I would rather not have seen, — a stone stairway cut in the living rock, and running far down beyond the reach of my match into the darkness. But the air seemed less heavy and dead, and now and then another damp whiff would send a chill through me as it struck me. I still stood there, undecided what to do. It must have been a long time, but at length the darkness became less intense, and I watched until by the faint and uncertain light of the hidden moon I could see the stone steps beneath me, and trace them down the hillside to the valley below.

"At once I was easy again and calm. This valley would very likely lead me — somewhere, at least. I would follow the steps and pass through it. Carefully I began to go down. At every step the mule threw her head back and refused to descend, but I pulled and jerked and dragged her down after me. I counted the steps mechanically. Fifty, sixty, seventy, seventy-five, eighty, ninety, one hundred. Would they never end? One hundred and twenty-five, one hundred and fifty, and still I went down, down, down, into the darkness. Who had cut and built this stairway? What hands had hewed this rock into form, and shaped the descent down which I passed? Those of men long since dead and forgotten, whose very race had disappeared from the earth. Probably for centuries the foot of man had not trod where I now stood. It seemed almost sacrilege for my mule to tread upon these sacred steps, and descend where the holy priestesses of the sun had led the long procession by night and tuned the sacred hymn to their great sun-god. I almost expected to see their white robes as they ascended the steps, and catch the gleam in the darkness of the precious image of their god shining out from the forehead of their high-priestess. In my fancy I already saw it, and paused to hear the low chant of their many voices. I was no longer in this busy world, — I was no more a miner in Santa Elena; I was an Indian of the days of the great Huayna Ccapac, and would have fallen upon my knees and worshiped like a very pagan had my fancy turned true. And I thought of the fervor with which to-day, in Honduras, they worship their ancient gods, and it seemed not unlikely that some few faithful souls might still preserve among these inaccessible mountains the ruins of the great religion of their ancestors. I stopped suddenly. Why was this path along which I passed so clean and in such perfect order? — not overgrown with cactus or

spine bushes, nor half hidden in the falling sand and gravel from the mountain; and how had my mule left the trodden road to dive among the bushes, if she had not discovered another way, hidden perhaps to the gaze of man, still sacred to the worshipers of the great sun? Without being uneasy I was deeply impressed by my thoughts, — perhaps more by finding myself alone at midnight in the dead darkness among unknown mountains, treading upon the footsteps of an extinct race. The ground burned my feet. I took another step down; it was the last.

"The darkness had again become thick and heavy; I felt as if I were at the bottom of a well. I could see nothing, so I mounted my mule and let her take her own gait; but in a few minutes she had again stopped, and refused to advance. My dog gave a long whine, and then I heard his feet running up the steps down which I had come, while his whine rang in my ears. The mule shook violently and reared. I dismounted, and lit a match. I could see no valley at all, but in front of me was an opening in the rock. I dropped the mule's bridle, and entered. It was like the cave of some wild beast, — 'A jaguar, most likely,' I thought; but I was insensible to danger, and would have tried to go in had I seen the jaguar himself at the door. It was only a hole in the rock, shallow and low; but the light of a match showed me, within a foot of my face, the fattest vein of virgin gold that my eyes have ever seen. As I followed this vein with my sight, I saw at the farther end a chisel sticking from the rock. I went up to it: it was a chisel of *copper*. Then I knew that I was in one of the mines of the old Incas, and that I held in my hand the tool of their slaves. That copper chisel would cut steel itself. My foot hit against something on the floor. I stooped, and picked up an earthen lamp, with the bejuco wick still projecting from it; but it

was not that that my foot had struck. I stooped again, and touched — a skull.

“Well, I had seen and handled many a skull before, and perhaps shall again, and I cannot explain the sudden panic that thrilled me as I stood before the Inca’s wealth and with the skull at my feet. A fear fell upon me, and shook me and tore me inwardly. I would not have stayed there a moment longer for Atahualpa’s ransom. I stumbled to the door; my head struck the ledge; I dropped to the ground, and rolled out of that fearful place. I have never had the slightest desire to see that gold again. It lies there yet for some wanderer like myself, but pluckier, to reach, find, and enrich himself. I told it all to my partner and to my friends in San Isidro, and for five years they have searched for that stairway; they have never found it. I would not find it if I could.”

“That is true, then, that the old Peruvians knew how to temper copper?” I asked, after an interval; for his simple, direct tale had impressed me strongly.

“Not only true, but I know how they did it. I once saved the life of a very old Indian near my mines in Santa Elena, and then afterwards kept him supplied with candles and bread, and such little things; and one day he said that he would tell me a secret that everybody had forgotten but himself. I half laughed, but waited for what he had to say. He got up, and brought me a copper blade set in a bone handle. ‘Shave with that to-morrow,’ was all he said. Well, sir, I never shaved myself so easily before, and that copper blade had not been sharpened for sixty years. I have it yet, and I myself know how it was hardened.”

This is truly a remarkable man, I thought. I longed to know how he could temper copper, but I was unwilling to ask him, and when he spoke again he had forgotten the subject entirely.

We sat out there talking until late.

He seemed to have forgotten the guanaco skins. No! and then it all came to me why he had waited for me at the bath and entertained me ever since. He wanted to keep his eye upon me while I stayed at the bridge, and only after my departure would he search for the hidden gold. I had learned also that he had arrived at the Puente two hours earlier than myself, though he was ill mounted and must have taken some other road.

These and a hundred other things ran through my head, as I lay down on the camp bed in the earthen box provided for me. Pascual slept, as usual, on the ground, just outside of the door of my room.

At six o’clock the following morning I was again in the bath, and on leaving it I saw Senor Queseyó, seated on the other side of the river, sketching the bridge from below. He saw me at the same time, and crossing the river came to meet me.

“I know,” said he, “that of course our meeting at the Juncal and our journey together were quite accidental, and in fact our acquaintance is but a day old; but I am going to stay here at the Puente, as you have probably guessed, while you will soon resume your way to Mendoza. Still I have learned in that one day to esteem you, and it is possible that at some time I may be able to be of service to you. If that should ever be the case, you will call upon me without hesitation,” and he handed me his card, upon which an address was written in pencil. I could do no less than give him my card in return, but I was glad that no address was written upon it. We separated with the customary reciprocal regrets at parting, and did not meet again.

I may insert here, to finish this subject, a part of a letter which I received through the United States Consulate a few weeks after arriving in Boston. I translate the part to which I refer.

"I was quite uncertain, when I said adieu to you at the Puente del Inca, whether the scheme that I then had in hand was to be a failure or a success, and, wishing to have two strings to my bow, I waited until I should know the result definitely before telling you a secret that I saw interested you greatly. 'If this plan fail,' I had said to myself, 'I will go to England, to Sheffield or Birmingham, and start a company for the tempering of copper. That will serve me better than gold-mining in Santa Cruz, for there are many men who would pay me well to learn my secret;' but I am not reduced to my last resource. I inclose you, then, the old Indian's secret. It is yours, to do with as you like.

"Let it not surprise you that the ancient Peruvians, while gradually evolving a civilization distinct from our own, and reaching a widely different social state, achieved also certain side results, chance issues, that were unknown to the European conqueror, who, moreover, in his zeal for his God and in his thirst for gold, scorned to learn anything from miserable Indians, who could not even speak Spanish. Later, when the Indians realized this sentiment and felt the heel of the cruel conqueror upon their necks, they shut themselves up in the closest reserve; they served their lords faithfully, but threw their gold vessels into the lakes, carried off the images of their sun-god to the mountain caves, and became the dumb, suffering beasts that you have known them. Pedro González put a whole tribe to death to learn how they made their copper tools hard enough to chisel rock: but to cruelty the Indian can reply only by dying; to his persecutor he never gives his confidence,—only his life; and González never learned the secret that he wanted.

"The Indian Quipú lies still undeciphered in every museum, and the records of the Incas from the great Manco Ccapac are shut up forever in those ragged threads, while conjecture, un-

tamed and vagrant, runs wild over ancient monuments, and the sweet babble of Garcilasso is the only authentic record known. Garcilasso was himself an Inca, and spoke from family tradition rather than from the imperial documents. There are still Indians who can read the Quipú: if you want fame, search for them, unearth them, make them speak. You will rank with Rawlinson, Elgin, and Schliemann.

"The old Peruvian sun-temples have excited much wonder and caused many inane conjectures. How could these immense blocks of stone be piled so closely and symmetrically upon each other? Where did they quarry them, and how did they cut them, and by what means did they pile them into walls and roofs? Those arid plains often yielded nothing larger than pebbles, and what engines had they to drag these rock masses for leagues to the chosen spot? One will tell you that the stones were quarried and cut in distant hills, carted by thousands of men to the site; and that when one stone was placed earth was brought and a gentle incline made from the plain to the top of the stone, up which slope the next rock was carried in the same way, and the earth-slope again raised to the second level; that in this way they could have built temples much larger and higher and of still greater stones. It is all a guess. The old Peruvians did not have carts, and wheels were unknown to them; everything was borne on the backs of Indians; no other vehicle was known than the royal chair borne litterwise by the royal servants. It is all a guess. The real explanation, much more surprising from our standpoint than the guesses of antiquaries, is this: they did not quarry, and cut, and cart, and pile those immense blocks; they simply made them. While Toledo and Damascus were turning iron bars into delicate steel for fine swords, while Gutenberg was making the first rough es-

says at printing, and while gunpowder was beginning to depopulate the world at the same time that it civilized it, — for the world will be civilized only when man has disappeared from its surface, — the ancient Peruvians were stumbling upon a way to harden copper and a way to make granite. How did they make granite? I do not yet know. How did they harden copper? The inclosure marked '*reserved*' and sealed with my seal will tell you."

That letter is still in my keeping.

In another part of his letter, alluding darkly to the success of his scheme at the Puente del Inca, he said, "I am doubly glad at the event of this hope, for it provides me with the means of carrying out the purpose of my life, — which sooner or later I should in some way have done, — and it saves me from the necessity of depending in the slightest degree for my resources upon that land that I cursed with an oath and a solemn vow many years ago. My time is coming now, and I am not alone in the work. A friend and companion of the great Italian liberator as I have been, I have a higher and a wider mission than his before me. Would to God he were here at my side! But *we* are strong, and the hand of man shall not prevail against us." I well remembered, on reading these words, his vehement invective when together we left the Laguna del Inca, after he had told me of the fate of the English fisherman.

"Miserable slave of an accursed nation!" he broke out. "Would to God they might all perish the same wretched death! They have blistered the surface of this fair earth with their injustice and bull-dog cruelty. The blood of their victims cries out from all lands. For thirty years they have slaughtered Kafirs and Zulus and Chinese and Turks and Indians and Afghans and Egyptians alike, and there is none to stay their hands. The Irish at home and the Greeks abroad they have outraged.

They have threatened Guatemala and they have insulted Bolivia. The weak and the sick have been their sport and spoil, and their hand, like a plague, has spotted whatever it has touched. But all this only makes the reckoning greater when the day of reckoning comes. What was at first a national movement is becoming an universal one. The voice of vengeance cries aloud; it goes up from all lands. The day is drawing near, and this," tearing open his coat, "is the sign of the victors!" I saw upon his breast a cross and a red ribbon, which I had not time to examine, for he covered it almost at once and dropped into a moody silence.

I spent the morning strolling about through the valley and climbing around on the ledge of rock that ran along like a gallery under the arch of the bridge, but high above the river. Many swallows had built their nests in the niches at the base of the stalactites, and they flew about my head in silent flocks as I clambered along. About once an hour a desire came upon me to take another bath, and I went back and lay down in the clear water bubbling warm about me.

The whole hillside is covered with the thin layers which form on the rocky surfaces where falls the water from the arch and the springs, and which comes from the hills above. So firm and regular are these thin sheets that the people split them from the rock, and employ them in making the roofs of their houses. Above these regular layers the detritus forms a dusty covering. It appears to me easy to account for the existence of the bridge itself; that the gradual deposit of these accumulating and adhesive layers has increased until, overhanging the ravine at its narrowest part, the new formation has projected itself to the opposite bank, while the continued accretion has filled up and symmetrized the span thus thrown across the river. The form of the bridge would suggest such an origin. On the

high land above the bridge the ground sounds hollow to the footstep, as if one were walking on an immense concealed drum. There are still to be seen in the valley the ruins of the old Indian huts, which must at one time have formed quite a village.

At half past twelve I mounted again, and rode down the valley, over the crest of a round-topped hill, and into the Valle de los Penitentes (the Vale of the Penitents), so called from the vertical attitude of many oblong blocks of stone ranged with a certain regularity in rows and files. At a distance the illusion is complete, — they are women at prayer. On the right continued the range of mountains which had accompanied me the day before. At this place was a gap between two adjacent tops, and in this gap appeared a castle of brown porphyry, with bastions and turrets and ramparts and battlements, — a ruin of the grandest type, a feudal castle, gradually undergoing decomposition under the septic agency of time. It was with difficulty that I could persuade myself that this was simply one of Nature's sportive deceptions, and that the hand of man had never traced and modeled those upright symmetrical towers that I saw before me. On the left the hills retain their porphyritic structure; on the right they are sliced into layers of gypsum, red sandstone, porphyry, and granite, the separate strata standing out prominently in distinct coloration on the mountain side. The dip seems here to become southwesterly.

For many leagues now I had passed them, these bald, rugged rock-mountains, bare of grass or bushes. They were all of the same type, — immense rocky summits towering bleak into the light-blue sky. But the alternate influence of the winter's frost and snow and of the hot summer sun is gradually breaking down their lofty strength, tumbling boulders into the valleys, and covering the mountain-sides with land-

slides, smooth and fixed now, running down as straight as the side of a triangle into the plain below, which they meet at an angle varying from twenty-five to eighty degrees. The detritus which forms them is vainly clothing its nakedness with a thin growth of hardy spiny bushes, which in the spring is violently torn off and rolled down the slope by the annual landslides. I may also state, while it is pertinent, that both before reaching Uspallata and beyond it, while the road passes along the plateau, the rocky summits have become entirely disintegrated into sand-hills, with round tops and covered with a sparse vegetation resembling heather.

The rivers, too, that one passes or crosses during this trip, like nearly all the rivers of Chile, carry yearly many hundred tons of earth from the Cordillera across the abrupt slope to the sea, and deposit their earthy burden upon the coast. That they are one of the factors steadily at work in the elevation of the Chilean coast — a fact long since noticed by Humboldt and Huxley — becomes evident on taking a cupful of the yellow water and letting it stand a moment. A light sandy precipitate at once forms, and a calculation could easily be made showing the annual work of these rivers in the production of land.

From the Valle de los Penitentes, with the sun sinking at my back, I rode into the full view of the volcano Tupungato, by whose base the road twists towards the north. Sublime and aloft, conspicuous among his fellows, like a very Atlas among lesser giants, towers the massive head of Tupungato, — its bleak, rugged sides swept by the winds of centuries, its bare bald head erect and unshaken by the threat of the storm-wind, with the snow for a covering, the condor for a companion, the cloud for a hiding-place.

The posada at the Punta de las Vacas¹

¹ Height 7575 feet above sea-level. (Pretot-Freire.)

where I arrived at three o'clock is another squalid shanty, where one gets the worst of accommodations, food, and treatment at an exorbitant figure.

The succeeding day I left Punta de las Vacas at half past five, and passed along at an easy trot by a level road beside the river bank, whose channel had been cut deep into the plain by the spring freshets. The path lay over a sandy, shrub-covered plain, and but little water was to be met with on the road. It was therefore more grateful to me to find in a deep, abrupt gorge, at eleven o'clock, when the sun is hottest, the loveliest cascade I have ever seen. The lowest fall was the only one I could see from the saddle; so I dismounted, and without taking off my spurs I clambered up the sheer sides of successive rocks, until there lay at my feet the cascade that I had seen from the road, while above, in the narrow, difficult ravine, were two more, one above the other, falling straight and smooth into the hollow basins that they had themselves worn out in the rocks. I eagerly threw myself down on my side by the middle pool of the three, and, dropping my hat, I was about to plunge my head into the clear water, when right before me I saw, in the crevice between two rocks, a snake's head perking itself into my very face. I started to my feet and backed two or three paces, with my eyes on the snake, who, no less surprised than myself, sought a place to hide; but with a stone well aimed I succeeded in dispatching him. I measured him with my eye, three and a half feet, drab with black spots, and hastily withdrew, without my desired drink, cruelly disenchanted of my beautiful dream.

This gully leads one, climbing along the face of the cliff, precipitous and almost impassable, to a deep valley, heavily wooded, which lies behind.¹ For many

years the wood of this concealed valley was cut and carted away for lumber, thus giving the name *Las Cortaderas* (The Cuttings) to the whole region, including the outer valley through which winds the present road. If one should succeed in reaching the bottom of the hidden valley, and should stand in a certain position with reference to the distant mountains, he might still catch a glimpse of the old highway of the Incas, running away north among the mountains, and only lacking the reconstruction of the hanging bridges to become continuous.

At two o'clock we crossed the Rio Picheutas, and on the farther bank Pascual built a fire, and on a stick roasted a leg of kid, on which, with some unleavened bread and water from the river, we lunched; and after a half hour's sleep in the shade of the rocks I again mounted, and we set off.

At four I was well out of the heart of the Central Cordillera, and paused to take a note in the saddle: "The hills of the Quebrada Seca (Dry Ravine) rise at the near right, of green stratified porphyry, and apparently highly amygdaloidal. At the left flows the Rio de las Cuevas, in its pebbly bed; at this point it loses this name, and becomes the Rio Mendoza. Beyond the river rises an escarpment that the most expert military engineer might study with profit. Nature, in her fits of abstraction, produces unconsciously and without effort results far surpassing our difficult attempts at imitation. Behind rises the mountain range, ever lessening at this point until it degenerates into the sandhills of the Uspallata plateau. In front extends the valley, winding around the base of the hills, to whose slippery sides the footpath clings. Behind, thunder and lightning announce rain in Uspallata and Mendoza, while a few large drops fall upon my bare head here."

I rode along the river bed for about an hour, and picked up a number of beau-

¹ I must make my friend Señor J. A. Pérez responsible for this, as I did not penetrate any further than to find the snake.

tiful stones as mementoes of the valley. At half past five we reached a muddy stream, rolling its rapid and swollen torrent down the hillside to join the Rio Mendoza. The large stones at the bottom of the stream, bowling along and tumbling against each other in their furious passage, gave me some fears of breaking the legs of my macho during the passage, but there was no time to wait. The stream must be crossed, and its current increased in rapidity and in volume moment by moment; for it had rained long and heavily on the heights above. The whip would not serve, for my macho refused to enter the stream, rearing furiously when I again and again put his head to the water. The spurs, however, helped me, and when at last I reached the other side the blood was fresh on my rowels.

The Rio Uspallata was yet two leagues ahead, and already the darkness was closing in around me. Again I put the macho to the full trot, and held him to it for an hour across the plain. Happily the Uspallata flows through the smooth ground, and though wide and rapid it was not deep. I crossed easily, and rode up the slope to the inn, which put a period to this day's ride. Here I found the accommodations good, and at nine o'clock sat down to a hot and substantial dinner.

At Uspallata is another custom house, to the keeper of which I sent by Pascual the certificate which the Resguardo at the Puente del Inca had given me, and I consequently passed without delay. This inn is the only point on the road where anything like activity is found,—for one meets more people here than on the whole road elsewhere,¹—and the stable-yard was filled with mules and horses of people intending to start off the next morning. I find that many persons, ill used and half starved with the wretched treatment which they re-

ceive along the road, are glad enough to stay a day or two at Uspallata, and obtain, at a moderate price, a good bed and abundant food. It receives also the travelers to and from San Juan, who come and go by a road of their own.

This plain extends for nearly two hundred miles N. E. (perhaps more accurately N. N. E.) and S. W., its altitude being 6000–6500 feet above sea level. It is composed, as one easily sees by the palisades of the Rio Mendoza, of a stratified gravelly deposit, closely resembling shingle, many hundred feet in thickness, due to the gradual disintegration of the rocky summits. One also sees here and there the projecting surfaces and angles of lava and of a calcareous tufa that is indeed very common through the whole region.

I had ridden so easily and with so little fatigue up to this point that I determined to make the remaining thirty leagues between Uspallata and Mendoza in one day's journey. Pascual tried to dissuade me, but I was determined to put the two days' journey into one, and rose at 4.30. Moreover I carried letters of introduction to the Señores Gonzales, of Mendoza (Don Carlos and Don César), and wished to present them before the expected departure of those two gentlemen from the city.

There was no coffee ready, and it would take too long to make a fire and prepare it, and Pascual had overslept, so there was no remedy against starting on a hungry stomach. I purchased bread and meat for the march before leaving, intending to stop on the road at about ten or eleven o'clock, await Pascual, and take breakfast, pushing on afterwards towards Mendoza. I expected to reach this city at about ten o'clock at night. I thrust a roll of hard bread into the pocket of my traveling coat, mounted, and set out in the cool, early morn-

about ten or a dozen, but that number is enough to support my statement.

¹ By which it must not be supposed that anything like a crowd is to be found here. I saw

ing air. Several friends of Pascual had joined him on the road, and there was quite a caravan sweeping along behind me as I turned to take a last look at the inn where I had slept so well after my hearty dinner. The ground was still covered with a coating of soft mud, — a footing that only a mule could stand on, — and ours were the first tracks that crossed it. Gradually the morning air lost its grateful coolness, and the plain was already dry when, in an hour, the sun rose and promised us a clear sky and a hot day.

For five hours the path lay along the sandy uplands, with occasional insignificant dips and rises, and at ten o'clock I came, riding alone, to the old and long-worked mines of Paramillo, which a century ago yielded such immense quantities of silver. Now, however, without being exhausted, they lie neglected and in ruins.

Gradually, for the last hour, the scenery had become more rugged, though the vegetation had not changed nor the geological formation varied; but at this point the road suddenly drops down a thousand feet from the plateau to the lower and outer range of the Andes, where the rock formation become slaty, with, I think, an easterly dip, though not a very well-marked one.

I came to this abrupt descent at about half past ten, and plunged into the bed of a ravine which I followed for another hour, until I espied a rancho on the opposite hillside, and beside it a thin streak of green, which meant water. My roll was long since finished, but my hunger was not appeased, and my throat was so dry that when I tried to speak my voice gave forth an uncertain sound, and when I made an effort to swallow I choked in the attempt. Down the decline, then, I hastened, regardless of my macho's stumbling, and when I reached the rancho I drank a glass of water. Then I could speak, though my voice sounded strangely, and the little old woman fried

a half dozen of eggs, after eating which with a piece of bread and two cups of tea, absolutely all the refreshment that the house afforded, I felt much better. Here I waited half an hour for Pascual to come up, but as he did not appear I set off again down the ravine. At about fifty rods' distance the thin stream sank away into the bibulous sand, and soon after my thirst again overtook me. I regretted then not having filled a flask with water while it was possible, but I reflected that I was now on a steep grade, with abundant shade from the pine and other trees covering the hillsides, and it would be impossible not to meet sufficient water on the way, so I did not return. The descent became now more rapid, and the road passed through deep gulches, blotted here and there by the opening of some mine-shaft into the steep hillside, when suddenly my macho stumbled and fell, first throwing me carelessly over his ears into the dusty road. Like Celia and Rosalind, we "rose at an instant," and as I found him uninjured, and felt myself equally sound, I again mounted, and having been long convinced of the truth of the old saying, "*Non bis in idem*," continued the descent at the same pace, though with greater precaution than before.

At two o'clock I passed Villavicencio, the second rancho that has appeared on the road, and the last until one nears the outskirts (which are narrow and ragged) of Mendoza, fifteen leagues ahead. Villavicencio is a fanciful name to give to this cheap hut standing at the roadside; but there are rich silver mines on the estate, and to their profits the owner adds the contributions which he exacts from the tourists for the satisfaction of poisoning them with his leathery raw beef and thin soup, and bread the remembrance of whose burnt skin and thin glutinous core gives me an attack of acute dyspepsia. Ah, the man who invented bread was the enemy of mankind, for by this simple and guileless in-

strument he scattered on all hands the indiscriminate seeds of torture. I could have cursed him with a royal good will as I bumped along over the road, with a heavier weight on my stomach than I hope ever to have on my conscience.

In this I wish I could be understood as referring solely to the proprietor of Villavicencio, but I cannot, for his was the only house on the road which my gluttonous heart refused to enter, and I knew that his, like all the bread that I had eaten in other places on the road, was an irritant poison. I did not, indeed, dismount at all, but, drinking a glass of warm water, and giving the little girl who handed it to me a real,—not for the water, but for having such pretty eyes,—I pushed forward on the road to Mendoza.

Two hours later I rode out into full view of the immense pampa where lies the ancient city; but although I could judge of its direction by the bearing of the road, I could not make it out in the broad plain that stretched off eastward.

On and on I rode. The hot sun and the dry wind had parched my throat, until I began to doubt if I should ever be able to speak or swallow again. I felt strong, however, and fresh in all other respects, and pushed on at full trot down the very gradual descent which would lead me to the plains. The vegetation along this road from Villavicencio was simply the thorn bush and the flowering cactus. Here and there the cactus was in full bloom, with its large white blossoms like the magnolia flower,—a delicious blossom, fresh and sweet in the hot sun. Over the level plain, too, its flower shone here and there above the smooth surface, like a water-lily on some immense lake.

At half past five I had reached the pampa, and the squawking parrots flew swiftly over my head. A dry, arid plain it is, needing only a little of the Chilean system of artificial irrigation and some

of the Chilean industry to bloom with clover and wheat. Since leaving Villavicencio at two o'clock I had seen no water, and it was only at six o'clock that I rode up to the Hornos de Cal (Limekilns), where a bucket-well stood by the wayside. In a moment I was on the ground, had thrown the bridle over the macho's ears, and the bucket was on its rapid way to the bottom of the well, whence it returned full of the cool, delicious water. I threw myself on the ground and tipped up the bucket to my lips, and while half of its contents ran down my neck and stood in a pool in each of my shoes I slaked the first really furious thirst I have ever known. Strengthened and refreshed by that deep draught, I again mounted, and stood off across the plain towards the city, whose steeples could now with difficulty be discerned in the horizon.

At seven o'clock, already dusk, I entered the Avenida de la Chimba, a single street standing out from the city like the handle of a saucepan,—three miles long. The row of poplar-trees at each side was well enough, but the street was full of pits and man-holes, and half of it was covered with a rapid stream of water. For three days it had rained furiously in Mendoza, and very soon the street became a uniform sheet of water, stretching away in the distance as far as the half-moon could light up the road to me. I did not like the prospect. I felt tired with my long ride, and weak with hunger. The street was ragged and full of holes, and covered with a treacherous sheet of flowing water, of unknown and varying depth. The city was two miles distant, and the road deserted and badly lighted by the young moon, which was just setting. The macho was heady and restive with passing through the water, and I fully made up my mind to a good ducking, at least, before reaching the city. Here and there, on a dry spot projecting into the water, a group of ladies would be found prisoners, waiting

for the flood to abate and leave them passage. A less gracious and more disheartening entrance into a city I have never made, and the barking of strange and numerous dogs behind the hedge of poplar-trees, together with the raving of the exposed drains¹ on each side of the road, only added to the sensation of annoyance and distrust that ruled me. Fetid odors, too, rose to meet me, and once the macho shied very violently at

the body of a dead dog which floated by him in the faint light. At length I struck dry land, and found my way by inquiry to the Hotel Nacional, having accomplished my task, and traveled the thirty leagues during the day. I had left the saddle four times: once to tighten the saddle-girths, once when I breakfasted, once to take a drink of water, and once when the macho threw me over his ears and fell on top of me.

Stuart Chisholm.

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

"A LIFE of home; very quiet, very retired; no Bohemianism" (*Une vie en famille; très calme, très retirée; aucune bohème*),—so does M. Coppée epitomize the story of his younger days; and the words might also, it seems to me, serve fittingly for a motto to a critical study of his works, or more fittingly still, perhaps, for a starting-point.

And a strange starting-point, too, although the statement itself may seem strange. *Une vie en famille, aucune bohème*,—such would constitute no exceptional commencement to the career of an American or English man of letters. But it unquestionably strikes an exceptional keynote in the life of a French *littérateur*. For the French journalist, or novel-writer, or poet, generally comes to Paris at an early age. His home lies far away in the sunny south, or by the mist-haunted western shores, or in the rich central plains. The ties that bind him to it are very loose. He is rather proud of their looseness. He throws himself into the whirl of the great city with all the zest and eagerness of his youth, and with such talent as may be in him. There is first the Bohemianism of the student, that motley life of

the Quartier Latin that has been described so often and so well; a life of gay poverty, and noisy pleasures, and shifty expedients, and ephemeral loose loves,—loves that Alfred de Musset has idealized, and Gavarni caricatured. Then, with a few added years and some beginnings of success, he passes into the adjacent Bohemianism of literature and art. Here there is, perhaps, a little less noise, a little more money to spend, and in the loves a greater affection of passion and sentiment. Otherwise, in this real essence, things remain much as they were, until that moment, retarded as long as may be, when the author "ranges himself." But such a late return to the ordinary *bourgeois* ways scarcely avails to recolor his views of life or revivify his art. The influences of early manhood cannot thus be eliminated. They have become bone of bone and flesh of flesh.

Quite other were the influences that went to the moulding of M. Coppée's character. He has himself told us, in a graceful letter which the Gaulois published a few months ago, the story of his earlier years. "I was born in Paris in 1842," he writes, "my parents being Parisians. My father was a humble clerk in the war office. The family was

¹ Acequias-Mendoza is 2473.12 feet above sea-level. (Pretot-Freire.)

numerous," — numerous, that is, according to French ideas, — "and we were not rich; but there is the more love when the space is small, and all have to live very close together. My father had a dreamer's nature, and was passionately fond of letters. He taught me to love them, too, and from my first school-days I laid together lines of unequal length, with a rhyme at the end. That was at the Lycée Saint-Louis, where I was only a day scholar. At night I wrote my exercises near the only lamp, on the table round which all the family were gathered. . . . I was a delicate child, an idle scholar, but there were verses on the margins of my copy-books. . . . I was still very young when one of my sisters married; then another died; then my father died, too, and I was left alone with my mother and my eldest sister. To be the head of a family at twenty, — that was at once hard and sweet. I had in turn become a clerk in the war office, and, like my father, brought home my salary at the end of each month, to help keep matters going. Meanwhile I was always writing things of all kinds, — stories, plays, verse especially. The whole has long since been condemned. . . . It was only at the age of twenty-three that I began to think that some of my poems might perhaps deserve publication. I was encouraged by the poetical brotherhood presided over by Catulle Mendès, to which I had just been admitted. I owe an infinite debt of gratitude to Mendès: without him I should never have taken confidence in myself. The *Reliquaire*, my first volume, appeared in 1866; the *Intimités* in 1867. . . . But I remained in complete obscurity; a few literary men, a few poets, had read my verses, and that was all. The success of the *Pas-sant*, in 1869, changed the whole tenor of my life. . . . That was fifteen years ago, and now my works — poetry and dramas — form six volumes, more than five thousand lines. It is not for me to

speak of them, to enumerate them, even. . . . As to my private life, it is entirely devoid of interest. A poet's existence is made up of dreams and sheets of blackened paper. I have never married, and live with my eldest sister, my dear Annette, who has also remained single, and has taken the place of my mother, who died a few years ago. I live in a retired part of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, in a quiet house, surrounded by books and flowers. As I am still not rich, I leave home to fulfill my duties as librarian to the Théâtre François, and to be present at the first performances of new plays, which I criticise in the columns of the *Patrie*. And now what more can I tell you? That I have gone somewhat into society, but do so no longer, the working hours of life being too precious; . . . that the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor was given me in 1876; and that I am a candidate for the Academy. I wish you could add to this biography that I shall be elected. If such were your prophecy, it would be a very imprudent one. My chances, I am assured, are slight, albeit I have been excellently received by all the Immortals. The great obstacle, as one of them assured me with much kindness, is that I am paradoxically young; and yet, alas, I shall so soon be forty."

Fortunately, M. Coppée's youth has not prevailed against him, and he is now, as we all know, one of the Immortals, and occupies a place among the gods on the sunny peaks of the Academical Olympus. There may he, by all means, "live happy ever afterwards." But my object in quoting these autobiographical passages has not been to lead to that climax of the old-fashioned novel. Still less has it been to pander to the taste for personal detail, the very gossip of literature, which is invading genuine criticism ever more and more. What I have wished to do is to show, as it were, the foundation of M. Coppée's art. Let

us see to what extent the superstructure may accord with it.

Born in Paris, of Parisian parents, a Parisian of the Parisians, no wonder that M. Coppée loves Paris. He loves it in its every aspect, as a lover the face of his mistress. I don't mean that he loves it with an affection altogether exclusive. To go through the world having no eye whatever for the great aspects of nature was possible even for a real poet, in the days of Villon. It can scarcely be possible in this nineteenth century of ours. And so M. Coppée is to be only half believed when he exclaims, —

"For me, why, Paris is my only love;"

or again, —

"Yes, I love Paris with a morbid love,
And everywhere regret the Seine's old shores.
Before the circling sea or snowy peaks
I dream of" —

What? A suburb ringing to the shouts of childhood, some forgotten field in which clothes have been hung out to dry, old leprous walls covered with half-torn advertisements. Yes, M. Coppée is to be only half believed when he expresses his admiration for these things as if he admired nothing else. Indeed, it seems scarcely possible altogether to acquit his enthusiasm for some of them of a slight suspicion of affectation. But be that as it may, he certainly admires other things, too, — the sea, for example. Still, unquestionably, the scenery to which his thought turns most habitually, lovingly, caressingly, is that of the incomparable city. There he is happy and at home. There he chooses the best colors of his palette.

And not the scenery only, the mere inanimate nature of Paris, does he linger over with affection. He loves all the innumerable scenes from the drama of life that are ever being enacted there. The streets are to him as a stage in a theatre that is always open, and there the performances range from the deepest tragedy to the lightest farce. How

interesting it all is! What a jumble of characters and situations! Here the hale pensioner, sturdy on his wooden leg, traces the plan of some battle for the benefit of our open-mouthed recruit. Here, in the half-deserted Faubourg Saint-Germain, a discreet abbé leads homeward from mass a boy marquis, and seems to be seeking for admissible terms in which to describe the young gentleman's ancestors of the time of the Ligue. Here a little motherly atom — in mourning, alas! — conducts a smaller atom to school, and (for M. Coppée recoils from no humblest detail) wipes the smaller atom's tiny nose. Here a noisy band of students and grisettes, bent on some river expedition, fills the station with song and strident laughter. Here, in the evening quiet of the Luxembourg gardens, a young soldier, haled unwillingly from the plough, and a servant from the same far village mingle their memories of home, and speak their simple loves. Here the drunkard, sitting sodden at his table, traces with unsteady finger a woman's name in the drippings from his wine-can.

Yes, for the seeing eye and the sympathetic spirit, how full of interest is that ever-changing kaleidoscope of life! A seeing eye M. Coppée unquestionably has, and in a most marked degree a sympathetic spirit. At this point I place my hand upon the main-spring, the motive power, of his art. I touch one of its chief peculiarities. For upwards of sixty years or so the bourgeois has been the object of gibe and insult on the part of nearly all in France who hold pen or brush. Gavarni would not unwillingly have asphyxiated him with the mingled odors of punch, patchouli, and cigars. There was one other fiery and homicidal gentleman of the romantic school who expressed a cannibal desire to feed upon him. From such cravings of hate M. Coppée is free. The environment of his early days has given him the kindest capac-

ity of insight into homely joys and sorrows. He knows how much of courage and patient effort and unostentatious self-devotion lies hidden in lives to outward seeming quite commonplace and mean. He is seldom happier than when he can cull some dainty flower from soil that looks unpromising and barren. He has tears for those tragedies that are not really less pathetic because they occur in humble existences. The *Humble*, — that is the title of one of his books. It opens with the story of a peasant girl ill married to a village prodigal, — one of those marriages in which, as he says,

“Close on the first kiss the first cuff follows.”

Then comes the baby; and the woman's husband, having by that time spent all her savings, insists on her going to Paris as a nurse. Of course he promises to see that the child is well taken care of meanwhile, and equally of course he villainously neglects it, and it dies. When she comes back, after weary weeks of absence, yearning with all her mother-heart for the tiny creature whom she expects to see prospering and well, she finds, instead, a broken cradle, dirty and cobwebbed. I take another of these poems. It is entitled *A Son*, and tells of a boy's school career, promising, brilliant, with all its boundless hopes and possibilities, but suddenly shadowed and blighted by the revelation of his mother's shame and his own illegitimacy. He devotes his changed life to her, tends her through the long querulous years of age and infirmity, and when she dies is left a poor, broken, prematurely old little government clerk. A similar story, though told for the nonce in prose (M. Coppée being ambidextrous in the use of prose and verse), is the story of another government clerk, a man famed for his thews and sinews, his bulk and brawn, his autobiographical anecdotes of midnight victory over the footpad and assassin, of wild and perilous adventure in

war and love, and yet discovered to be the gentlest of kindly creatures, whose evening hours, so terribly depicted by himself, are really spent in ministering to an aged mother.

I will not affirm that there is not some faint suspicion of affectation in a few of M. Coppée's presentments of humble life: the grocer, for instance. I am prepared to sympathize to the utmost with his domestic sorrows, the coldness and ill-nature of his wife, his childlessness; with the feeling that prompts him, like Miss Mattie in Mrs. Gaskell's delicately beautiful story of *Cranford*, to sell lollipops for nothing to the little curly-headed purchasers. But when I am asked to drop the tear of sensibility over the elegiac melancholy with which he chops his sugar, why, then I begin to doubt whether I am being treated quite seriously. Nor can I stifle the same suspicion when, through many lines of very good verse, the poet moralizes over

“An old shoe, ignoble, fearful, foul,
Gone at the heel, the sole breached and agape,
Hideous as want, and like want sinister.”

One does not like to be so reminded, and yet one *is* reminded of Sterne, and his remarks on the ramshackle old carriage in the vineyard at Dessein's; yes, and of Thackeray's somewhat uncomplimentary comment on that sentimental performance.

But still, after making every deduction, there is no doubt that in his sympathetic delineation of humble life, his kindly thought for those who are trodden down in the great battle, M. Coppée has given proof of a very distinctive talent and nature. The vein is not one that French poetry has worked to any great purpose. A few poems by Victor Hugo are all that I at present remember as being at all remarkable. For Sainte-Beuve, as a poet, was by no means in the first rank; and his earlier work, which bears most affinity in subject with this work of M. Coppée, is

moreover without M. Coppée's tenderness and peculiar moral elevation of tone and ready accessibility to noble and generous ideas.

Here again I lay my hand, as it were, on one of the most essential characteristics of M. Coppée's art. Here the education of his earlier years has stood him in good stead. We have all lately heard much about that great goddess Lubricity, whose image fell, not perhaps from Jupiter, but from some inferior and foul deity, and whom France in general, and Paris in particular, is supposed to worship with a very special veneration. We can imagine her votaries — M. Zola in chief — clamoring round Mr. Matthew Arnold, as the Ephesians of old clamored round St. Paul; and, sooth to say, her rites occupy a place all too prominent and hideous in contemporary French literature. If we accepted the pictures of life which the "naturalist" novelists offer to us as true, or as being in any sense the whole truth, we might indeed despair of the country; weeping for the decay of a race to which in past times — aye, and in the present — mankind has ever owed and owes so much. Some French novelists have a good purpose in view, and M. Alphonse Daudet unquestionably wished to convey a weighty and terrible message when he wrote his *Sapho*; but there is a kind of acceptance of vice as the normal condition of men, a persistent dwelling upon it, that are in the last degree morbid and unhealthy. But these pictures of French life are incomplete and unfaithful. For all their braggart claims to scientific exactitude, and the noisy advertising of what they are pleased to call "human documents," M. Zola and his friends are only topsyturvy idealists, with mud for ideal. Behind the France of the French novelist, a France which we know only too well, is a France of toil and self-sacrifice and generous deeds and noble aspirations, of kindly domestic pieties

and pure, true love, and even of faith and prayer. This France is far less known to us. We catch a glimpse of it now and again. We hear its voice occasionally. But it never flaunts itself much, nor does it cry its virtues from the housetops.

Of this France M. Coppée may fittingly be called the laureate. I cannot attempt to enumerate the poems, or stories, or plays of his which may be regarded as a setting to some elevated, kindly thought, which present this poor human stuff of ours in one of its nobler, better shapes. The catalogue would be too long.

Do I want a tale of Christ-like forgiveness for the most terrible of injuries? There is the poem of Irène de Grandlief, who sets herself to tend a wounded German officer, and discovers from his talk that he has killed her lover, somewhere near Metz, in midnight ambush, and yet, through a long night of agony that silvers the hair round her young forehead, she supplies at the stated times the medicine on which the frail life of her sick foe depends. Do I want a story of self-devotion? There is the poem that tells of two prisoners, during the Reign of Terror, both bearing the same name; and how the younger, who is unmarried and childless, accepts the guillotine in the place of the other. Again, there are poems that deal with self-sacrifice, not in some high and tragic moment, when every impulse is strung to highest pitch, but carried out heroically through the long hours of life, — youth, health, love itself, being given up to duty.

Scarcely one of M. Coppée's prose *contes* fails to have a moral motive. They are very various in subject, of course, yet nearly all have, if not exactly a purpose, still an animating soul of goodness and elevated thought. We know pretty well by this time in what terms the average French *littérateur* is likely to speak of love, and how much

of mere sensuality will enter into his view of the relations between men and women. It is by contrast that Alfred de Musset's beautiful poem, *Une Bonne Fortune*, shines so silvery pure. It seems like a rift in a cloudy sky, through which he had caught a glimpse of a purer, better heaven. We get the same impression again from the story of the actor, who receives a letter of assignation from a girl, almost a child, foolish and stage-struck, and suddenly bethinks himself that he might have a daughter of that age, and dismisses her with warning and kindly words, — yes, and with a superb and patriarchal blessing; for even when an actor does the good and the right thing, he still can hardly help doing it with an eye to imaginary footlights.

I have said that many of the stories have for obvious motive a kindly and elevated thought, and seem to exhale a fresh perfume of rectitude and disinterestedness. Was Captain Mercadier a perfect personage? Scarcely that, I fear. "He was not a saint," we are told, and there appeared every probability, when he took his pension and retired to live thereon in his native town, that the local *café* would absorb most of his slender means. From this, from a life of selfish, brutal old-bachelorhood, he is rescued by the hand of a child, a little lame foundling, who becomes to him as a daughter. Foreground, background, middle distance, figures, and accessories, all are different, and yet one is vaguely reminded of Silas Marner. Poor Leturc, too, — a sad story, possibly a true one: the gutter child, the reformatory, the branded life, the jail, the honest effort to mend, and then the devoted friendship for a young country mason, who gradually deteriorates in the tainted moral atmosphere of Paris, turns thief to feed his pleasures, and allows innocent Leturc to assume the responsibility for the crime and accept transportation for life. And Annette

de Cardaillan, whose heart has been broken by the unworthiness of a young *roué* to whom she was engaged, and who has become a sister of charity; and who, as she goes her way through Paris in an omnibus, is moved by a workingwoman's homely story of her child's sickness, and gives to the little one the last memorial she has kept of the world and of her love, — a medal blessed by the Pope; whereupon the conductor, who is an old soldier and a subscriber to the *Intransigeant*, and regards "clericalism" as the "enemy," feels inclined to raise his testimony; but seeing that the mother is moved, he contents himself, out of pity for the weaker sex, with smiling the smile of superiority. For that smile, I fear M. Coppée has not all the respect that might be wished; and yet it possesses an attraction even for the greatest among Frenchmen. Has not M. Renan confessed that long study of religious questions has produced in him at last the same mind that was in Victor Hugo's Gavroche and Flaubert's M. Homais? But M. Coppée's stage of religious development is not so advanced. He still sees that the older faiths produced flowers too beautiful and delicate for ridicule.

Am I doing his art any wrong by dwelling at such length upon its ethical side? I scarcely think so. I do not believe that M. Coppée himself would think so, if these lines were ever to fall under his eye. A noble purpose, however, is not everything. Good intentions alone will not save a poet. He must be an artist as well as a moralist, or he is a failure. It behooves us, therefore, to inquire what is the value of M. Coppée's gift as a maker of prose and verse.

I myself set it very high. The stories contained in the *Contes en Prose* and the *Vingt Contes Nouveaux* are gracefully and artistically told. They are short, and naturally slight; some indeed incline rather to the essay than to the

story, but each has a sufficiency of interest to justify its existence, and nearly all have much more than this. M. Coppée possesses preëminently the gift of presenting concrete fact rather than abstraction, — the gift, it may be remembered, which M. Taine thought so noticeable in Thackeray; the gift, by the way, which belongs more specially to the literature of the nineteenth century as compared with that of the eighteenth. We seem to know his personages, to have met them and seen them among just such surroundings as the writer has considered essential. Small as is the canvas, the picture is finished; and yet it remains what it should be, in those proportions, a sketch. A sketch, also, is M. Coppée's one novel, *Une Idylle pendant le Siège*. That is the fault of it. For in a novel we require stronger characterization, greater grasp of character, and, I was going to add, a more searching dissection of motive and impulse; but *dissection* is scarcely the right image, for dissection implies death, whereas the art of the novelist consists rather in vivisection, and should show us the human heart and intellect in full play and activity. This tale of love, with the siege of Paris for running accompaniment, is not one of my favorites among M. Coppée's works. I do not feel, when I have read it, that I know the hero and heroine particularly well, or that I have enlarged my knowledge of character, or deepened my insight into life. Loves belonging so essentially to the commonplace of French literature scarcely seem to require for their enacting such a tremendous theatre as the great siege, with its background of famine and blood and fire. There is an incongruity about the whole thing, a want of keeping. Nor is this feeling removed by the fact that the male lover, at least, appears occasionally to share it too, and to be dimly conscious that his philandering is not quite opportune. "Blood and iron," — the times rang to

other music than the love-notes in the human voice.

However, it is not as a prose-writer that M. Coppée is mainly known, or deserves to be known. So I will not linger for quotation and comment. The ampler, finer field of his poetry calls me onward.

It is a field which he has cultivated to various purposes. There are plays, real plays, plays to be acted; not plays written as an English or an American poet would probably have written them, simply for "the closet," but plays that have stood the glare of the footlights, with pelf and applause for result. Was it not after the performance of one of these, the *Passant*, by Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Mademoiselle Agar that he awoke, like Byron, famous, and crowned with a night's green growth of laurel leaves? As interludes to the plays, there are "occasional" theatrical pieces, written for the fiftieth anniversary of the performance of *Hernani*, or the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Comédie Française.

Besides these theatrical pieces, of which the most important, and I think the best, is *Severo Torelli*, produced not so long since at the Odéon, — besides these, M. Coppée has written a very considerable number of miscellaneous poems, which have appeared in a very considerable number of dainty little volumes: and the dainty little volumes have from time to time been compressed into volumes that are thicker, though still dainty, — for M. Lemerre, the publisher, publishes all things well, — and the result is a goodly show of verse. But perhaps a little cataloguing may not be amiss. For French poetry does not win its way very rapidly into other lands, and though there are doubtless some of my readers who know a great deal more about M. Coppée than I do, yet it would not perhaps be quite safe for me, on any grounds, to assume that all stand to me in that relationship. So

for those who are not so advanced in knowledge, I may as well be categorical. M. Coppée's opus No. 1, then,—or rather, perhaps, opusculus, as it contains but very few pages,—was the *Reliquaire*, published in 1864, twenty years ago, and, we are told, at the poet's own expense. At these first ventures of literature, what winds of hope belly their sails, and how do the reefs and quicksands gnash at them with white teeth, and the deeps of oblivion wait for them as for a prey! M. Coppée was among those more fortunate traffickers whose argosies arrive safely at the desired haven. The book had but a small sale, no doubt, but it "numbered good intellects." The fit and few knew that another real poet was born; and their knowledge acquired greater certainty in 1867, when the *Intimités* appeared, to be followed, not long after, by the *Poèmes Modernes*, which opens with the pathetic story of *Angelus*, the little foundling loved to death by an old priest and an old soldier; and followed again by two of M. Coppée's noblest poems, the *Bénédiction* and the *Grève des Forgerons*.

Here the poet was giving the full measure of his genius,—for I think that great word is admissible. He was using, and to fine purpose, the more tragic stops in this human nature of ours. *La Bénédiction* is a story of the siege of Saragossa. It purports to be told by an old trooper, whose most familiar form of speech was an oath, but whose memory is yet filled with horror as he goes over the incidents of the last day of the siege. After the walls were taken each house became a citadel, each house had to be carried by storm. The priests were known to have been the soul of the defense. When one was seen among the combatants, he was shot down gayly. At last one of the attacking columns came before a convent chapel, and found some of their comrades struggling with a group of monks

on the threshold. A volley mowed the monks down. "Then," says the trooper, "when the dense smoke had slowly rolled away, we saw from underneath the pent heap of the dead long streams of blood veining the steps, and behind the immense dim interior of the church. Tapers starred the gloom with points of gold; incense filled the place with the languor of its perfume; and right at the end, with his face turned towards the altar in the choir, a very tall, white-haired priest was quietly finishing the mass, as if he had not heard the sound of the battle.

"The evil scene is so present to my memory that, as I speak, I almost think I see it still,—the old convent with its Moorish front, the great brown corpses of the monks, the sun making the red blood steam upon the pavement, and in the black frame of the portal that priest and that altar sparkling like a reliquary, and ourselves struck dumb for the moment and awed. . . . 'Fire!' cried an officer. No one moved. The priest certainly heard, but showed no sign, and faced us with the consecrated host, for he had now come to that part of the service when the priest turns towards the faithful and blesses them. His uplifted arms looked like wings outstretched, and all recoiled as he made the sign of the cross in the air with the remonstrance; and we could see that he trembled no more than before a congregation of pious women, and heard his fine voice slowly chanting forth, '*Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus.*' 'Fire,' repeated the savage voice, 'or I lose my temper!' Then one of our men, a soldier, but a coward, lifted his gun and fired. The old man grew very pale, but without lowering his eyes, that shone with a stern, high courage, he added, '*Pater et Filius.*' What frenzy, what veil of blood maddening a human brain, caused another shot to ring from our ranks I know not. Nevertheless that deed was done. The monk, leaning with

one hand on the altar, and striving to bless us once more, lifted again the heavy monstinance of gold. For the third time he traced in the air the sign of pardon, and in a voice very low, but still quite audible, for all sounds had hushed, he said, with his eyes closed, 'Et Spiritus Sanctus,' and then fell dead, having finished his prayer.

"The monstinance rebounded three times from the pavement; and as we were all, even the oldest troopers, standing with grounded arms, awed and horror-struck at the sight of a murder so foul and a martyrdom so heroic, 'Amen!' cried a drummer-boy, and burst out laughing."

There is a certain melancholy pleasure in seeing how inadequately one's prose renders a poem of this kind. But it is a pleasure which may easily pall, and I shall not translate any portion of the *Grève des Forgerons*. That, again, is a dramatic monologue, such as Mr. Browning has accustomed us to, and deals with incidents equally tragic. The story, too, is told with equal power. An old iron-worker recounts to his judges the tale of the strike: how his grandchildren were starving; how he appealed to the committee to let him go back to work; how one of the club orators, living on the general subscriptions, giped at his misery; and how he struck him down with his hammer. To deal with themes like these in fully adequate verse is to be a poet of high quality.

After the *Grève des Forgerons* came *Les Humbles*, to which I have already referred; and a few pieces written in 1870, during the siege of Paris; pieces, with the exception of the *Lettre d'un Mobile Breton*, by no means remarkable. Then followed a very characteristic volume of *Promenades et Intérieurs*. Its title may indicate the contents. This was succeeded by *Le Cahier Rouge*, a collection of disconnected pieces. This brings us to 1874. *Les Récits et les Élégies* appeared in 1878. It contains

a number of miscellaneous poems; a series which is called *Les Mois*; another entitled *Jeunes Filles*; the story of *Irène de Grandfief*; and several *Récits Épiques*, of the kind inaugurated by Victor Hugo in the *Légendes des Siècles*. Of these the finest — though several are fine — is, in my opinion, *La Tête de la Sultane*, which is as full of Oriental color and as tragic as a picture by Henri Régnault.

Lastly, after the *Récits et les Élégies*, came *Contes en Vers* and *Poésies Diverses*, whereof the two most notable are *La Marchande de Journaux* and *L'Enfant de la Balle*: the first being one of those stories of humble life in which M. Coppée excels, — an old newspaper seller, to whom the rise and fall of political interests mean only the more or less of comfort for her little weakling grandson; and the second, the story of a child born in the theatre and bred among the foot-lights, who achieves upon the boards a success phenomenal in every sense, and dies a martyr to her triumph.

All these several volumes represent a large body of verse: love poems in considerable number, stories of history and legend, stories of every-day life, "occasional" verses not a few, sonnets in profusion, a few dainty *vers de société*, and a small quantity of songs. The field has yielded a large and varied crop. What is to be said as to the quality of the grain?

Of the moral quality of M. Coppée's work I have already spoken. As to the literary quality, a few words are necessary. First I would say of M. Coppée's verse that it possesses the gift of spontaneity. It is not "art manufacture." Does that seem small praise and merely negative commendation? Such is far from being my view. Take, by way of contrast, the poems of M. Leconte de Lisle. M. Leconte de Lisle has learning, industry, an artist's real desire of perfection. But all his work "is full of labor; man cannot utter it." The sense

of effort chills the reader's pleasure. There is none of the seemingly careless excellence of absolute mastery. Every line bears the marks of the hammer and the anvil. With M. Coppée it is quite different. Here every poem seems to have sprung from a genuine inspiration. It has taken root one does not quite know how, and effloresces naturally. Of course this may not be really so. M. Coppée may produce with great difficulty, possibly with even more real pain than M. Leconte de Lisle; but so far as the result is concerned, — and in all such matters one is concerned only with results, — the younger alone is a spontaneous poet.

Closely allied to this gift of spontaneity is a gift of interest. Does that, too, seem a slight thing? I fancy not, to those who are under any sort of professional compulsion to read even a small part of the thoroughly unreadable verse which is produced annually. If poets would only realize that one of the essential conditions of saying something is having something to say; that a necessary preliminary to all poetry is some thought, passion, emotion, that is worthy of poetry's brocaded vesture, some scene from the great drama of life that is fit to keep the stage! M. Coppée does not fall into the mistake of supposing that gossamer can be made imperishable. He takes care to weave with silk of sufficient substance. When he sings, it is because he has something to sing about; and the result is, as I have intimated, that his poetry is nearly always interesting. Moreover, he respects the limits of his art; for while his friend and contemporary, M. Sully-Prudhomme, goes astray only too habitually in philosophical speculation, and his immortal senior, Victor Hugo, often declaims, if one may venture reverently to say so, in a manner which is tedious, M. Coppée sticks rigorously to what may be called the proper regions of poetry. When he falls into prose, as he very occasionally

does, it is not because he has wandered out of the right path, but because he has faltered. Such lapses are rare. Habitually his step is as sure as it is easy and light.

“L'art pour l'art!” Does that mean that art is to exist for artists alone, and only those qualities in a work of art are to be considered which appeal to the artist's fellow craftsmen? If so, surely the message of art were singularly impoverished. Let art exist for artists, by all means. Let every technical excellence have full weight and value. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the superb importance of workmanship. But beyond the artist lies the great mass of men. To them the technical side of art appeals only in a modified degree. They feel its insufficiency or absence. A sure and right instinct tells them, as I have already said, that if the poet is not an artist, he has scant reason of existence, whatever may be the worth of the message he has to deliver. Still, when this has been granted to the full, it remains that to the mass of men the message and its worth are the objects of chief attraction. Surely I am not contending that some direct ethical purpose should be the motive of every work of art. Far from it. The motive may be one of thought, or passion, or feeling, or fancy, or imagination, — may, in fact, be of almost any kind. But it must be there. Nor, *maugre* M. Zola and his school, will sane and healthy ethics mar either the message or the form of its delivery. So long as we are men, and not beasts, the human, not the bestial, must be the best stimulants, must answer best to our needs. To these remarks M. Coppée's works, in their sum and totality, may most fittingly serve for illustration. He is an artist, and an admirable one. He possesses most fully the *technique* of French poetry. He plays upon his instrument with all power and grace. But he is no mere virtuoso. There is something in him beyond the executant. Of

Malibran Alfred de Musset says, most beautifully, that she had that "voice of the heart which alone has power to reach the heart." Here, also, behind the skillful player on language, the deft manipulator of rhyme and rhythm, the learned disposer of pause and cæsura, one feels the beating of a human heart. One feels that the artist has himself felt. One feels that he is giving us per-

sonal impressions of life and its joys and sorrows, that his imagination is powerful because it is genuinely his own, that the flowers of his fancy spring spontaneously from the soil. Nor can I regard it as aught but an added grace that the strings of that instrument of his should vibrate so readily to what is beautiful and unselfish and delicate in human feeling.

Frank T. Marzials.

PENELOPE'S SUITORS.¹

1639, Mo. 1, 1. Long time hath overpast since I arrived in the colony of the Massachusetts, and long neglected hath been the keeping of a certain resolve made when first I set foot upon these shores. As we came hither on the good ship Susan and Ellen, I had much discourse with Madam Richard Saltounstall, who claimeth a sort of kinship with brother Herbert, through his wife, the sometime widow Walgrave, by reason of which she showed me great civility and gave me store of wise counsels. Amongst the many was one to keep a journal of what notable things should befall in this new world I was coming to. I repent me that I have not more speedily followed her valued advice, albeit no very great nor tragic event hath yet transpired.

Touching my first impressions of this same new world, truly I am not like to forget my grievous disappointment. I had fair imaginings of something like

Arcady, but it seemeth not at all Arcadian on nearer view, while the poor little town of Boston filleth the beholder with neither awe nor admiration. I dare not declare my mind in this respect by reason of giving offense to the good people hereabout, who affect to find it a paradise. Sure I am that without the town it is indeed a very wilderness, — yea, and filled, too, with wild beasts and savages, as I am assured, and have indeed the proof of my own senses; for the former, I hear them roar o' nights, and for the latter, I have beheld them walking the streets, and profess myself in such deadly terror if one do but so much as draw near me that I can scarce forbear to cry out. I am told, and can well believe it, that they have no scruple of making a meal of an Englishman, if they can but once beguile him into the forest. They have here, moreover, numbers of blackamoors, which are kept for slaves; they are quite harmless

¹ "The governor, Mr. Bellingham, was married. [I would not mention such ordinary matters but by reason of some remarkable accidents.] The young gentleman was ready to be contracted to a friend of his who lodged in his house, and by his consent had proceeded so far with her, when, on the sudden, the governor treated with her and obtained her for himself. He excused it by the strength of his affection." (Winthrop's History of New England, vol. ii.)

The young gentleman here mentioned was

Penelope Pelham, sister of Herbert Pelham, who came to New England in 1638, and took an important part in colonial affairs until his return to England in 1647, being at one time treasurer of Harvard College, and at another one of the assistants. He became a member of Parliament after his return to England. Penelope was married to Governor Richard Bellingham in 1641, and survived him nearly thirty years, dying in Boston, in 1702.

and by no means of an aspect so terrible as the savages. But for all that, I care not for one of them to come too closely into my neighborhood, nor touch anything I am to eat; nor can I be persuaded but that soap and water might alter their hue. For the Bostoners themselves, the leaders in this little world, are, for the most part, folk of some birth and breeding, and affect, as they may, a little state. 'Tis odd to see the modes still in vogue here that are long time by-gones at home. Certain of my own gowns which I have esteemed in no wise noteworthy have, I hear, caused a great buzzing among the worthy dames of Boston.

On landing, brother John and I went straightway to brother William's plantation at Cambridge, which is three miles and over from the town. We found brother grown already to be a person of great consequence. They have here set up a small school, which they call a college, and have made Herbert treasurer thereof.¹ He hath a large plantation and a fair house, with a troop of people, amongst which are several blackamoors. By reason of brother's influence I have received much civility from everybody. Many ladies of the best fashion from the town have waited upon me, and I have returned their visits; amongst them I have made several friends, and thus no longer feel like a stranger on these remote shores.

Mo. 1, 7. To-day I repaired to town with brother, on a pillion, to wait upon Madam Winthrop, wife of the governor. While I sat discoursing quietly with the governor's lady, on a sudden there arose a great tumult without, and anon came trooping into the house a horde of savages, with one of their most redoubted sachems at their head, Unkus by name. I had well-nigh swooned with terror but that Madam Winthrop seemed in no wise disturbed, and bade me not to fear.

¹ A slight anachronism. Herbert Pelham was not made treasurer until 1643.

Indeed, when I had somewhat recovered I could not but remark the savages behaved with great decorum. The worshipful governor came presently downstairs to see them, attended by one of the magistrates. I know not what passed but that the sachem proffered some strings of Indian money, which the governor refused, by reason of some offense committed by the savages. Truly, the governor is a bold man who dare thus anger the heathen. When the pow-wow was over the governor came and spake graciously to me, and thereupon Madam Winthrop finished by craving a visit of several days. I could not refuse assent to such civility, and so 'tis concluded I shall come this day week. Brother Herbert presently appeared at the door, whereat I mounted behind him, and after some words of leave-taking we set forth homeward.

Mo. 1, 14. Yesterday, about four o'clock post meridian, brother Herbert brought me hither to Madam Winthrop's, in answer to her gracious invitation. She welcomed me hospitably, and ushered me presently up to a large chamber, where I unpacked my portmanteau and set my dress in order. At supper the table was fairly set forth with store of good cheer, which I opine the worshipful governor loveth right well. There was I presented to the family, several daughters and sons, of whom Mr. Wait-Still chiefly drew my attention, a grave and comely young man, who regarded me narrowly, and offered me divers civilities. The discourse was mostly of the weekly lecture, which took place to-day, for which I arrived not in time. I marveled to hear that the teacher, the Reverend Mr. Cotton, therein inveighed loudly against wearing of lace veils over the face, which is newly the mode. Master Cotton, it seemeth, spake bitterly of the practice as sinful and abominable, arguing a corrupt heart. At all this I was much perturbed, as I came hither with a smart new veil cast over

my tiffany hood; and though in my blindness I perceive not that my heart is more corrupt, yet may I be deceived, and this mayhap prove a snare of the devil to lure us through vanity on to sin. Alack, how countless are the wiles of the tempter! Nothing, surely, seemeth more innocent than this film of network; 't is pity if it be a sin, for it marvelously enhanceth the comeliness of an indifferent face.

Mo. 1, 20. I become acquainted with the family, and rest well content. Here is much more astir than at home, for besides that the governor hath divers visitors upon ceremony and business daily, his dwelling is placed upon the chief street, where is much passing to and fro. It is a large house, quite plain without, but well-ordered within. Both the governor and madam are most gracious to me, and account themselves kinsfolk, it seemeth, with brother Herbert, through his wife. Yesterday Mr. Wait-Still came civilly and bade me forth for an outing. We walked upon the Centry Field, and thence by the seashore to Mr. Blackstone his garden, where we had good prospect of the sun's setting.

Mo. 1, 23. Dined to-day at Mr. Increase Nowell's; the governor and lady, cousins Saltonstall, Mr. William Hibbins and lady, Mr. Richard Bellingham, made the company. The latter sat by my side and discoursed with me, a man of majestic port and face most proud. He fixed upon me a pair of gloomful eyes, deep set beneath shaggy brows, whose glance seemed able to search out my hidden thoughts. I found myself in great awe, and sat with downcast eyes, stammering like a fool. Indeed, in everything I behaved rather like a raw rustic wench than a young gentlewoman of breeding, for which I was grievously ashamed; but truly I have never yet encountered a man, of whatsoever rank, who hath wrought upon me such an influence. Opposite at the table sat Mad-

am Hibbins,¹ a sister, 't is said, of Mr. Bellingham; she hath a shrewish face and keen eyes, which she kept, methought, more often than needful bent upon me, as marveling what qualities her brother could find in me worthy attention.

Mo. 1, 24. The Lord's Day. I was taken into the church on confession of faith, signing and accepting the covenants thereof. With me were one Mistress Elizabeth Allen and another. May the Lord Jesus Christ justify me through faith, and endue me with grace to keep his holy ordinances. Went thrice to meeting; strove sedulously to mortify the flesh and keep my thoughts on heavenly things. Bare in mind Mr. Cotton his words at the lecture, and left behind my veil, yet noted several in the congregation who seem not in awe of their teacher's wrath in this respect. Query whether it be sinful or no.

Mo. 1, 25. Madam Hibbins came sometimes to wait upon me. Despite the sharpness of her visage and the keenness of her black eyes, she hath at call some honeyed looks, and these she spared not to bestow lavishly upon me. She hath engaged my attention withal more than any person I have yet encountered. She seemeth a woman of uncommon parts; her wit is admirable, and her countenance, once seen, not to be forgotten. I had much discourse with her, which truly is no great effort, as she maintaineth the chief part thereof. I noted Madam Winthrop grew somewhat grave and quiet in presence of this visitor. Madam Hibbins was dressed in more splendor than I have yet anywhere seen in the town.

Mo. 1, 26. To-day went with the governor and his lady to the lecture at Dorchester; afterwards dined with Mr. Dudley, the deputy, who hath a goodly house and a fine garden. Returning betimes, I wait upon Madam Hibbins,

¹ Ann Hibbins, afterwards, in 1656, hanged as a witch.

who dwelleth a stone's throw southward of the governor's mansion. She received me with much favor. I deem myself happy to draw thus far only sunshine from those glittering eyes, which show such good capacity for lightning. As we discoursed there went some one past upon the highway, whom madam, looking from the window, espied, and speedily sent a servant to recall. Directly, thereupon, came in a stranger, whom she presented to me as Mr. Edward Buckley, a young gentleman lately arrived from England, who is a kinsman of her own, and lodgeth with her brother, Mr. Bellingham. He hath excellent breeding and much ease of deportment. He was very civil, and presently quite at home with me. Madam herself was full of gayety: amongst the many droll things she recounted was the history of the new stocks, lately built for the town by one Goodman Palmer, who yet, by reason of demanding too great a price for his handiwork, was himself the first culprit to be thrust in them.

Mo. 1, 27. Came back to Cambridge with brother Herbert, who took me up on his way from market. Bade adieu to Madam Winthrop and her family with regret. It seemeth very dull and dead at home now, after so much bustle and variety of life in town.

Mo. 7, 7. To-day came cousins Saltonstall with Madam Hibbins, who made some pretext for bringing Mr. Buckley in place of her husband, all to dine with us after the lecture. The dinner was boiled fowls, bacon and greens, with store of fresh vegetables and dessert of a gooseberry tart, all washed down with brother William's best madeira; but had I let slip the secret that the whole repast was cooked by a blackamoor brother hath lately installed in the kitchen, much I fear the gorge of many would have risen, howbeit brother hath no patience with this whimsey of mine.

Mr. Buckley, methought, lent but an indifferent ear to the discussion of the

lecture, which was upon the necessity of due recognition of sin in the heart before repentance availeth. The young gentleman busied himself casting sheep's glances at me, which I affected not to note, but maintained ever a grave and discreet countenance. Nothing daunted by my demeanor, he came straightway dinner was over and set himself to discourse with me. And truly I remarked not before how proper a man he is at all points. He lingered when Madam Hibbins rose to go as he would fain have stayed longer, and on bidding adieu craved the privilege of coming again, which I saw no good ground for gain-saying.

Mo. 7, 10. Yesterday I repaired to town to pay divers visits of ceremony and go about among the shops. There is a monstrous stir among the Boston dames by reason of a law yesterday enacted by the General Court, forbidding all wearing of lace as "tending to little use or benefit but the nourishing of pride and exhausting men's estates, and also of evil example to others." But what seemeth more grievous tyranny is that short sleeves and wide sleeves are likewise frowned upon, it being declared that in no case shall sleeves be made more than half an ell wide in the widest part, which, as every mantuamaker knows, is of no seemly proportion. Many of the dames are outspoken in their vexation, and truly it will go far to make frights of us all.

Going through the market-place, I encountered by chance the worshipful Mr. Bellingham, who very graciously turned about to go with me out of the press. Hardly had we taken a half score steps, however, when forth from some neighboring shop ran Madam Hibbins, with eyes snapping like coals. In her great volubility I know not clearly what she said, but that she told her brother of something demanding his instant attention, and herself carried me off, despite some urgency in my affairs, to dine with

her. It was in vain I essayed to refuse ; she hath a manner that overrideth all opposition. At the table was her spouse, who is a man of few words, — I had well-nigh said of none at all, for he spake but once, and that from necessity. Thither came also Mr. Buckley, by chance as they would have it appear, but I suspect from certain looks between them that madam sent him warning on the sly. He seemed, methought, unduly rejoiced to see me, and betrayed an elation which the short sum of our acquaintance doth not warrant. It is hard to quarrel with too great kindness, but I deemed it proper to summon up a little air of reserve to the young gallant, lest he should deem my acquaintance a thing too lightly to be come by. He failed not to note my change of demeanor, and straightway became anxious to discover the cause : thereto he studied my countenance with such evident concern that I found it most awkward, howbeit I strove to seem unheedful as I discoursed with Madam Hibbins. I had much ado on taking leave to restrain him from coming along with me to Cambridge, a thing not to be thought of.

Mo. 10, 6. A woman, one Dorothy Talbye, was this day hanged upon the Centry Field for killing of her child. There went out a great throng of people to behold the spectacle. I had not warning in time, and so made not one of the number.

Mr. Buckley came, not backward, it seemeth, to avail of the privilege I yielded to wait upon me. I could not but be gracious in my own house, and so made what effort I might to amuse him. He hath good store of knowledge, and converseth with such great propriety and ease as I have not often heard in a young man. He hath, moreover, a merry vein ; he abounds in quaint conceits quite out of the common. I know not when my attention hath been so enthralled ; two hours overpast so speedily I was quite amazed when supper-time

came. Brother William civilly bade the young gentleman stay and eat with us, to which, indeed, he seemed nothing loath.

Mo. 10, 10. Yesterday came to town to visit with Madam Saltonstall. She calleth me cousin (which is only by compliment), and is in every way most cordial. I went with her to the lecture ; saw many acquaintances. Madam Hibbins well-nigh embraced me. She walked some part of the way home with us, and on parting Madam Saltonstall extracted from her a promise to come soon and sup with us. It was due to this encounter, no doubt, that I was honored in the evening by a visit from Mr. Buckley. I was much put out of countenance at first, lest Madam Saltonstall should suppose I had connived at his coming, or secretly bidden him hither. I was therefore most grateful when presently he announced that he had been surprised *to hear from his cousin* of my being in town. He put me further to the blush by protracting his stay till eleven o'clock. I was greatly scandalized, and madam had much ado to suppress her yawns in his face, which he heeded not at all. For all of that, madam commended him this morning, and said, with a sly glance at me, "He hath a very persuasive way," which I affected not to hear.

Mo. 10, 12. To-day, it being warm, we went a short voyage upon the water, to wit, to Governor's Island : Mr. Richard Bellingham, Mr. Bradstreet, two of the magistrates, Madam Bradstreet, and the Saltonstalls, being of the party. We visited the fortifications ; were received with great respect by reason of the magistrates. I was in causeless dread lest they should discharge guns in our honor. On the homeward way it so fell out my seat was beside Mr. Bellingham, and quite too close to please me. I am not yet cured of my awe of him, and find it quite impossible, in such trepidation, to hold any reasonable discourse. Indeed, I made such inconsequent answers to his queries as must needs have persuaded

him I was fresh escaped from a mad-house.

The same evening, as it chanced, came Madam Hibbins and her husband to sup with us; she said her brother spake of meeting me upon the boat, and of pleasant intercourse betwixt us. 'T is a marvel he should remember so small a circumstance, unless indeed he mocks at me, which I can hardly suspect in one of such gravity. I noted Madam Hibbins narrowly scanning my face while recounting the above, as finding in it I know not what matter of suspicion. Cousin Saltonstall saith she keepeth ever a jealous eye upon her rich brother, lest his marriage should destroy a certain fair prospect she hath of becoming his heir.

Mo. 10, 15. This day I waited upon divers of my acquaintances, Madam Saltonstall accompanying. Later came Mr. Buckley, and invited me forth to climb the Tramount and behold the sunset. I sought a pretext for denial, but while I strove to fetch forth something worthy by way of excuse Madam Saltonstall (I know not what evil spirit prompted her) cut off all chance of retreat by crying out, "Truly, cousin Penelope, if you mind not the toil of ascent, 't is a sublime spectacle, I am told, and one not to be matched hereabout. 'T will soon be covered with snow, when your chance will be cut off till another year. You may easily be back against supper, when perchance Mr. Buckley will give us his company also." Hereupon I had no other resource but to set forth. 'T is a mountain of three peaks, the middle one monstrous steep: up the latter part thereof Mr. Buckley fairly dragged me with both hands; but once upon the summit I could not withhold a cry of joy and admiration. The whole earth, sea, and land seemed outspread beneath us. In my transport I had well-nigh forgot my young gallant, but was soon made aware of his presence by his odd behavior, standing a short distance apart and gaz-

ing at me with rapt attention, by reason, no doubt, of my ecstasy.

"Madam Saltonstall saith well," I cried at length: "'t is indeed a sublime spectacle!"

"'T is," returned he, with eyes still fixed upon me, and heeding not the prospect.

"Truly there can be nothing else so beautiful in the land!"

"Nothing!" reëchoed the swain, still staring.

"I marvel all the world cometh not hither to admire."

"So i' faith they would, could they but see with my eyes," still glaring boldly into my very face, which now for the first time I became aware of, and perceiving his intent straightway reddened like a rose. 'T is a marvel what hardihood men have to stare thus at a person, till she must e'en lose countenance if she be not altogether brazen; and this Mr. Buckley is by no means the meekest of his sex. I sat me down anon upon a stone, and strove to regain my lost ease by comments on the scene.

"Truly," I said, giving vent to the first reflection that came to hand, albeit somewhat trite, "nature hath multifarious aspects, and all beautiful."

"And yet," returneth my gentleman, fetching a sigh as he threw himself on the hard ground at my feet,—"yet is there something more beautiful still than nature."

"I can conceive of nothing such upon the earth."

"Yet one there is, beyond all cavil."

"I am curious to learn it."

"'T is the sight of the one we love," saith he, eying me askance. I marvel I waxed not angry at such persistent returning upon so delicate a topic, but I found myself strangely forbearing even when he went the length, which he presently did, of plying me with questions.

"Think you not so?" quoth he.

"I have never yet had occasion for such a thought," I answered discreetly.

Then sighed he again, and said he knew not whether to deem me fortunate or unhappy. By dint of turning a deaf ear to his innuendoes and discoursing only of the prospect I presently gave him a hint of my displeasure, and saved myself from further tormenting. Yet otherwise must I in fairness confess he was most duteous and concerned for my comfort; and ended by climbing the beacon for my diversion, vowing he would even fire the pot of tar at my bidding, at the risk of the stocks for himself. He hath a figure full of grace and a countenance hard to pick a flaw in, all of which I find more apparent than at first.

On coming home, Madam Saltonstall renewed her entreaty. Mr. Buckley, nothing averse, as it would seem, joined us at supper, and thereafter stayed for the evening, in course whereof it came out that I am in thought to depart homewards to-morrow, if brother Herbert come to town. Thereupon it transpireth "most opportunely," as he saith, that Mr. Buckley goeth himself to Cambridge to-morrow upon pressing affairs of business, and offereth me his company upon the way, if so happen brother come not. Whiles I hesitate what to say Madam Saltonstall chimeth in again, and straightway plucketh from me all semblance of reasonable excuse, till there is no decent ground for negation.

Mo. 10, 16. This morning, contrary to our expectations, brother Herbert duly appeared, and thereupon I was thrown into a most strange and inconsequent frame of mind. There was (item) a mixture of triumph that Mr. Buckley should for once be thwarted, and (item) a mixture of chagrin — very odd, to be sure — that I am to lose his society. But as we stood leave-taking at the door, lo and behold, there cometh my gallant along the street, and not to be discountenanced proposeth himself a member of our party, which brother Herbert very

graciously accepteth. Upon the road he so beguileth the time by arts he is well skilled in that brother bid him come to us to dine; and thereafter, a storm threatening, it needeth small persuasion to decide him to stay the night; nor yet is there any appearance of the weighty matters upon which he came hither.

Mo. 10, 17. By the coming in of a ship yesterday we have letters from home. Sister Betty talketh of coming hither to join us. Sister Helena condemneth herself to a life of virginity — needlessly, methinks — by reason of her black-pudding arm. There is yet no talk of brother Anthony being contracted in marriage, while sister Catherine hath been lately brought to bed with a fine boy. These news awaited us coming home from an excursion which hath occupied the day. Brother Herbert took us to visit his new plantation at Sudberry, where he hath a house already set up. Took along a servant with a hamper, containing wherewithal to dine. Cousin Walgrave and lady of the party; likewise Mr. Buckley, still strangely forgetful of the momentous affairs which brought him hither. No one hath been of such cheerful mien nor so full of quaint and careless discourse as he the livelong day. We were so late coming home that the young gentleman scrupled not to lodge with us again. Thereto I was constrained to add my voice to brother William's, as it seemed not fit he should make the journey to Boston alone, with the night coming on.

1640, Mo. 3, 14. Mr. Buckley hath been twice within the week to visit us. I marvel he findeth it worth while to come so far for the fleeting pleasure of a little talk; brother and I, however, discourage not his comings, as he bringeth ever news of the latest doings in town.

Mo. 3, 18. To-day, after the lecture, came Mr. Increase Nowell and lady and Mr. Bellingham, the worshipful deputy, upon brother's invitation to dine with

us. I was dismayed again to find Mr. Bellingham at my side, with the obligation upon me of holding converse with him. I plucked up my drooping courage to look him at least in the face, which causeth me ever a sensation I cannot describe; he hath eyes so dark, penetrating, and mournful. I studied him askance when he addressed brother Herbert, and was amazed to find a kind of grand beauty to his countenance, — a nose, a mouth, ay, and chin, that might well have been chiseled forth from marble, so fine, so massive, they are, and withal so inflexible; a mien of power he hath, and such as I have never before beheld. I recall not one word of all that was said; I yielded a silly assent to every question, without the smallest heed to the matter thereof. Despite my craven air and great awkwardness, Mr. Bellingham bestowed upon me the most of his attention, so that ere the repast was over I had somewhat recovered my assurance.

Mo. 5, 10. Twice in the course of the past week hath Mr. Buckley been here, and thus by degrees brought things to such a point of intimacy that he no longer deemeth it worth while to frame pretexes for coming.

Mo. 7, 2. Brother hath lately built a small ketch for sailing upon the river, and yesterday we all essayed an expedition to town therein. With a favoring wind we had a speedy passage. Cousin Walgrave and lady met us. Mr. Buckley took upon him the conduct of the ketch, and showed great dexterity. Brother thinketh to make it of much use in traffic to the town. Returning, the wind was adverse, and we were several hours beaten hither and thither by the waves, so 't was long after nightfall when we came ashore. Then befell an accident, which, albeit not at all tragical, hath yet given me much food for reflection. As brother hath not yet a proper landing, we were constrained to come ashore near some large stones, by which we

thought to step dry-shod to land. It so chanced that in the dark I missed my footing, and thinking myself about to fall uttered a cry; whereupon Mr. Buckley, without more ado, leaped at once into the water, seized me tightly in his arms, and bore me safely to the shore; exhibiting such great solicitude and concern for my safety as I was not prepared for. Thereafter he left not my side, but made me lean upon his arm as we walked through the dark woods, the others following. As we went I conceived it meet in me to express my gratitude for his good offices.

"Thank God," he cried with emotion, "that no harm hath befallen you!"

"Nay," I returned, "my silly fright impelled you into needless peril."

"There is no peril I would not encounter for your sake. Oh, Mistress Pelham," he cried ardently, the while I trembled lest he was about to seize me in his transport, — "oh, if I could but in some way prove my devotion to you!"

"Surely," I replied, without much regarding the purport of my words, "there needeth no stronger proof than this of to-night."

"Say you so?" he exclaimed, stopping suddenly and looking down upon me through the gloom, "Oh, that I dare think myself worthy your regard!"

"Truly," I made answer in all honesty, "I know no sufficient cause why you are not."

"Penelope," cried he then, in seeming ecstacy, clutching the while fast hold of my hands, "may I — do you mean — Oh, can I believe that you love me, then?"

"Nay," I began, taken all aback and seized with a sudden trembling, "I cannot say. It" —

"What! what! Speak!" he broke in, with the greatest vehemency.

"It taketh my breath," I gasped. "I must have time to think."

The others here suddenly coming up,

there was an end of it. How we came home I know not, only I know sleep visited not my pillow the livelong night thereafter. I could not by any means still my perturbed nerves, nor calm the beating of my heart. What passed between us may indeed prove to me of very tragical import. Accordingly have I examined well my heart upon the matter, and find there without doubt a very tender consideration for this young man. This I can trace in some small measure back to our first acquaintance, but since he spake out last night it hath flamed up prodigiously. Beyond a doubt this must be love. Then if it be, my content will depend on its continuance. But what said I to him? Not a word of hope. Will he gather discouragement from that, and forbear further following up the matter? I tremble to think of such a possibility. Yet can I not in maidenly modesty break silence. Whatever construction he putteth upon it, that must I accept.

Mo. 7, 3. Yesterday the long day passed, and there came to me no token. To-day I snatch myself away from these sharp anxieties and biting cares of suspense, and go with brother to Sudberry on matters concerning the plantation. Howbeit, I carry with me a grievous load which will not be left at home. I was indeed so distraught that brother rallied me, which brought me a little to my senses.

We arrived home not until nightfall, and great was my chagrin to learn that Mr. Buckley had been here and waited long for my coming; seeming, 'tis said, in great anxiety.

Mo. 7, 4. To-day a serving-man brought me early a letter from Mr. Buckley; in my eagerness I snatch it and run away to my chamber, without a thought of bounty to the poor Mercury, who doubtless cursed me for a niggard. Lest any mischance ever come to this precious missive, I here set it forth in my journal:—

BELOVED MISTRESS PENELOPE,—
Thus I make bold to call you, and leave the future to disclose my warrant. I was grievously disappointed and sore at heart indeed not to find you yesterday at home. I waited till constrained to return by some pressing affairs of state Mr. Bellingham hath confided to my hands. These hold me even now, else should I be at your side wherever you may be found, to say what I must here poorly set forth in these dumb characters. I bitterly reproach myself for my vehemency, that so in the darkness and the forest I should have no more forethought but to terrify you with the suddenness of my avowal. I deeply repent I had not chosen some more fitting scene for opening my heart to you, but pray you to excuse what was due to the violence of my emotions, and vouchsafe now to listen graciously while I declare how the feeble language I then held cometh far short of expressing the depth and fervor of my great affection for you. All the whole world is now naught to me compared with one little object, and that object I leave you to divine. Indeed, I know not what a barren and arid waste this fair earth would be to me without you. But I will not yet torment myself with such thoughts. I beseech you only consider what anguish and wretchedness and despair 't would be to me to know you cannot hearken to me. Upon advisement I have confided my passion to my kinsman Mr. Bellingham; he so commendeth it as to show that he too hath taken note of the many excellences of your character. Adieu! I shall fly to you with the first moment of freedom. In the mean time neglect not, I pray, to think of me and prepare your heart to accord me a gracious word.

May God, in his divine surpassing mercy, hold you harmless and incline your heart to favor

Your obedient servant and eternal lover,

EDWARD BUCKLEY.

By oft conning this epistle I have it learned by heart. It must be most engrossing affairs of state, methinks, that can hold one so fixedly to town. 'Tis true the deputy is called a stern taskmaster, but such business concerneth the day, and I mind me 't was by night Leander swam the Hellespont.

Mo. 9, 5. Came to town yesterday with brother John. Dined at Madam Nowell's, went to cousin Saltonstall after; she holdeth me for a visit. John is to send in my portmanteau. Madam Hibbins heareth of my coming, and hasteneth this morning to wait upon me; saith Mr. Buckley is gone on some affairs of state to Plymouth. She craveth a visit from me. I think it not seemly, in view of the late passages betwixt the young gentleman and me, to accept, but appease her insistence by promising to go to-morrow and sup.

Mo. 9, 6. Madam Hibbins waiteth not for my going, but cometh betimes to fetch me. Cousin Saltonstall excuseth herself. Madam saith her kinsman is not yet returned. I am content he should be gone, on the score of propriety; but having cherished a sneaking hope he might be there, go not now with much zest to the supper. Arriving, I was greatly put out of countenance to find the worshipful deputy seated at his ease awaiting us. But my discomfiture was as nothing to that of madam, who stood staring for some moments, quite at a loss for words.

"I expected not the honor of your company to-night, brother," she saith at length, with some asperity.

Mr. Bellingham, mayhap accustomed to his sister's humors, showed no surprise at this ungraciousness, but answered with his wonted dignity, "Nay, you had no cause. Buckley is not yet returned. I like not to eat alone, and so made bold to come unbidden."

"I would I had received some warning of it," saith his sister, with brow still lowering.

"I trust, at least, sister Hibbins, I am not unwelcome."

"I do not grudge you meat and drink, as you know, but it putteth me somewhat about," quoth madam, with unchanged front.

"It needeth not, when I bid you change in no respect the ordering of your household for me."

"When had you news of my company?" queried madam, whirling suddenly, and fixing the worshipful deputy with her keen, snapping eyes.

"Nay," replied the deputy, not at all abashed, "I knew not you were to be honored with so fair a visitor, but I deem myself doubly fortunate in encountering Mistress Pelham."

Madam Hibbins said no more, but withdrew presently about her household matters. She was gone but two or three minutes, when she returned so suddenly as to make me start in my seat. In this brief space her mood had wholly changed. Now she was all smiles and gayety, all graciousness to her brother, drawing him aside in conversation, to my great content. Thus I had leisure to regard him. His grand looks and majesty of bearing cause everything else to be forgotten where he cometh. He seemeth a man of few words, with a manner of saying these which causeth them to be remembered. Never any human being have I yet encountered who so filled the imagination that naught can be recollected after but his words and looks. When at length I rose to go for the night he offered to attend me, but though I would fain have gone with a servant I dared not deny him. On the road we came to a pool of foul water, too deep for my pattens: without a word he put forth his arm and lifted me over as I had been a child; and truly, in his strong grasp I felt like nothing more. Happily he spake not of his kinsman, albeit I had great qualms lest he should.

1641, Mo. 4, 2. To-day came off the

election, and to the surprise of many Mr. Bellingham is made governor. I know not what ground there should be of surprise; he seemeth a man most fitted for authority, and I marvel only he hath not before come to it. Brother saith he lacketh the arts to ingratiate the multitude, which is easy to understand; and that, moreover, he maintaineth too lofty a bearing upon all occasions to please suitors. In the evening came Mr. Buckley, who was ushered quite unawares into the room where we all sat. His first visit since the letter. He seemed at a loss for speech, and stammered forth I know not what. I followed suit, reddening like a village wench; happily 't was the gloaming, and the candles not yet brought in. The poor young gentleman tried divers devices of getting speech privately with me. He called me forth to see a strange star, but all the family came trooping after. Howbeit, anon, when the children were gone to bed, there arose some disturbance among the cattle at the barn, and brothers William and John went forth to inquire the cause. Then had we a brief space together. Without further ado he cast himself on his knees, seized upon my hands, and though I implored him to rise, lest we be discovered, he was quite reckless of all consequences. He rehearsed what is set forth in the letter above with much more, very eloquently said. I listened with no comfort, however, but the greatest agitation, lest every moment brothers should return; and this my perturbation he would seem to have construed into disdain of his suit, and thus continued his passionate imploring that I should not be so cruel. Truly, I had never any intention to say him nay, only he left me no occasion to show him my mind; and thus it happed brothers' footsteps were heard at the door before I had ever a chance to assure him what good cause he hath for hope.

Mo. 4, 6. There cometh to-day news that Mr. Buckley is ill, and cannot go

forth. I felt some pangs of conscience, and straightway sat me down and writ a letter, giving assurance of my sympathy and remembrance.

Mo. 4, 8. More news from Mr. Buckley: he is thought worse, and there be fears he will not escape a fever. I am grievously anxious, and have writ several letters advising him of my great concern. I sent him the former time a nosegay of wall-flowers, and to-day some jelly of apricocks.

Mo. 4, 10. Madam Hibbins hath writ me a kind letter, giving tidings of her kinsman, who is thought to be mending. She is nurse, as it seems. She saith he would be talking of me constantly, and would have letters writ every half hour. I returned by the hand of the messenger some knots of English lavender and a comfiture of rose leaves sent me out of England by sister Catherine.

Mo. 4, 12. A strange occurrence. To-day, while brothers were both at Sudberry, I was surprised by a visit from the governor.

"Brother is away," I murmured faintly.

"'Tis well," he replied. "I came not to see your brother; I came to see you, Mistress Pelham."

I was greatly abashed, and as helpless in speech as ever. That the first magistrate of the colony, and such a personage as Mr. Bellingham withal, should leave affairs of state to visit in person a simple maiden was indeed enough to paralyze my faculties. For some space I was dumb, but anon bethought me happily to ask for his kinsman. He said his cousin had sent me a message, to wit: that he yearned to speak with me, and hoped soon to gain strength to come hither. I noted the governor regarded me keenly, as he would read my thoughts, whenever I spake of his kinsman. We discoursed of divers indifferent matters for a space, when on a sudden he turneth, and, transfixing me with those deep, piercing eyes, said, — "Mr. Buckley

seemeth greatly enamored of you, Mistress Pelham."

"Tis a marvel I did not redden and cast down my eyes and play the fool as heretofore, but to my much comfort I answered with dignity, —

"Yes; he hath told me so."

Hereupon there was so long a pause I presently uplifted my eyes, and found the governor gazing at me as he would read my soul.

"Love you him, then, in equal degree?" queried he, staring as before.

"Nay, Mr. Buckley hath not yet examined me as to that point, and till he doth I must be pardoned for keeping my own counsel," I replied, with a spirit which now I marvel at.

"Answer me yet one question," pursued the governor, unheeding my manner. "How long hath my cousin sought your society?"

"For the matter of a year, or thereabout."

"And in that time hath seen much of you, no doubt," he said, as speaking to himself.

I answered not, and he presently rose. I courtesied, supposing him about to depart. But he suddenly took my hand, and said, looking the while into my eyes in a way I cannot describe, "Penelope, my child, I pray you may be happy;" then, gazing long in silence, while he held my hand with a grasp that gave me pain, he finished in a thrilling tone: "Make no mistake; think well ere you conclude this matter. It toucheth your happiness for life."

His visit hath left me in a tumult. I know not what to think of his mysterious warning, his strange demeanor, his burning eyes, his tender accents, and the dread grasp in which he held my hand.

Mo. 5, 6. Yesterday, at Madam Hibbins' urgent bidding, I went to town, albeit with extreme reluctance, to wait upon her at the governor's house, where Mr. Buckley is now well-nigh recovered, and demandeth to see me. 'Tis a fine

house, on a hillside; a noble hall of entrance, with a window at the bottom thereof, looking upon the garden rising in terraces behind, and filled with a goodly store of fruit and flowers. I arrived betimes. Madam came straightway to embrace me; said her cousin awaited me; led me presently upstairs to a large chamber, where I found him dressed, sitting in a sick-chair, with a pitiable aspect, his countenance both pale and meagre. He smiled at my approach, and held out his hand, much pleased, as it seemed, at my coming. I presently brought forth a little offering of home-made cates, and he thanked me heartily. I was moved with pity at his appearance, and would fain have embraced him; but he made no offer thereto, though madam had discreetly withdrawn to the window, and made pretense of looking out.

After some interchange of queries, there seeming little purpose to the visit, I expressed again my good wishes, and withdrew. Truly, I hope my coming hath afforded him comfort, the rather that it hath given me a nameless pain. Going out, I encountered the worshipful governor in the doorway. He saluted me with great respect, and paused to speak. Hardly had we exchanged greetings, however, when Madam Hibbins came flying down the stairway, with a countenance of wrath, which most singularly changed to a smiling aspect as she came along the hall and in between us like a flash of light. She sweepeth me like a feather down upon the outer step, and under pretext of some parting message from her cousin poureth into my ear a hot torrent of incoherency, whereat I well-nigh gasped. Then presently she brake forth again into smiles, and bestowed some cheerful words of pleasantry upon her brother and me. The governor gave no sign of heeding her, but demanded of me gravely whether I had in mind to repair straightway to Cambridge. I replied I purposed lodg-

ing with cousin Saltonstall for the night, which I noted caused Madam Hibbins again to bite her lip.

Presently after supper came the governor to wait upon me at cousin Saltonstall's. I was abashed, as before; howbeit, much to my comfort, he had no occasion for private speech with me. On his departure, cousin failed not to bestow upon me many quizzical looks, saying, "Doth the worshipful governor come often to visit you, cousin Penelope? 'Tis long, indeed, since he hath honored our poor house with a visit."

"I have seen him on occasion at brother William's," I replied.

"Mayhap 'tis in honor of cousin William he cometh, then," she said, meaning, as I well knew, to rally me.

"Truly, I cannot divine," I made answer, somewhat peevishly, whereupon she forbore.

Betimes in the morning came one of Mr. Bellingham's serving-men with a fine basket of fruit and his duty to Mistress Pelham. I bestowed the fruit upon cousin Saltonstall to stop her mouth, and by summoning up a grave aspect checked her raillery. Directly thereafter set forth for home.

Mo. 5, 20. To-day brother went alone to lecture, and came bringing home to dinner Mr. Nowell and lady and the governor, whose coming hither so soon after my visit to town seemed of intent, and wrought a strange effect in me. An impulse of audacity seized and carried me away. At table I talked without stay. I laughed immoderately and without cause. Brother looked amazed, and little knew I was all the time on the point of blubbing. When dinner was over Mr. Bellingham found occasion to speak apart with me.

"I bring news of my cousin," quoth he.

"I would fain hear, if they be good news," I said.

"He findeth himself of better cheer, and sendeth his duty to you."

There was a pause, which I knew not how to fill. Mr. Bellingham anon brake silence himself.

"I suppose," he said, regarding me with most intent look, "as soon as he cometh to his feet it will be published."

"What will be published?"

"That you are contracted to each other."

"Nay, but we are not contracted," I made answer, with much pride.

"I pray God, then, you never may be!" brake he forth in a sudden transport, the while his voice shook as I believed nothing could have made it. "Penelope, Penelope, my darling, my sweet child, stay! bethink you! Carry it no further! There is one loves you, adores you, craves you, with a passion yonder sick boy hath no capacity of!"

All this, like the outpouring of a volcano, with such a mighty torrent of emotion and such a wondrous change of countenance as I never beheld in any man. Anon, before I saw his intent, he snatcheth me up like a straw or feather, claspeth me to his bosom, toucheth my lips with a kiss like scorching fire, and was away as the passing of a tempest.

I sat scarce alive. The vast throbs of my heart brake upon my ear with awful clamor. I was giddy. The floor uplifted beneath my feet. I rose anon and sought my chamber, reeling like one in liquor. My hands and feet, methought, were lumps of ice, my head was a coal of fire, and so have they ever since remained. I am, indeed, like one bereft of wits. I heed not what passeth, eat nothing, answer at random, and so neglect every reasonable pursuit that brother hath drawn me apart in great concern to inquire into my state, and would fain fetch the doctor but for my strenuous denial.

Mo. 5, 23. Three days are overpast, yet 'tis all in vain I strive to bring any cool judgment to bear upon my state. In vain I try to pray. I know not for what I should pray, nor how I should

feel, nor how, again, I should act. Methinks I have been hitherto living in a dream, and am but now awaked to a reality, which yet is too large and momentous, too full of mighty raptures and pains, for my weak being. Anon cometh a dread feeling of guilt, as of having entered upon some pathway of crime which leadeth, yet strangely, to a blissful state beyond, whither fate driveth me ever on. Alas, my conscience is confounded, and serveth me no longer at need. I dare not, though sore tempted, take counsel of my teacher in a matter concerning one of such rank, and so stand darkling and amazed.

Mo. 5, 25. A letter cometh from Mr. Buckley. He hath been thrice already to take the air. Hopeth soon to attempt the journey hither. Rehearseth his affection, bespeaketh my fidelity. Truly, I am cast into a most strange and woful perplexity. I would reason of this matter, but find no clear or safe ground. This letter cometh to me like a message out of the past, as it were, long left behind. Yet hath it aroused within a voice that crieth ever, "Art thou not in honor contracted to him that writ it? What though not in deed and word, yet in fair dealing and intendment?"

Mo. 5, 30. The governor cometh to Cambridge on some matter of the college, and is brought by brother hither to dine. I fly to my chamber, and come not down to table, quaking with terror lest I be summoned. Brother excuseth me on the score of my late illness. Mr. Bellingham seemed concerned, 't is said, and made many inquiries.

Mo. 5, 31. To-day came Madam Hibbins, quite unlooked for, who hath embraced me I know not how many times, and smiled so continuously that I have never known her so gracious. She discoursed most eloquently of Mr. Buckley and the desperate degree of his affection for me; extolled his family, his character and person; proffered me open-

ly congratulations: and all in so voluble a tone that I could not once break in to set her right. When at last I had occasion and would declare the truth, she hastened, by smiles and winks and nods, to silence me, and would nothing but that it is an affair concluded betwixt her cousin and me. Suddenly she artfully brake off in the midst of some harangue, demanding if we had her brother to dine with us yesterday. Taken so unawares I reddened ere I could frame a reply, which was the proof she would put me to, and presently went on to discourse of her brother in no very flattering vein, to the effect that he hath of late waxed stern and morose, beyond all bearing; is quite given over to worldly ambition; thinketh only of himself, and is of no fit society for anybody; that, moreover, he is much older than he seemeth, and, in fact, in his very dotage; that he is fickle and heartless, and meaneth nothing by his fair speeches; that he hath already addressed himself to several dames of character and respectability in the town, raising in them fair hopes only to be crushed and defeated: all this with some show of commendation that naught may be set down to malice. This recounted she flieth away, after more smiles and embraces, before I could so much as utter a protest. In truth, it needeth a nimble wit to follow madam, who hath ever the air of pursuing some hidden purpose, and whose words are designed as oft to cloak as to disclose her meaning.

Mo. 6, 5. Alas, it would seem I am foredoomed to live in the midst of tragedy. I know not what is left that can befall me. What followeth here must be as the recounting of a dream, albeit every smallest event is branded forever upon my memory. 'T was yesterday, though seeming ages ago. I had repaired to the arbor at the bottom of the garden, there to be alone. Anon, as I sat, there is a noise upon the gravel. I look up and behold Mr. Bellingham only

a short distance from me. I would fain fly; there is no way of escape. I sink back and wait, my heart in my mouth. He cometh presently and seateth himself at my side. I speak not, nor raise my eyes. Truly, I seem bereft of all power of locomotion.

"Penelope!" saith he, after a pause. I answer not.

"Penelope, my darling!"

I essay to speak. I fain would pronounce a word of entreaty, but in vain.

He pauseth a moment; anon he putteth forth his hand and gently uplifteth my head till he can look into my eyes. Then straightway I burst into violent weeping. He taketh my hands and would soothe me.

"Nay, nay," I cried, starting to my feet and stopping my ears, "I may not hearken to you! I am contracted to another."

"Said you not?" —

"Ay, ay!" cried I, sobbing bitterly; "albeit I spake not the words, yet am I contracted in honor. He believeth in me; 't is sin to deceive him. Oh, go! go! I may not hearken to you!"

"Ay, but you must, you shall, hearken to me!" cried he, clasping me in his arms with a terrible vehemency. "Since you made no promise you are not contracted. Honor is not in question. You are mine. God hath sent you to me. Yonder silly boy will outgrow his fancy; 't is but a fever of his blood. You were foreordained for me. Since I beheld you I have thought of naught else. My peace is at stake. You shall not go from me. You are my happiness, my life, my all. Penelope, child, dearest, look up into my eyes, nay, closer, nearer, — now speak! Say you are mine!"

God he knoweth I had no power to say aught else. Be it sin or no, I know not. I looked into his eyes. I heard his voice, and straightway my heart was filled with a thrilling ecstasy, such as it hath never known the like before. All care for any earthly creature beside was

lost or forgotten, and anon as I lay at rest upon his bosom a strange surpassing peace fell upon me. Yet in the very fullness of my joy was I doomed to pay its bitter price. A figure darkened the doorway of the arbor. All unawares I looked up, and cried aloud. 'T was Buckley, come from town, all pale and wan, stood gazing down upon me with dumb reproach. I know not what came after. My wits gave way straightway; I swooned. When I revived Richard alone was there, chafing my hands and kissing my cold lips. Methought I awoke then to a new world, wherein he was sole sovereign and ruler. Surely he was, and ever henceforth will be, sovereign and ruler of my heart and life. Presently he raised me tenderly in his arms and bare me to the house. Before the door, upon horseback, sat Buckley, with Madam Hibbins on a pillion. I turned away my head. Madam, in a fury, springeth from the horse and barreth our way. Never beheld I a countenance so terrible with passion. Bitterly she upbraided us twain with unchose epithets of scorn, spake of dishonor and discredit Richard hath brought upon his high office, threatened to discover all to the elders and publish it to the church, and what else I know not. I cowered before the blast, but Richard sternly bade her hold her peace and begone, and when she heeded not swept her from the way, and placed me at shelter within. Before he went he bade me not to fear; that he would find a way to establish my peace. He hath kept his word. To-day came he again, bringing from Buckley this declaration of dismissal: —

MISTRESS PELHAM, — My worshipful kinsman hath been at the pains, in your behalf and his own, to bestow upon me some explanation of the strange spectacle I yesterday beheld in your garden. He saith, in brief, upon examination of your heart, you find it not inclined to me as you had made me be-

lieve, but wholly knit to him. What hath wrought this sudden and marvelous conversion he vouchsafed not to disclose, and 't is indeed bootless to inquire. If it be true, as from the evidence of my own eyes I can make no doubt, then shall I not esteem so lightly my own self-respect, nor the fervency of my true

passion, as to persist in any further claim upon you; nor shall I needlessly waste your time nor squander my feeble energies in preferring vain reproaches. It remaineth, then, only that I subscribe myself, dear madam,

Your very obedient humble servant.

EDWARD BUCKLEY.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

TWO HARVESTS.

I.

BLOSSOM and fruit no man could count or hoard;
Seasons, their laws forgot, in riot haste
Lavishing yield on yield in madman's waste;
No tropic, with its centuries' heat outpoured
In centuries of summers, ever stored
Such harvest.

Had the earth her sole pearl placed
In wine of sun to melt, — one blissful taste
To drain her dead, — it had not fuller dowered
This harvest!

She who smiling goes, a queen,
Reaping with alabaster arms and hands
The fruits and flowers of these magic lands,
With idle, satiate intervals between, —
Oh, what to her do laws of harvest mean?
Joy passes by her, where she laden stands!

II.

A parched and arid land, all colorless,
Than desert drearier, than rock more stern,
Spring could not find, nor any summer learn
The secret to redeem this wilderness.
Harsh winds sweep through with icy storm and stress,
Fierce, lurid suns shine but to blight and burn,
And streams rise, pallid, but to flee and turn:
Who soweth here waits miracle to bless
The harvest!

She who smiling goes, a queen,
Seeking with hidden tears and tireless hands,
To win a fruitage from these barren lands, —
She knoweth what the laws of harvest mean!
Blades spring, flowers bloom, by all but her unseen;
Joy's halo crowns her, where she patient stands!

Helen Jackson.

THE LAKES OF UPPER ITALY.

IV.

THERE is an education needed for the appreciation of nature as well as of art. Many people scorn this notion, and as there undoubtedly are some with so fine an innate perception and discrimination of the beautiful that they instinctively recognize it, anybody may believe himself to be one of those chosen few. But the rest of us know that without the native gift, which nothing can wholly replace, the eye and taste require experience and training to comprehend and analyze the beauties of the outer world. There was a time when I resented as hotly as most other Americans the idea that any scenery could surpass our own; I knew that the Alps were higher than the Alleghanies, but, beyond that, I thought that where there are mountains, valleys, a lake, a waterfall, there must of necessity be a view of the utmost beauty, without regard to degree. It would be as rational to maintain that a human being is necessarily beautiful because possessed of eyes, nose, mouth, and chin; almost everything depends upon the outline and the relative proportion and disposition of the features. The Italian landscape has a classic form and profile; its glowing complexion is due to the light, — that heavenly effulgence which can transfigure any scene. It is surprising what changes are wrought by a dark or rainy day, or even by the shifting of the wind. As summer waned we found that the Lake of Como does not always show a radiant visage.

“Villa Serbelloni. August 15, 1883. This is the *festa* of the Assumption of the Virgin; and all day long there has been the greatest row of brass-bands, singing, shouting, firing of cannon and clanging of bells down in the town, and a straggling military procession up and

down the roads on the hillsides. Some of our party went into Bellagio and reported it full of old soldiers with medals and shabby uniforms, and of villagers and peasants from the neighborhood, but that there are no costumes to be seen. The church-bells in these Italian country towns do not chime, but keep up an unmeaning chatter of a few notes, repeating them over and over as if they were counting their beads. Towards midnight the weather changed; I could not have believed the lake could look so threatening; the water of the two bays was like blackened steel, the nearer mountains were ink-black, the further ones being hidden by heavy white clouds and ghostly mists. The very sky was black, torn here and there into rifts that let through a pale, troubled light upon the stormy scene; distant lightning glared among the clouds every few minutes and the thunder rolled from mountain to mountain.

“August 16. A stormy morning; not much thunder, but high wind and heavy rain. The lake is slate color and covered with vicious little white caps that spit and sputter and dash against the shore, flying off in spray. The landscape is metamorphosed; its warm colors have given place to a prevailing light green, the cypresses are dull rather than dark, the wind-swept olives are gray, the hillsides hoary. Yet they look as soft as ever, as soft as the fields under a warm April rain at home.

“August 21. A fine, bright day, with a hot sun and stiff breeze. Took the first steamboat to the upper end of the lake, which I had not yet seen. The water through which we drove our way was a delicate shade of aquamarine, melting into ultramarine blue further off. As we advanced, the familiar mountains on either side took new shapes,

different groups were formed, gorges opened into their recesses traced by the white thread of a waterfall, peaks and crests hitherto unseen appear and look over into the lake. The post-road to the Stelvio Pass, a great military work, makes the eastern margin a succession of sunny galleries and cavernous tunnels. The shores constantly bend into capes and headlands inclosing little bays, each having its own town with a musical, sonorous appellation, generally associated with some historical name or with one dear to letters. They all present the same features: white, pink, and buff houses, with archways below and balconies above, in irregular tiers, interspersed with long villa fronts and walls holding masses of dark polished verdure, golden fruit and prismatic bloom, like huge flower-baskets, the gray, Lombard church-tower crowning the whole; many of these last have been disfigured by walling up the graceful, columned windows and piercing loop-holes. Most of the towns are old, dating from the twelfth century or earlier, and the more ancient part of them is the more remote from the water under the wing of the castle, which is to be seen in ruins on the first high ground. Each *paese* had its feudal lord, who was habitually at war with his next neighbors; sometimes the entire lake was in terror of one tyrant like Gian Giacomo Medici or Medeghini, the castellan of Musso in the sixteenth century. His family was obscure, being distinct from the Florentine one, but intermarried with the Serbelloni and became powerful enough to give a Pope to the Holy See, under the name of Pius IV. Gian Giacomo took the position of an independent sovereign, coined his money, maintained his own army and flotilla, and waged war with the Swiss, the Milanese, and the Venetian Republic, for a number of years. After a disastrous naval engagement on the Bay of Lecco, in which he lost his youngest brother Gabriele, he made

peace with the Duke of Milan, the great Sforza, abandoned the castle of Musso, which was demolished, and passed into the service of the Emperor Charles V.; but he remained to the last a type of the ferocious, unscrupulous *condottiere* of the Renaissance. There is a fine monument to him and his brother Gabriele, in the cathedral of Milan. On the crags above Musso there are some dilapidated battlements, only to be reached by a narrow path intersected by numerous deep ravines crossed by high-arched foot-bridges, easily defended or destroyed, the last vestiges of the Medeghini's stronghold.

"A terrible amount of blood has been spilled into these laughing ripples; for ages there were incessant encounters on the unstable battle-field, in which the Swiss, Spaniards, French, Germans, and Italians fought for supremacy or liberty. They were worse centuries for the wretched inhabitants of the shore than the days of the Goths and Vandals. As times grew milder, the villages crept down nearer to the water, until now the most important portion is on the wharves, where palaces amid the gardens of Armida serve as suburbs to an arcaded street of fruit-stalls and small shops of bright wares, and a broad, sunny promenade edged by a double row of clipped locust trees, a line of boats like floating tents drawn up at its base. Near some of them there is a beach or spit of sand brought down from the mountain gullies by a torrent which is dry all summer; some have small breakwaters harboring a merchant-navy of skiffs and sloops to carry lumber to Como and Lecco. Bellano has large iron-works and wears a busy little air of trade and commerce, so that the inhabitants, of whom there are three thousand, proudly call it the Manchester of Lake Como. But repose and passive enjoyment are the ordinary expression of these townlets and of those who dwell in them; even the hard-taxed,

over-worked, under-fed peasants have a calm, dreamy gaze when their toil-worn visages are at rest, which breaks into a brilliant smile at a friendly question or a cordial 'thank you.'

"As the steamboat approaches the upper end of the lake, the villas are notably fewer and the gardens less luxuriant; the flowers that hang over the walls are coarser and hardier; no more pleasure boats are to be seen moored to the shore; the vegetation of the slopes is not so meridional as of those on the Bay of Como, and lacks the richness and softness which clothes those as with a vesture of moss; the colors are colder, light green and dull purple, like the Scotch hills. The towns keep up the interest. Rezzonico is a mere handful of scattered houses with a ruined castle in their midst, but has a grave, self-contained air as if still mindful of having given a head to Christendom. On the outskirts of Gravedona there is a striking group of sacred buildings standing apart, without the walls, in ecclesiastical retirement, on a grassy level screened from the lake by a row of locust trees. One of them is a fine twelfth century baptistery, in courses of black and white marble dimmed by time to quiet tones of gray; the arms of the nave and transept, which are very short, end in semi-circular apses, and there is a central decagonal tower of alternately broad and narrow sides rising three stories from the roof, — the upper one being much higher than the others and with larger windows, — crowned by a pillared gallery and a bulb-shaped cupola; it is Romanesque, but in some details differs from all other specimens of that style which I have seen. It is altogether an imposing edifice, of which any large Italian town might boast, yet it seems to be forgotten even by the insignificant village at its elbow. In the same group there is a much older and simpler church, claiming Queen Theodelinda as its foundress, in which there are some early Christian in-

scriptions, more ancient than the church itself. Beyond a sort of cloister round which these buildings stand, less skilled hands have raised a mortuary chapel, rudely painted with death's-heads, one wearing a papal tiara, another an imperial crown, a third a warrior's helmet, and so on through several phases of mortal greatness, above a grated opening which displays a ghastly collection of skulls and bones. The place is silent and isolated. Gravedona was not always so unimportant as now, and has played its part in history; it was the capital of a republic which made war and peace with the Lombard League; its troops assaulted the rear-guard of Barbarossa's army, capturing banners and booty, among other spoil, the imperial crown which was deposited in the baptistery, — a feat that so enraged the great emperor that he wished to exclude the town from the conditions of the peace of Constance. As late as the middle of the sixteenth century it was still a place of note; for there is said to have been some talk of transferring the seat of the Council of Trent hither, to hold its sessions in Cardinal Gallio's villa. This is now known as the Palazzo del Pero, from the name of its present owners; it stands on a rock forming a natural terrace, with a high and stately stairway to the water's edge, and it is the finest private residence on the lake, a princely mansion; there are four corner towers, each terminating in a graceful *loggia*, and a massive main building, divided by a three story portico with a triple arch resting on handsome yellow marble pillars, and a Venetian balcony. I was informed that the "*famiglia del Pero é richissima*," yet the house-linen was drying on the sculptured balustrades, and the fire-wood was being chopped under the arch of the principal entrance. It was altogether unexpected to find so much worth seeing at a place of which I had never heard, a place of but fifteen or sixteen hundred inhabitants,

where a stranger seldom goes ashore ; and besides this, Gravedona has a decided pictorial character of its own. Its population still separates into the old quarters of the *riva* and the *castello*, and there are touches of provincial elegance discernible about the latter, while at the landing, white houses garlanded with nasturtium vines from window to window and story to story, and huge sunflowers staring over the walls into the water, look as if modern æstheticism had taken root there.

"We had reached the head of the lake, — its real head has been cut off by the muddy deposits of the river Adda, and is called the Lago Mezzola or Lago di Riva. The shores are low ; inland, the mountain wall rises rugged, forbidding, streaked and patched with snow. The steamboat goes no further than Colico, an ill name and a poor place, but happy in being the point at which travelers from the Splügen and Stelvio passes reach the lake of Como. It goes to sleep between the hours of morning and evening arrival, with which the steamboat corresponds ; I seemed to have it to myself, and the carriage drivers fought as to who should charge most for taking me to see the ruined fortress of Fuentes, and Azzo Visconti's bridge. The road is wide, dusty, glaring, a sort of causeway bordered by water-willows and large poplars, which look plebeian in the land of the cypress ; fields of maize and mulberry plantations lie on each hand for a mile or two ; then a wide, noisome swamp spreads out to the right, while on the left a ridge of rock rises suddenly from the narrow plain, and along its whole length the remains of the great stronghold may be traced, here a barbican, there the base of a tower, further on some crumbling battlements. The road crosses the Adda, which comes suddenly into sight, its olive waters flowing swiftly and smoothly past the ridge, under the brows of the fort, into a pleasant valley fenced by mountains on both

sides. Some of the arches of the new bridge, built only last year, rest on the piers of that which the best of the Visconti erected early in the fourteenth century, to give his people a way over the swamp, and the Adda a way out to the lake. Here I turned back, but was overtaken by a long cloud of dust, through which the *diligences* from the Stelvio came rattling and jingling into Colico to catch the last boat. The beauty of the voyage increased every instant as we descended the lake ; the sunset poured over the scenery like elixir of gold. As I sat on the deck near the usual party of noisy Germans, — whose satchels were stuffed with edelweiss, forget-me-nots, alpenroses, and lunch-parcels in greasy newspaper, and who behaved themselves as if they had chartered the steamboat and as if nobody else had any business to be there, — I reflected for the first time on the size of Lake Como. It is forty miles long, and nowhere visible — except from a considerable height — for more than a third of its length ; its average width must be under four miles. These statistics were suggested by the conversation of a well-dressed young English couple, light-haired and handsome, though burnt as red as brick, who sat near me and thus commented on the scene before them : 'I like *our* lakes better, they're so nice and small, you know.' 'Yes, so jolly for boating, don't you know.' "

In enumerating the resources of the Villa Serbelloni, it would be ungrateful to omit the gay little town of Bellagio, with its arcaded water-street, into which we made descents to buy fruit, from heaping baskets of melons, plums, pears, figs, and grapes, or native manufactures, — olive-wood tables, portfolios, paper-knives, boxes of every size and use, raw silk blankets of gorgeous colors, and handsome coarse linen-lace which dark-eyed girls wove on cushions at their doorways. As the lake season ap-

proached, the innocent rascals who had cheated us so genially of a few francs were supplanted by a tribe of real villains from the cities, jewelers with pretty coral and lava rubbish from Naples, and bricabrac dealers more depraved than those of Paris or Amsterdam, who brought some of us to the verge of ruin. At length there came a cloudless morning in September, when I got up early and took the eight o'clock boat for Lecco, and the halcyon days were done.

"The glamour and dewy sparkle of the first hours after sunrise still lingered on land and water, as I looked my last at the shores and villages, mountains, promontories, and cascades which I knew so well. By the time we were fairly under way in the bay of Lecco, they seemed already to belong to the past, for I was on a new cruise. It is not comparable to the twin branch, and is very different from it. There are no villas, and few towns or villages or even ruined castles and church-towers. Nature is left to herself; the mountains rise from the water's edge unbroken by terraces and vineyards, and for the most part wooded to the summit, haunches and shoulders of rock occasionally forcing themselves through the foliage. Over Olcio, a solitary bare peak raises its gray head above a hundred close crowding breasts of rock, like a cosmic Diana of Ephesus. Mandello, the prettiest town on this bay, stands on the point of a cape which so narrows the lake that from a little distance above or below, it seems to end here. At Mandello a handsome young woman holding a little girl by the hand, both prettily dressed, came running out of a narrow street as the steamboat bell was ringing for departure. She was followed by six or seven shabby figures of both sexes and all ages carrying traveling bags, shawls, parasols, bandboxes, and paper bundles. As these were passed to the boat-porters on deck, the farewells, embraces, adjurations,

warnings, and benedictions were going on, while a stream of children, friends, and servants continued to pour bare-headed out of the street to join in the '*addio*.' With many good-by gestures, she put her foot on the plank, when '*Mamma mia!*' was heard in a shrill, infantine scream, and a curly-pate aged four or five rushed from the street, holding up her arms for another kiss; the mother turned back, and there was a long hug. '*Avanti! Avanti!*' (Come on!) shouted the captain. The lady had reached the deck, when there was another cry, and out of the same street hobbled an untidy, unkempt old woman, the cook to all appearance; at sight of her, the fair passenger sprang back to land, fell into her arms, and only tore herself away as the captain stamped and ordered the plank to be pulled up. The lady and child stood waving their hands in reply to a flutter of handkerchiefs that looked like a week's wash, until we had rounded the point and were lost to sight; they then placidly settled themselves among their parcels and chatted about their journey; they were going for twenty-four hours to Milan, which is two hours distant. The Italians, like all other Europeans among whom I have been, never take a trunk when they can avoid it, to escape paying the charge on luggage; the quantity of hand-baggage they carry is inconceivable to Americans; the valises are often as large as a middle-sized trunk, and they are put into railway carriages to the utter discomfort of the inmates.

"Beyond Mandello the mountains fall back from the shore and range themselves in an imposing amphitheatre of ash-colored crags, the ridge split and chipped into innumerable small fissures and strange dents. The lake rounds and widens towards the lower end, and evidences of a larger industry are seen on the banks than anywhere else except at Bellano. The base of the hills

is scooped out by chalk quarries; along the water are great limekilns with castellated fronts; there are huge stacks of fagots for the furnaces, thatched with fine twigs, making brown masses of considerable effect in the landscape. Lecco, the last town on the eastern branch of the lake, is a busy place with iron works and smoking chimneys. Across the low, embowered coast is seen an inland region of mountains, so various in height, form, color, and distance, that they suggest a novel and charming field of unexplored loveliness. Lecco itself has neither interest nor attraction; among its closely overhanging chalk cliffs it is the hottest place on the lake, and the railway station is the hottest place in the town. A little way out of Lecco there is a small lake called the Lago d' Olgiate, which is only a tag-end of Lake Como cut off by the Adda again, which in this place also had to be bridged by Azzo Visconti; his ten arches remain to testify that he did good in his day. The river, issuing from the lake of Olgiate, winds and bends gently through a wide vale of grassy, shady reaches, laving the herbage of the low meadow-capes."

My comrades and I had parted some time before I forsook the Lake of Como, and I do not know what their state of mind was after leaving the enchantress; for my part I confess that for some days I wandered about as disconsolate and sick and sore at heart as one who has lost his love. I endeavored to distract my thoughts in the company of the old Lombard painters, and thus made acquaintance with the towns of Bergamo and Brescia, going even as far as Verona, which was familiar ground. The last name is not to be coupled with any other, but stands alone, like Rome, Florence, Venice, or Naples, though her ancient and lofty beauty is fast disappearing under insensate restorations. The other two are excessively striking and picturesque, with an undiluted fla-

vor of the past. They are sturdy remnants of the Middle Ages; each has a central piazza where the mediævalism is concentrated, on or near which stand the cathedral, the castle, and the town-hall; here the town still wears an air of being her own mistress, as of yore. There is a great deal to tell of them, and of their rich little picture-galleries and churches, full of masterpieces by Lorenzo Lotto, Solari, Moroni, and Moretto; but they are not to be disposed of in a parenthesis. This I will add, however, that at the hotels of both places you may be lawfully robbed in the good old-fashioned way, as in the days of the "grand tour," without receiving any equivalent for your money.

The road from Brescia to Bergamo skirts the Lago d' Iseo, which is praised in proportion to the difficulty of getting at it. The approach is uninteresting, the country for miles round Brescia being level, the hills distant; the only diversion is to watch the peasants, with their scythes and sickles, mowing and reaping, and the white oxen waiting under the aspens for their loads. The road at length turns a sharp corner into the mountains, and comes in sight of the lake lying among them under ward of several great embattled ruins. They are repelling mountains, either spotted with scanty vegetation, or bare and stony as newly mended turnpike roads. The further ones were of a dull opaque blue without lights or shadows, owing to the covered gray sky. On a sunny day the little lake may be one smile, but on the afternoon of which I write it looked morose and boding, and as if it deserved its ill-fame for danger to boats. On one side, the mountains come steeply down to the water; on the other, the land is flat and marshy, intersected by ditches, which were redeemed by being covered with water-lilies. Altogether Lago d' Iseo did not seem worth the trouble of coming out of one's way to see. There are such lakes lying about in every direc-

tion throughout upper Italy — lonely mountain meres, or strung together like crystal beads by the silver thread of a small river; the traveler does not turn aside a single hour between the Alps and the Apennines to see them, though he would journey hundreds of miles to gladden his eyes upon them in different latitudes.

There is one clear, round pond not bigger than a palace fountain, clean cut in the turf of a private estate between Brescia and Verona, which deserves notice, because, if my topography served me, it lies within the limits of the battle-field of Solferino; it is in sight of the swooping bronze eagle perched upon the monumental pillar that rises above the vine-bound mulberry trees to commemorate that bloody day. I saw it on my way to the last and largest of the lakes of upper Italy, the majestic Lago di Garda, of which, —

“Per mille fonti credo, e più, si bagna,” — says Dante, and which Catullus made his own forever by a rapturous little poem. I had once caught sight of its shining plane and fantastic mountains, from the railroad on going to Venice, and had carried away an indelible impression of magnitude and mystery from that single glimpse. The interest it had waked was deepened by recognizing the same unwonted shapes and colors in the background of Leonardo da Vinci's pictures, — in the *Monna Lisa* and *Vierge aux Rochers*. The desire to see more of them survived twelve years of absence and stimulated me to disregard various inconveniences attendant on the expedition.

“September 7. One of the many drawbacks to seeing the Lago di Garda is the inconvenient hour at which the steamboat starts from either end; another is the discomfort of the boat, a big, business-like vessel, ugly and dirty, without upper deck or saloon; the passengers for pleasure are crowded aft, the fore-part being reserved for peasants

and produce. I got on board at four p. m., at Dezenzano, a stopping-place on the railroad from Milan to Venice, about half-way between Brescia and Verona, the station, however, being at least a quarter of an hour's drive from the town and wharf. It is a steep, picturesque, dirty old place, with a citadel upon its croup. The quay had a lazy, Levantine air, with men in Turkish trousers and fezzes, or bare legs and head-kerchiefs, lounging among the bales. The fishing-boats on this lake carry the saffron-colored, red-barred sails of the Adriatic. We steamed and snorted through the translucent waves, hugging the land for some time. The splendor, the soft transparency of the afternoon, surpassed anything I had ever seen even in Italy. The colors of the water were extraordinary, — the deepest blue, like the dark iris or flag-flower, belted at intervals with bands of clear azure, like the sky in April or the light blue lotus, the whole surface glittering like the petals of those flowers. The lake is very wide at this end, the low shores bending in a great sweep which ends right and left in the peninsula of Sermione and the cliffs of Manerbo; between these outworks can be seen strange mountain shapes, distorted, crowded together, torn apart, and of a blue that is neither of sea nor sky, dissolving into dreamland. Going up the lake, the steamboat touches only at towns on the western side, which is low and grassy, with plenty of trees, until the rocks of Manerbo start up suddenly with a fine front of yellow crag. They form a tableland, once hallowed by a temple to Minerva, and rounding inland open a deep bay, at the head of which is the first landing, the brown little vine-wreathed town of Salò bathing its feet in the water. The next stopping-place is the island of Garda, or *Isola dei Frati* as it is called, from a Franciscan convent founded there in the thirteenth century by St. Francis himself, on the

ruins of a temple of Jupiter. It is now quite given over to this world, and transformed into a villa, which rises with leafy and blooming gardens from the lake edge, though the buildings on the top keep some of that inalienable air of contemplation which establishments formerly religious never entirely lose. Immediately beyond the island the lake narrows; the mountains on each side rear themselves to a great height, mole-colored on the west, mingled with chrome-yellow deepening to orange so vivid that its warmth is felt from the depths of the gorges, while those on the east are silver-gray like the Monte Grigna. Their forms are very singular and striking, — abrupt detached cubes and spikes like those in Leonardo's backgrounds. There is no luxuriance of growth, natural or cultivated, the vegetation is scarce and sparse; there seem to be almost no villas, and but few towns; there is none of the captivating amenity of Lake Como, or the stately graciousness of Lago Maggiore; the character of this scenery is grand, wild, and softly savage. A great blemish upon it is a contrivance for protecting the orange and lemon trees, — rows upon rows of flat, white pillars from six to ten feet high supporting skeleton roofs, the whole being boarded up in winter when it must be still more ugly; it is bad enough in summer, — acres of them in ten or a dozen tiers, looking like the bleaching ground of some great woollen mill. Limone is totally marred by them; the houses stand prettily round a cove, and rise against an amphitheatre of rock, but they are lost in continuous circles of white posts nearly a mile long and scaling the cliff for at least a hundred feet; they look like innumerable whitewashed palings, and as the steamboat passes them they criss-cross with the most annoying rapidity.

"The sun went down, changing the jagged silvery combs to imperial purple against the pellucid sky. Even then the

orange hues burned in the dark ravines out of which slipped the infrequent cascades — the prettiest of them glides into the lake at a place with the sensitive name of Tremosine. The twilight blended the colors and massed the outlines; by and by a young moon shed a pale glimmer on the spectral eastern cliffs, and a bright path upon the water. Before us the mountains looked heavy and threatening, behind us they closed like a gateway. The scene was more in keeping with historical memories than sentimental fancies; the imagination suffered no violence at the recollection of the martial exploits which had been performed there. The last canto of that romantic epic of the Lombard dominion, in which the melodious cadence of a woman's name is so often heard, opens with the captivity of the beautiful and saintly Adelaide, the widow of Lothair, sovereign of northern Italy, who had been thrown into a dungeon on the lake of Garda by Berenger, the usurper and suspected murderer of her youthful husband. He had tried by every persecution to force her into a marriage with his son Adalbert, and this rigorous imprisonment was a last resort. Otho the Great dashed across the Alps to her rescue, set her free, married her, and marched upon the royal city of Pavia, which opened its gates to him, and crowned him King of Lombardy. Five hundred years later, Sorbolo of Candia laid a wager with the famous free-lance Gattamelata, then in the service of Venice, that he would bring a fleet over the Alps and launch it in these waters; he won it, two thousand oxen dragging the heavy galleys and galleons upon tumbrils. Two naval engagements with the Milanese ensued, in one of which Venice was defeated, in the other victorious, April, 1440. There has been plenty of fighting hereabouts since then, but modern warfare is more prosaic in its ventures.

"The boat reached Riva, at the head

of the lake, at half-past eight o'clock. To my dismay, my first step on landing was into a low, ill-lighted room, foggy with tobacco smoke, where men in black and yellow uniforms were apparently rifling the travelers' luggage, and the German language smote upon my ears. It was the Austrian custom-house, and I had unintentionally come out of Italy. Nobody had told me that Riva was not in Italy, if they had I would not have come; I was in a rage; but then I had asked nobody, I had not been deceived: it was an impotent situation. The next shock was the irredeemable character of the Grand Hôtel Impérial du Soleil d'Or. My room opened on a dark wooden balcony above a long, narrow court smelling like a stable-yard. I protested; they assured me that it was one of the best in the house, and asked me what I wanted. '*Licht, luft*' (light, air), I replied. They shook their heads, and I heard them walking up and down the balcony, which was a thoroughfare, for hours, making reflections upon me. 'What more could man wish for? A magnificent chamber, *prachtvoll, herrlich*.' I discovered by degrees that the walls were hideously painted with fruit and flowers, and that the pillow-case and the sheets were trimmed with cotton lace.

"September 8. The fault of the Soleil d'Or, which is not without a quaintness and style of its own, is an absence of the elements of comfort in the arrangements, and of a notion of them in the mind of the administration; so that it was useless and hopeless to complain. Therefore the best thing was to escape as soon as possible. The only steamboat starts at five A. M.; that being gone past recall, I cast about me, and discovered that there is a station on the Brenner railroad but two hours' drive away, where I could take a train and be shortly in Verona. The diligence had started too, hours before, at eight o'clock; so I made my own arrange-

ments, and then breakfasted pleasantly enough under a vine-trellis on the little terrace garden of the hotel, which is like a morsel of Venice, so close above the water that the picturesque, swarthy boatmen stand up in their boats and look over the parapet to offer their services. The lake is almost closed at this end; through the rocky portal there is one distant glimpse of a faint blue coast, and then a wide expanse of deep blue water, sparkling like a summer sea. The mountains beetle over Riva; they look as if they were toppling down upon it. The strangeness of their forms is oppressive; one mass is like a flight of enormous steps to a vast, primordial throne, raised in the beginning of time over this forgotten corner of chaos. The aspect of the town is absolutely mediæval still; a huge, square tower of the thirteenth century rises straight up from the pavement, with the traffic of to-day at its foot; a still older one, in ruins, keeps guard on the rocks directly over the town. In the fourteenth century Riva belonged to the Veronese, who built the fine Palazzo del Pretorio with an arcade to the lake; but in the following age it fell into the hands of the Venetians, who gave it the Palazzo Municipale. The place is well protected against present emergencies; the high-road passes through the modern fortifications of San Niccolò before it is clear of the town, and a couple of miles further out, through the gateway of another fortress, high on the hillside, under a cliff bearing the warlike remains of the castle of Nago, like a skeleton in armor.

"As the road ascends, a wider view of the lake comes into sight; its pure, deep hue discolored to a poisonous green just off shore before every town. Northward the grass-green Sarca breaks its way through a maze of rocks, fragments of mountain lying on each side of its course as if the impetuous torrent had swept them aside. The vale of the

Sarca is literally one great market-garden and orchard; every foot of it is under cultivation, sheltered and warmed by the surrounding cliffs as if it were a hot-bed, and irrigated by the river. Olive trees grow from every crevice of the rock; great, gaunt trunks, twisted and rent, covered with a profusion of hoary, glaucous foliage and smooth, unripe fruit. The fertility stops short below the mountains' knees, contrasting sharply with the sterility above them. The scenery is harsh and desolate. Half way to Mori, the railway station, we passed a gloomy, marshy pool, the lake of Loppio, and soon afterwards descended into lower land through which the Adige takes its way. The castellated ruins on every commanding point show how fiercely beset this border-land was in the Middle Ages.

"Verona, September 10. Morning cool and bright, refreshed by last night's thunder-storm. I set off for the peninsula of Sermione and Catullus' Villa. The country about Verona has nothing to show but flat fertility; at intervals the long back of a basilica at right angles to its tall tower rises above the low tree-tops under the clear hot sky. The glacis and bomb-proofs of modern forts cut the horizon in every direction. Left the railroad at Dezenzano, took a one-horse carriage, and drove through a Virgilian landscape; the lake, at first seen at a distance through the mulberry orchards, drew nearer and nearer on both sides, until the fields ceased and the road entered a neck of land deeply fringed by tall, waving grass with a plummy gray flower. After about a mile of this, I was confronted by the fine ramparts of Castelnuovo, a feudal pile of battlemented walls and crenelated towers, with a noble gateway, through which everybody must pass who goes to Sermione, over a moat filled by the lake. The town consists of a dozen or two dilapidated houses, and the paved road soon expires in a sandy cart-track,

where my driver, in spite of appearances, said that wheels could go no further, for my way lay through the famous Quadri-lateral. This I afterwards found to be not strictly true; but knowing no better at the moment, I got out and began to follow a narrow, rather steep foot-path through a beautiful olive grove, accompanied by eight ragged urchins of from six to twelve years old, who had come nobody could say whence, how, or when. The biggest, who had a clean, intelligent face, I took as a guide, and gave him my lunch-basket and books to carry. The rest I dismissed, first amicably, then with threats, finally with a show of sticks and stones, but in vain; they stuck to me with silent pertinacity, falling to the rear when I frowned and bade them begone, dodging and disappearing when I brandished my cudgel, but ever returning to the pursuit. At last I gave it up, deciding that they were too small to murder me, even in such numbers, whereas they might be some protection in the extreme solitude, for by that time I had reached a lonely plateau covered with short grass and wild thyme and lovely shimmering olive trees. The fallen masonry of an old church lies among the aromatic herbs, one tower alone remaining upright; further on are the subterranean chambers of a Roman house, and at the very front of the headland, looking up the lake, the ivied arches and piers of an ancient palace with fragments of reticulated brick-work and mosaic pavement. The promontory breaks off in a fine cliff several hundred feet above the lake, which beats upon the slabs at its base with the sound of a gentle surf. It was breezy and sunny; the blue sheet sparkled, spreading further and further among the mountains, which took a hundred rich changes from the shadows of the clouds on their silvery, leaden, and tawny crags and purple depths of distance. It is a happy, heathen spot, ruled by the spirit of the classic muse

and antique myth; no wonder a Christian church fell into decay there.

"I sat down under an olive tree, and favorite scraps of poetry and thoughts of absent friends hovered about me like a joyous company. As I ate my lunch of fruit, bread, and red wine, my small body-guard seated themselves in a line along a furrow, like a flock of birds, to wait for the crumbs. Presently Bertoldi, the little guide, rose and went so rashly over the edge of the precipice that I called out to him to be careful; whereupon the others jumped up and rushed over it as though they would all have run violently down like certain swine; instead of that, they capered from point to point and ledge to ledge like kids; until, seeing that I showed no fears for their safety, they came back and lay in a row on their stomachs and elbows, with their heels in the air, not a yard from my toes. I sprang to my feet in mock fury; up they sprang too, and in half a minute were lodged in the branches of the olive tree. There they began swinging, climbing, and dropping from limb to limb like apes, with which exercises they diverted themselves till I was ready to visit the underground chambers, or the grottoes of Catullus as they are called. The monkeys scrambled and slid to the ground, scampered off, and vanished, as if they had been exorcised.

"Bertoldi alone remained, and I followed him obediently as he directed, — '*Piano*,' '*Andante*,' '*Si ferma*' ('Stop here'), — descending the broken passage, until we reached a cavern-like room of good dimensions, with openings in the wall into two others. Lo! there were my tormentors kneeling, crouching, or hanging, each with a lighted candle-end

to illuminate the darkness and show the extent of the vaults, with their bare feet, slouched hats, dark eyes and white teeth, looking like diminutive banditti in a Salvator Rosa study of light and shadow. This was the secret of their persistency, and this was their little industry, poor children, yet they did not one of them ask for a penny.

"I found a perfect subject for a picture among the palace-ruins: a great bit of brick wall, tufted with fine grass and slightly robed in ivy, with a gaping, broken arch in which grew a big gnarled and twisted olive tree with an argentine haze of leaves, just veiling the intense radiance of the lake, the opposite line of shore, and Minerva's Rocks. I tried to sketch it, but it was too beautiful for me; the boys peeped over my shoulders in clusters, whispering '*Bello! Bello!*' before I had drawn a stroke, false flatterers, and making it impossible for me even to try. So I shut the sketch-book and they lifted sweet, true, childish voices, and warbled very harmoniously in three parts, tenor, alto, and soprano; until carried away by my applause, they took to yelling and shouting in the discordant way to which Italians are addicted when they sing. When my time was up, they escorted me back to the carriage and then disappeared as they had come."

My pilgrimage through the Lakes of Lombardy ended with this classic morning, and I turned northward, asking myself, like Virgil, how I should tell of their treasures: —

"Anne lacus tantos? te Lari¹ maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace,² marino?"

¹ Lacus Larius, Lake of Como.

² Lacus Benacus, Lake of Garda.

COMBINATION NOVELS.

FROM time to time we hear the announcement, as if it were a complete novelty, of some project of an imaginative work by several authors in common; but this species of diversion has frequently been indulged in by groups of friends and by private semi-literary clubs. Nor are examples wanting of illustrious reputations which have given it their sanction. Balzac, Alfred de Musset, and George Sand once thought it advisable to endow from the stores of their genius a volume entitled *Les Parisiennes à Paris*, which was not, however, in the true sense a collaboration. Another attempt was made with eminent success by Madame de Girardin, Théophile Gautier, Jules Sandeau, and Joseph Méry, in *La Croix de Berny*. Those Christmas books — *No Thoroughfare* and *Mugby Junction* — in which Dickens enlisted auxiliaries directed by himself cannot strictly be placed in the same category, because the responsibility for each portion was kept rather more distinct; but they remind us that Dickens was at least not averse to the plan of partnerships. In this country, some ten years ago, Mr. Edward Everett Hale joined Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Whitney, Miss Lucretia Hale, Frederic Loring, and Frederic Perkins in a story — *Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other* — which the array of names on the title-page has not saved from oblivion. And now again, quite lately, we have had given us *The King's Men*, by Robert Grant, John Boyle O'Reilly, J. S. of Dale, and John Wheelwright; as well as *The Miz-Maze*, by nine English women, among whom are Charlotte Yonge, Frances M. Peard, and Christabel Rose Coleridge.

The list might perhaps be extended; but the ordinary form of partnership is that between two persons only. Beau-

mont and Fletcher, in play-writing, gave to it a historic renown, a traditional dignity, and in our day it is not at all uncommon for two writers to unite their powers in working for the stage; but, in addition to that, we have to credit narrative fiction with the successes of Erckmann-Châtrian, of Besant and Rice, and of the two Goncourts. There was a time when a large part of the American public used to await impatiently the latest joint novel of the sisters Susan and Anna Warner; and, much more recently, Mr. Charles D. Warner appeared as the associate of Mark Twain in *The Gilded Age*, which made some amends for a remarkable absence of literary quality by presenting the racy character of Colonel Sellers. Setting aside those regular partnerships which have been maintained for long terms, we shall have to own that conglomerate authorship does not turn out so well as we might imagine it would. Instead of giving an aggregate of all that is best in each participant, it is an addition of plus and minus quantities, and the totals disappoint us. One might suppose that, as "stars" are brought into favorable conjunction on the stage in one play, the light of divers literary talents might be blended with dazzling brightness in one book. A richer orchestration, we should say at first blush, ought to issue from a harmonious union of several good instruments. But, the art of the novelist not being interpretative, the parallel will not hold. All the same, the somewhat glittering array of distinguished names that can be mustered on the side of combination writing demands consideration. If so many men and women of excellent rank in the world of letters do not hesitate to club their abilities — perhaps I ought to say, cudgel their brains — in order to make

a story together, one infers that such employment must have a strong attraction, whether it be a valid one or not.

The fancy that the sharp contact of two minds, in such a work, bears some analogy to the action of flint and steel is obviously alluring, and may have a share in bringing about these mutual efforts. Then, too, there is the spice of undertaking with a companion something which one would not have hazarded alone. Possibly the motive at the bottom of literary partnerships is akin to the instinctive desire for experiment, for adventure, asserting itself in the same mild way as with the floriculturist who hybridizes plants. We like to see what will be the outcome from a mingling of two individualities in an artistic creation, just as the florist is interested in botanical "freaks." If my guess be a true one, then we must regard the germinant principle of these enterprises as containing a bias towards the artificial; and it is at least suggestive, in this connection, that generally writers who collaborate are also capable of independent work so good that there would seem to be no inherent need of their calling in the aid of an associate. Erckmann and Châtrian, I believe, are alone in having absolutely merged their identity so far as authorship is concerned. Beaumont, as well as Fletcher, wrote plays in which no one else had part or lot. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt issued book after book under their joint signature; yet Jules died in 1870, and his brother continued for years to produce both novels and works of criticism, without any apparent diminution of force or pronounced alteration of tone. In much the same way it turned out, when James Rice came to his end, that Walter Besant could still bring forth fiction that bore the accustomed stamp and had the same characteristics which he and his friend had imparted to their popular and ingenious stories. Reversed illustrations of the same rule are af-

forded by the instance of Mr. Hale and his contributors, by the Englishwomen who planned *The Miz-Maze*, and by the French authors of *Les Parisiennes* and *La Croix de Berny*. Nearly every one of the participants had made for himself or herself, as the case may be, a distinctive position. What, then, was to be gained by a deliberate sacrifice of personal qualities, in the endeavor to achieve a result which, so far as might be, should hide the several sources of the composition? It may be well to bear in mind that painters have more than once combined to make a picture, — one supplying the landscape, let us say, while the other was responsible for animals or human figures introduced into the scene; and the masters, also, have had their pupils who not only laid in the foundation, but were even called upon to impress on the canvas by their own touches subordinate parts that had a considerable importance. Nevertheless, there exist no precedents of distinguished pictorial partnership on a large scale. Neither can we well conceive of such a thing as Cervantes, Walter Scott, Fielding, Thackeray, George Eliot, or Hawthorne choosing to mate their imagination with that of another individual, for creative purposes. It is in reflections of this kind that we shall find, I suspect, a clue to the lurking prejudice with which readers are often, though it may be unconsciously, inclined to receive combination novels. At all events, one can understand a fear lest the sanctity, or at least the peculiar and essential value, of one of the included personalities shall suffer in the process of amalgamation.

To be sure, Johnson might supply a line which Goldsmith accepted for one of his poems, and even Wordsworth and Coleridge could plan a ballad which they meant to write together; but here a law of inevitable fitness intervened, and *The Ancient Mariner* — except for a phrase or two like the

"And thou art long and lank and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand" —

became radically and characteristically Coleridge's composition. It is difficult to imagine a "fine frenzy" inciting to or governing the execution of a novel by more than one author. I have heard the idea advanced that, in the composition of a four-handed novel, the experience of each author must resemble that of sitting at whist with two "dummies." Each, in playing his own cards, would encounter the same sort of difficulty as if his partner's hand were lying exposed; a condition of things which necessarily diminishes the excitement of the game, curtails the exercise of skill, prevents, in fine, the development of many sudden inspirations and surprises that would otherwise come in naturally. Let a novelist think out the form and contents of his book as much as he pleases: Mr. William Black goes so far as to frame the chapters and model every separate sentence before putting anything on paper; but with most men it will happen that, after the skeleton has been made and numerous details have been seen to, some of the best touches — nay, whole scenes — will be added to the work unexpectedly, at the moment of writing. Improvisation is assuredly one of the items in a novelist's equipment which yields the most enjoyable results; the writer should be left free to tell the story to himself as well as to the reader, for by so doing he may, in the act of composition, make highly interesting and piquant discoveries. Sudden turns of fancy; flashes of insight which illuminate the whole scene and the characters to the eye of the creator himself; fortunate epithets or vivid phrases that mirror with instantaneous life and sparkle the spectacle of reality presenting itself to the imagination, — these are accessions to the preconceived scheme which, it seems to me, one would sometimes have to deny himself in working with another person's consciousness

always linked to his own. Erckmann and Châtrian are said to proceed by a method which, when the outline has been arranged, permits one collaborator to write at will all that he thinks or feels; but his companion afterwards strikes out and rewrites with absolute discretion, and although the first collaborator is then given an opportunity for further correction or change, a kind of surrejoinder (to adopt a legal term), it is evident that he is to some extent bound not to introduce again those things which have been rejected from the first draft. The two associates may arrive at an agreement quite satisfactory to themselves: but is there not some danger here to that spontaneity which is one of the highest charms of fiction? In theory it would appear that such a peril does threaten; and, without pretending to lay down a sweeping or infallible rule, we shall find traces, in fact, that the drift of combination writing is towards forms, aims, or modes of expression that partake of the conventional or mechanical.

The Goncourts, it may be said, do not show this especially in a book like Charles Demailly; but in spite of the careful art of Erckmann-Châtrian, the existence of a fixed code of regulations and recipes constantly makes itself felt through their pages. Just how the perception of this becomes clear to a sensitive observer cannot perhaps be explained to any one who is not of the craft; but, by way of indication, it may be mentioned that Erckmann-Châtrian deal chiefly with generalized types. The actors in their stories do not come before us as strongly individual beings. The authors are content to describe a young girl briefly as having blue eyes, golden hair, and a fresh complexion; emotion of the widest variety is exemplified by saying that the person who experiences it turns pale. Then, too, they give a great deal of detail to illustrate particular characters, which fre-

quently seems intruded and superfluous, interrupting the story or muddling the effect, when it ought to do just the contrary, and doubtless would do so if it had not been too deliberately and dryly planned. These clever and diligent Frenchmen introduce us to a sufficiently diverse assortment of people; they give their creatures positive traits and ardent passions; they even portray remarkable eccentricities; but, for all that, we suspect the figures of over-careful manufacture, and feel about them a curious air of being subject to unlimited reproduction, as if they were lithographs, — very distinct, very neat, prettily colored, and dexterously grouped, but wanting at last the finest vitality of imagination. Above a certain level of story-telling, on which all good novelists may be regarded comparatively as equals, the test of difference, of less or greater artistic endowment, is to be sought in the richness of their imagination. Where that is best and most copious, it will inevitably precipitate itself in dramatic intensity, in power of pathos and humor, and in a multitude of delicate, indirect, unforeseeable strokes that make the characters real to us as persons whom we know and who cannot be duplicated. The requirements of this higher test are met only in a limited manner by Erckmann-Châtian, who, however, are very well off for inventiveness, lucidity, and precision. Dramatic situation is also something which they know how to contrive and carry out; two of their stories, *Les Rantzau* and *Le Juif Polonais* (better known in English as *The Bells*), have been successfully transferred to the stage; but they do not infuse into their situations the dramatic fire which Dickens, with a less polished *technique* than theirs, could command.

The deficiency may with some reasonableness be attributed to the necessity they are under of mapping out a theory of their art, so minutely defined as to leave small room for mystery. Formula

clogs the flight of fancy; and collaborators, one would think, must be tempted to adopt and refer to formulas more than the single-handed artist. Take up for a moment Messrs. Besant and Rice's elaborate study of a miser, in *Ready-Money Mortiboy*. The significant traits, actions, utterances, of the man have been accumulated with great care and are very well put together; but the character hardly exhibits, at least to my apprehension, the unfettered movement which it might have enjoyed if it had sprung from one brain. However this may be, something of the same quality observable in Erckmann-Châtian marks the less succinct and more complicated writings of their English counterparts. Messrs. Besant and Rice have given to the world some entertaining novels; and one who reads these with no little interest and pleasure may be acquitted of prejudice in saying that, after all, they are moulded upon a pattern and present humanity in conventional forms. Neither do the elements of which they are composed seem to be thoroughly fused: the fabric is a sort of rubble-work; incidents, bits of character, opinions, being held together by the general cohesive substance of the plot, rather than growing organically out of one idea. An excellent lecture which Mr. Besant has recently published, on *The Art of Fiction*, goes to fortify the view of collaborative fiction which I have been suggesting; for Mr. Besant maintains with much decision that the novelist's art may be taught to students, and he sets forth a theory of the art, to which he endeavors to give a firm and conclusive outline. Mr. Henry James has taken issue with him, objecting to definite prescription on the ground that the novel "in the broadest definition is a personal impression of life," and should therefore be made so elastic as to escape, if the author choose, all obligation to impart adventures or to tell what is commonly called a story. For the

most part, writers and readers still withhold assent to that disbelief in "story," which Mr. James implies and Mr. Howells distinctly announces. But, without subscribing in the least to the new doctrine, — which appears to be the error either of extremists or of imperfect statement, since its upholders permit themselves a certain amount of "excitement," adventure, and story, — one may easily see that Mr. James is speaking for those resources of refined and complex expression which widen the range and increase the worth of any artistic work. That is, provided the work also fulfills the primary and essential function of its class: namely, to embody the truth of life in strong or beautiful forms, and to amuse or interest the reader. Mr. James may be too much emancipated from the artistic duty of story-telling, which the greatest masters have not scorned. But it is possible, on the other hand, that Mr. Besant has bound himself fast to an unalterable notion as to how that duty should be done: his theory may be too cut and dried. For our present purpose it is enough to take his indirectly confirmatory evidence that collaboration encourages formulas and theories.

The authors who have practiced it may not ratify such a conclusion. It would be instructive to have their opinions. But in fact we already have some of their testimony. Those who wrote *Six of One* took pains to give us, in one of their six prefaces, a glimpse of the process they went through. "All I know," we are told, "is that it grew, novel and plot, much as I remember to have seen Signor Blitz's plates start from the table when he was spinning them. . . . If he saw one faint and weary he encouraged it by a touch of his finger at the point of revolution; and when these three were happily gyrating, like so many interior planets, he let loose in succession numbers four, five, and six. I think the chief started

the novel in much the same way." The similitude is a very good one; for, in a sense, all undertakings of the kind depend upon what may be termed literary legerdemain. It appears further that there was a "chief;" and we shall not go far wrong if we say that of two collaborators one must generally represent the active element, the other the passive. They must be alternately creative and critical; one would be likely to put his strength into the plot, while the other gave form and color to the characters. In this case, four principals met, "possessed themselves mutually of the best plot, the best moral, the locale, and the atmosphere of the story;" they also selected names for the personages; and then they inducted the other two writers into the scheme. A skeleton of the plot was made by the chief, and remodeled in conference with his companions; and in this skeleton, which is given, we discover at once that predominating force of the mechanical element already alluded to. The authors seized promptly upon a sharp, distinct, somewhat arbitrary plan, resting upon artful complexities. Attributes were assigned to the characters, in few words, and the evolution of the characters was conducted upon simple, elementary lines; so that, necessarily, the result gave little of the finer analysis and various reality of human nature which the best fiction conveys. Three young men were made to appear in love with each one of a trio of young women, successively: influenced first by local propinquity, then by accidents of new association, and at last, in the stress of a great emergency, seeking each his true mate. Such were the best plot and the best moral of Mr. Hale and his coadjutors; and in the embodiment we see again the same generalized types, the same conventional tendency, the same bustling stage business of the story, which are presented in the novels of Erckmann-Châtrian and of Besant and Rice.

The nine authors of *The Miz-Maze* likewise act upon a theory; but theirs relates to a special point of construction. Thinking that novels in the form of letters are generally unsatisfactory, they assume that it is because the correspondence is conducted by one writer under different masks; and they accordingly try the experiment of giving a narrative in letters written by several hands. We need hardly remind ourselves that the theory is fallacious, for the reason that their objection applies to all forms of fiction in which one writer represents the various characters from his own point of view. If the English ladies were right, single novelists would have to retire altogether, and we should be driven to depend on collaboration solely. As it is, the nine authors have written letters for nineteen imaginary beings, and it is impossible to give them credit for having differentiated their fictitious correspondents, by markings of style or thought, with even as much success as single writers have attained. *The Miz-Maze* is a pleasant, sleepy little English story in one hundred and sixty-two chapters; for each letter, it must be borne in mind, is virtually a chapter. The endless subdivision thus entailed is really a much more serious objection to the letter form than the one which our English friends have raised. Another is that epistolary style in real life, except under a master's control, is as apt to drop into monotonous grooves as the voice is to fall into sing-song when a letter is read aloud; and monotony is therefore risked in a story told by correspondence. Besides, *The Miz-Maze* contains numerous repetitions. A piece of family lace is sold, an English youth is imprisoned in Italy; and straightway each of these incidents is related over and over, in half a dozen letters, notes, or diaries. The problem has been handled with far more skill, indeed with much brilliancy, by Mr. Bunner and Mr. Brander Matthews in their short

story, *The Documents in the Case*, — a performance which proves that collaboration may yield perfect work within the limited field of construction. But the authors of *La Croix de Berny*, besides completing a beautiful piece of construction, illuminated their pages with style of a delightful ease, full of wit, color, incident, and charm. They also chose the form of letters; but there were just four personages in the piece, and each writer took one character. Gautier and Madame de Girardin conspicuously bore off the honors in this friendly competition; but the other rôles were at least very well carried out, and the whole affair, while unfolding a situation of strong interest and passion, never loses the engaging element of personality. It is an exceptional achievement, which may well be commended to the study of the wanderers in *The Miz-Maze*.

Like most of the other productions at which we have been glancing, *The King's Men* depends largely on plot, adventure, suspense, the unwinding of "threads;" but it makes an appeal on another side, by plunging into the future, and treating of events supposed to have happened (if we may say so) in the next century. Two of the authors have been known separately by work of a serious purport; a third has written burlesque, besides trying his hand at a novel which offers a more balanced estimate of life; and the remaining contributor has thus far limited himself to the comic phase. From a quartette so constituted one might expect a mixture such as they have compounded. Apparently, they looked upon their joint proceeding as a jest, a sportive exercise, which should allow them plenty of range for irresponsible inventions and humorous extravaganzas; but a strain of greater earnestness asserts itself here and there, and passages of some dramatic effectiveness or sensational interest are interspersed, such as the revolt of the Roy-

alists, the death of Dacre, and an escape of prisoners from Dartmoor. The fantasy of a British republic, under the presidency of an Irishman and approaching anarchy, with a state of affairs in which the nobility and gentry are hired out as guests to an American millionaire who rents a great estate in England, is sufficiently amusing. Little attempt, however, is made to improve the opportunity which offers for invention in depicting a stage of history that still lies beyond us. Nor is the book open to discussion as a piece of literature. Considered seriously, it evaporates. It is simply a joke, offered to the public in a mood of light-hearted bravado. Our American ventures at coöperative writing, in fact, seem principally to issue in skylarking; for Mr. Hale and Mrs. Stowe's *Six of One* had nothing more than a transitory, playful value, and the novels of the Misses Warner were insufferably dull, as well as quite devoid of literary merit. The single success of Messrs. Bunner and Matthews should here be excepted, because it shows — like some of the tales which they have written independently, but have bound together under the heading *In Partnership* — a touch of brilliant lightness, an exacting artistic conscience, and minute-by-minute thorough handling.

It remains to ask whether labor bestowed upon these federations of talent is, on the whole, worth while. So far as the playwright is concerned, the question would seem to be answered by experience in the affirmative; partly because theatrical composition rests upon a scheme of art so entirely separate from that of making books, and depends so much less on delicate shadings of literary technique, or upon the charm of a personal style. But in respect of the novel I should say that we must agree with Mr. James, that its highest claim upon us arises from its being "a personal impression of life;" and it is manifestly not often that collaborators

can with justice bring forward such a claim. The Goncourts were altogether apart; they constituted an unique entity, — a single soul, as Gautier has said, in two bodies. Notwithstanding that their dates of birth separated them by ten years, they were mentally twins. They lived, thought, worked, walked, studied, composed, together. Their very correspondence was signed in conjunction, until the day when the elder brother, Edmond, wrote above his solitary signature the heart-broken announcement of the death of Jules. Consequently, the works which they issued in company were indistinguishable from those which take their stamp from one will, one impulse, one creative instinct. They revealed the same unpremeditated movement and fire that capture us by assault in the attacks of a writer who obeys only his own orders. They took their readers by surprise. Ereckmann-Châtrian, Besant and Rice, are admirable tacticians; they move according to law, and it is impossible to condemn their evolutions without reserve; but if in the end we gracefully acknowledge ourselves prisoners to their skill, we have the right to keep our highest admiration for those who conquer us by forces equally well deployed, but more impetuously launched.

Taking simply the average outcome, as it is permissible to do, we may say that collaborators have it in their power to fashion adroitly adjusted machines that run very smoothly, or to piece together mosaics which might almost be mistaken for paintings; but when we come to that, the veritable painting is the more satisfactory — the masterpiece in which every line, every sweep of color, is governed by one supreme creative consciousness. Coöperation will serve well so long as the aim is not too high, or the theme too abstruse. It may safely be counted upon where construction is a main factor, and where picturesqueness goes for more than depth

and breadth of view, or vigorous, fresh truthfulness. But, in the end, the combination novel is made, not born. It is conservative rather than radical and progressive; hence it must usually fall into the old forms, instead of expanding into newer, more flexible ones. The problem would no doubt be reduced to greater clearness if we could define and place beyond the reach of incertitude the difference between old forms and new. This can hardly be done. We might say that the old forms are the conventional ones. But "the conventional" changes with every generation; frequently it changes from decade to decade. To us of the current time, how much more ancient the artificial devices of "Monk" Lewis and Anne Radclyffe appear than the historical romances of Scott, the interminable epistolary novels of Richardson, or the vital reproductions of Fielding! Yet these writers last named precede Scott, Lewis, and Mrs. Radclyffe, chronologically.

There exists, however, one geodetic point of observation, from which we may calculate measurably that distance and that curvature which make it so hard for the opposing parties to see and understand one another's position. Writers who hold one view insist that novels should conform to a stated system of surprises, incidents, complications, which real life, as they maintain, continually discloses. Writers who hold another view say that real life does not thrust upon their notice any system of occurrences at all. Let us, for an instant, fall back upon our own private knowledge. We all find that, occasionally, the lives of human beings with whom we are acquainted abound in peculiar coincidences: people of the most diverse kinds are brought into intimate association, without will or warning; one event that seems to have no significance suddenly exercises control over some subsequent occurrence. In this way the idea of a series grows up: we

cease to regard the phenomenon of the hour as an isolated thing, and learn that it connects itself with other phenomena. Here we find the natural origin of "a story." It is as much an absolute necessity as the mathematician's series of numbers, in calculating the law of chances. No series, no calculation; no connection of events, no novel. But within a few years the doctrine has been advanced that one incident is as good as another; that, in short, everything or anything is an incident—a look, a word, an intonation, the color of a flower, the relative position of three persons in a room. It is contended that if you have the skill to make such incidents interesting, one by one, nothing further should be demanded on the side of narrative. Connection, "story," in that case becomes wholly useless. This proposition, of course, if well founded, would make the novelist's standard very simple. Children settle all their literary preferences by resolving that a book is "interesting" or that it is not interesting; and if such verdicts obtained, a great many productions not now admitted to the catalogue would be registered as works of art. But it can hardly be denied that any plan of classification which should rely upon the opinion of any individual, or of an uninstructed body, as to what is interesting and what is not, would result in dire confusion. It would not give us a comprehensive or intelligent criticism. We are obliged, therefore, to conclude that the man or woman who wishes to reproduce in fiction a large and responsive likeness of life must include, in the survey of mundane affairs, not simply a given number of separate occurrences, but likewise the series of precedence and consequence—in fine, the "story," towards which our most casual experiences shape themselves.

But there is something beyond both the photographic transcript of daily occurrences, and the plan which is dis-

cernible in the relation of one incident to another. There is a higher truth, including both of these. There are eternal laws of verity and falsehood, of justice and of what we name injustice; and there is an abiding design full of strength and beauty, which it is the novelist's mission to indicate, though he may not be able to define or explain it. No matter what the incongruities, the horror, the dissonance, or the long, weary ague of disappointments which may have to be set forth, the author should still retain strength and insight enough to throw around this whole picture of human vicissitude, demoralization, joy, or sorrow some grand, inclusive outline that shall suggest beauty and harmony. The cadaverous presence of death itself is softened, through the action of an unquenchable instinct, by heaps of flowers. In a portrayal of life, whatever its grimness may be, we ought at least to provide a palliation of loveliness, and of the aroma of hope, as pronounced as that which we accord to death. There need be no falsity in making a design of this sort: it simply adumbrates the finest good that incessantly, in a broken way, asserts itself amid the dust and haze of passing events.

Thus we apprehend that there exists a very substantial basis for the demand that there shall be an instructive story, or series of events, culminating in an intelligible "ending." That sundry writers have tried to satisfy such a desire by crude expedients, or by formal and clumsy attempts at "winding up," does not prove that the desire ought not to be considered and sincerely ministered to. Those who fancy that, by ignoring it, they are able to give a bolder and richer interpretation of life are often just as restricted as the writers who uphold the principle of striking, in their fiction, a full chord of incident and complex relations. It is quite possible for a novelist who excludes "story," as be-

ing obsolete or adventitious, to remain very contracted in his view, and to present a limited, artificial picture of existence.

It is difficult to understand why all known or imaginable resources should not be at the beck of the novelist who wishes to establish, between his writings and the life which displays itself around him, a complete correspondence. And not the least among such resources is the exhibition of a train of incidents which shall repeat, with the closest possible adherence to actuality, the succession of affairs in our daily experience. It is equally hard to see why the novelist who rejects that element of verisimilitude is not guilty of narrowness and of a sort of unfaithfulness. Caricature, for example, is sometimes objected to; but why, pray, should we not employ caricature when it is fit? A friend of mine, a painter, was once engaged in making a water-color sketch of Windsor Castle. He brought in, from his point of view, the Clock-Tower; but some country urchins who were observing his work said to him, "Why don't you put in the clock-face?" The reason why he did not put in the clock-face was, that it remained quite invisible from the position he had taken. In a like manner, some critics think it very strange that the writer of fiction should not invariably tell them all about the other side of a character which it is intended — by the plan of the composition, the special grouping of the scene — to present only from one particular point of view. Consequently, they find fault with a novelist for portraying some characters in full, and other characters only on one side. But do we not, in real life, behold people and things grouped together at all sorts of angles; some in full face, others in quarter-face; still others in profile, or in some grotesque, haphazard obliquity of perspective? It strikes me that caricature is nothing more than the translation, or

symbol, of one set of perfectly normal perceptions. Hence I conclude that caricature, "realism," literalism, romanticism, satire, may all find a lawful place in the highest type of novel, provided that they are held in a judicious and proportioned control. It is likely enough that the collaborative novel will not utilize with supreme and sensitive mastery the various means just mentioned, for the reason that, as I have hinted, it will generally prefer to mould itself upon a fixed pattern. Still, it may at times recognize a loftier motive, a mission which it might fulfill. It is possible for it to emphasize the greatest use of fiction — that of showing the process of cause and effect, through all the incalculable diversities of individual experience. Those who fervidly declaim for

the liberation of the novelist's art from all constraints of tradition and the popular longing for "endings" would perhaps carry us too far, if they had their way. A counterbalancing force, therefore, may be desirable. The fiction of collaborators, being thrown by its specific weight upon the conservative side, could be made to supply such a force. However, if it is to be effectual, the influence must be exerted not hastily nor in amateur wise, but with indefatigable toil towards the highest goals of art. Let us hope that it will lend its aid to the augmentation and refining of that art of story-telling without which the complete novel would be an impossibility, that art which the world will surely require from the writers of the future, as it has from those of the past.

George Parsons Lathrop.

"THESE ARE YOUR BROTHERS."

A WELL-KNOWN French man of letters wrote a book, nearly thirty years ago, with the express object to "reveal the bird a soul, to show that it is a person;" in the hope of diminishing the enormous slaughter for purposes of personal adornment, of ministering to our appetites, adding to our collections, or, worst of all, gratifying our love of murder, pure and simple, by whatever name we choose to dignify the taking of life for our own amusement. To this noble man's effort every lover of birds, for higher uses than to put in the stomach or on the shelf, should add his chronicle, however unpretending.

It is a mystery how men of hearts tender to suffering can be so carried away by the excitement of the hunt as to lose sight of the terror and pain of the victim. Many hunters have confessed to a return to their better selves the moment the chase was won. In

what does this short madness differ from the sudden rage which impels one to lift his hand against the life of man, merely a (should be) nobler game? It seems even more strange that a gentle woman can endure the beautiful plumage of a delicate winged creature, whose sweet life of song and joy was rudely cut short by brutal men that the poor dead body might shine among her laces. For those who are willing to gratify their palate at the cost of so much beauty and music there is nothing to be said, — they cannot be reached. Not until man has outgrown the barbarism of nourishing his body at the expense of his soul can we hope to touch those who *eat* birds. It is sad enough to turn our murderous weapons against the gentle ox that trusts us, the innocent-faced sheep, and the honest-eyed calf, but to rob the world of an inspiring robin or a rollicking bobolink,

for the small bits of flesh under their feathers, is too pitiful.

"Open your eyes to the evidence" (says Michelet). "Throw aside your prejudice, your traditional and derived opinions. Dismiss your pride, and acknowledge a kindred in which there is nothing to make one ashamed. What are these? They are your brothers."

The following notes are based upon several years' study of birds enjoying the freedom of a large room, without attempting to tame them, further than by letting alone to inspire confidence and dispel fear.

The most noticeable thing about birds is their individuality; even those of the same family differ as greatly as children of a household. One goldfinch that I have studied is a shy, timid little creature, utterly unresponsive to its human neighbors, while another is the embodiment of gayety, brimming over with good spirits, and always ready to answer a greeting with a cheerful "Pick-wick." This bird is extremely fond of human society, and after being without it for an hour or two will pour out a torrent of greetings in his loudest voice, wriggling his body from side to side, as though too full of joy to keep still. Even in times of adversity, when he is moulting (which he does with difficulty) and his wings fail of their office, so that on setting out for his favorite perch, after the bath, he flies wide of the mark, beating the air vainly, and at last fluttering to the floor, where he never willingly goes, — even then he will hasten to a ladder placed for him, hop up round after round, stopping now and then to call out gleefully, as if to say, "I'm not hurt a bit! I'm all right!" When at last the time comes that he does not try to fly, he cheerfully avails himself of a series of perches running around the room, and takes his exercise as blithely as though he had never known wings.

Next neighbor to the goldfinch is a

cardinal grosbeak, a fellow of different temperament. He is a cynic, morose and crusty. His world is hollow and his cage is his castle, which he declines to leave for an instant, although the door stands open from morning till night. Above all he is captious on the subject of his rights, and insists on having them respected. To have a bird perch near his door is offensive in the extreme, and alighting on his cage is a crime which stirs him to fury. He despises his restless neighbors, and feels no need of exercise himself. He sits — not stands, like most birds — on his chosen perch hour after hour, leaving it only to eat; and I think that if his food were within reach of this seat he would not rise half a dozen times a day. His only recreation is music, in which he indulges freely; and his song has a curious quality of defiance in it, quite consistent with his character. His notes indicate a more gentle sentiment only in the morning, before his cage is uncovered and his churlishness aroused by the sight of associates whom he chooses to consider foes. At that charmed hour he will favor his delighted audience of one with a sweet and tender strain, utterly unlike his performance at any other time. A pining captive is an unwelcome guest in this small bird colony, and the cardinal could have his liberty at any moment. But that is not his desire. He evidently appreciates the comfort of a cage, is satisfied with his bill of fare, and has no inclination to forage for himself. The only thing he wishes is to be let alone. His dream of happiness, if put into words, would, I think, resemble the ideal of some of the human family, — a well-appointed house, having everything to please the eye and gratify the taste within and about it, and surrounded by a wall unsurmountable and impenetrable, even to the glances of the world at large.

In striking contrast with this uncivil personage is a serene and philosophic

character, partaking neither the rollicking spirits of the goldfinch nor the moodiness of the cardinal. The return of the house-mistress, after a week's absence, elicits no manifestations of joy from this bird, as it does from all the others, including the cardinal. Yet, though undemonstrative, he is not without emotions. He will follow her all day, stand for an hour within an inch of the rocker of her chair, and spend half his time on her knee, watching every movement, taking occasional lunches from her fingers, and not hesitating to indulge in a nap when he feels so disposed.

The element of mischief, of caprice, and practical joking is well represented by a cat-bird; or was, until he grew unhappy and a window was opened to give him liberty. No more tricky spirit ever dwelt in human frame: delighting in pranks, teasing the smaller birds, working confusion in desk drawers or sewing baskets, performing a war-dance, with appropriate screams, on top of the cardinal's cage, and exulting in his helpless frenzy. This bird was not quite affectionate, not absolutely trustful; he would alight on my hand for food, being however so wary and alert that he was as secure from surprise as though he stood on a tree.

Easy-going amiability is the prominent characteristic of another goldfinch. He submitted meekly to the tyranny of his cage-mate, ate only when he had eaten, bathed only when he had finished, till, growing bold by success, the autocrat waxed domineering, when the victim suddenly roused himself, became aggressive, asserted his right to the conveniences of the household, and, as in human society under similar circumstances, carried everything before him.

The manners of "these our brothers" are as individual as their tempers. Nothing is more impressive than the dignity of the thrush family; no vulgar haste or fussiness, no ignoble panic. All is

tranquil repose, yet without a symptom of dullness. A stranger may approach a thrush, and he will neither flinch nor fidget until the observer becomes intrusive, when he calmly and quietly slips away. Opposed to this high-bred manner is that of the redwing blackbird, who is never still a moment, restless and uneasy to the last degree; jumping from perch to perch, stretching one wing and then the other, jerking the tail, craning the neck, ever assuming new attitudes, and showing in every movement his unquiet spirit.

Different from each of the above in manner is the cat-bird. There is an appearance of grave repose, but it is superficial; it is the repose of the air before a tornado, of the volcano before a violent eruption. He is quiet, — he stands as still as a thrush, and looks one full in the eye; but he is alert to the tips of his toes, and a slight but significant jerk of the tail shows that he is wide awake and prepared for instant movement. Let him suspect one's intention to be hostile, and he will flash out of sight; not silently, like the thrush, but with harsh screams that fairly startle one with their violence.

To find rude, blustering, self-assertive manners we need go no farther than our city streets, which the house sparrow has made his own. For cool impudence and offensive intrusion upon the rights of humanity about him this bird has no equal. He is a genuine gamin, and shows the effect of life in the streets even on a bird.

Birds not only cough and sneeze, but they dream and snore, making most distressing sounds, as if strangling. They hiccough — a very droll affair it is, too, — and they faint away. The goldfinch spoken of above, being frightened one night, in his struggles was caught between the wires, and gave a cry like the squeak of a mouse in distress. On my hastening to his release, he slipped out into the room, and flew wildly about

till he hit something and fell to the floor. He was picked up, and his fright culminated in a dead faint. The little head drooped, the body was limp, apparently perfectly lifeless, and he was laid in his cage, ready to be buried in the morning. He was placed carefully on the breast, however, and in a few minutes he hopped upon his perch, shook out his ruffled feathers, and composed himself to sleep.

One feat sometimes ascribed to man is in the case of birds a literal fact, — they can sleep with one eye open. This curious habit I have watched closely, and I find it common in nearly all the varieties I have been able to observe. One eye will close sleepily, shut tight, and appear to enjoy a good nap, while the other is wide awake as ever. It is not always the eye towards the light that sleeps, nor is it invariably the one from the light. The presence or absence of people makes no difference. I have even had a bird stand on my arm or knee, draw up one leg, and seem to sleep soundly with one eye, while the other was wide open. In several years' close attention I have been unable to find any cause, either in the position or the surroundings, for this strange habit.

No "set old woman" is more wedded to her accustomed "ways" than are birds in general to theirs. Their hours for eating, napping, and singing are as regular as ours. So, likewise, are their habits in regard to alighting places, even to the very twig they select. After a week's acquaintance with the habits of a bird, I can always tell when something disturbing has occurred, by the place in which he is found. One bird will make the desk his favorite haunt, and freely visit tables, the rounds of chairs, and the floor, while another confines himself to the backs of chairs, the tops of cages and picture frames. One hermit thrush frequented the bureau, the looking-glass frame, and the top of a cardboard map

which had warped around till the upper edge was almost circular. On this edge he would perch for hours, and twitter and call, but no other bird ever approached it. Still another would always select the door casing and window cornices.

Every bird has his chosen place for the night, usually the highest perch on the darkest side of the cage. They soon become accustomed to the situation of the dishes in their cages, and plainly resent any change. On my placing a drinking cup in a new part of the cardinal's residence, he came down at once, scolding violently, pretended to drink, then looked over to the corner where the water used to be, and renewed his protestations. Then he returned to the upper perch, flitting his tail and expressing his mind with great vigor. A few minutes passed, and he repeated the performance, keeping it up with great excitement until, to pacify him, I replaced the cup. He at once retired to his usual seat, smoothed his roughened plumage, and in a few moments began to sing. A dress of new color on their mistress makes great commotion among these close observers, and the moving about of furniture puts the tamest one in a panic.

"Besides song," says Michelet, "the bird has many other languages. Like men, he prattles, recites, and converses." The subject of birds' language is one of great interest, and I have studied it very closely. I notice that all the birds understand certain sounds made by any one of them, even by sparrows outside, — a cry of distress, any excitement, calls for food, and especially an expression of dislike for another's song; but I have never seen any appearance of talk except between those of the same family. Two goldfinches keep up a continual chatter, with distinctly different tones for different occasions, as when a fly alights on the window near them, or a neighboring bird makes any uncommon

movement. They never talk at the same time, although they often sing together, and one is much more talkative than the other. Sometimes their notes are low and their manner indifferent, as if the talk were mere desultory chat; but if anything occurs of interest in their small world the tones become animated, and in times of excitement their voices are raised almost to shrieks. After a quarrel, moreover, there is no more exchange of opinion for a long time. Further than this, I have experimented by taking one from the room, when invariably all talk ceased. I have never known one to make the peculiar sounds I have called "talk" when the other was not in the room. Robins notoriously talk together, and when one intrudes upon their neighborhood he can almost translate into English their low words of warning and caution, and their observations upon his movements. Who that has ever lain on his back in the hay, and watched the barn swallows as they come to their nest and perch on the great beam to dress their feathers, and perhaps give their quaint little song before setting out again, but is convinced that they are great chatterers! Indeed, one can hear them, as they fly through the air, not only calling to each other, but exchanging remarks, which is quite different.

To one who has watched birds it is plain that they are fond of play. A bit of string will often amuse one for a long time: he will jump sideways and drag it about in a very droll way, beat it on the floor, fly away with it, and in other ways enjoy it. A marble, or anything that rolls, will sometimes answer the same purpose. A mocking-bird delighted in a grass stalk with the seeds on. He would grasp it in the middle, hop all about his cage, lay it carefully down in one place, leave it, and then return and take it up again. He would entertain himself a half hour at a time in this manner. A cat-bird was partic-

ularly pleased with a handkerchief. If one fell to the floor he was after it in an instant, jerking it over the carpet and enjoying himself greatly. Another bird made himself happy by swinging on a spring perch, jumping back and forth, and seeming to like the motion. The desire for amusement is also shown by a habit of throwing things down to see them drop. Several birds have liked to throw pins from the cushion, and look over to observe the fall; and a cat-bird never came near a spool without pushing it over, rolling it to the edge of desk or table, and noticing the result with interest. This is true not only of birds in a house, which may be supposed specially in need of something to pass away the hours, but I have seen sparrows amuse themselves in the same way, throwing small objects — leaf stems, I think — from a roof, and looking over to see them flutter to the ground.

One bird diverted himself after the manner of a "sportsman" hunting a fox, by chasing smaller birds from one side of a room to the other, and the more frightened he could make them the more he exulted in the "sport." He would also run the length of a cornice in a panic-stricken way, as though suddenly gone mad, stop short at the last inch, turn instantly, and repeat the performance, and he would keep it up for an hour. The fun of another, a goldfinch, consisted in turning "back summersets." He would hang, head downward, from the roof of his cage, walk about in that position, using his bill to help, like a parrot, and at last give a backward spring, turn completely over, and land on the floor of the cage. His cage mate did not approve of this sort of frolic, and after mildly expressing his opinions once or twice he put an end to the gymnastics by a sharp reproof, accompanied by a twitch of one of the offender's feathers.

Most birds take deep interest in things going on about them, as any one who has

watched them, wild or tame, must know. I have seen a swallow hover like a great humming-bird before a stranger, to satisfy his curiosity regarding him. Nothing shows difference of character more plainly than the various ways of gratifying curiosity. One is very cautious, and circles around a new object a long time before touching it, while another flies directly to the spot, and pounces upon it or tries it with the bill at once. Many birds are fond of looking at things outside the window, carriages, people, sparrows flying about, and falling snow or rain, while the appearance of a boy's kite in the air never fails to put the whole roomful in a fright.

Especially are birds interested in others of their kind, and they are generally ready to help with their presence and advice, if nothing else. A cry of distress will bring sympathizers from every quarter, and during several sparrow broils I have noticed there has always been an audience, all talking, — giving advice, no doubt, — and many ready to take a hand in any sort of scrimmage. Robins, too, rush in crowds to the assistance of their neighbors.

Birds show a love of teasing in several ways, the most common being to display contempt for another's song. One of my goldfinches will assume the most indifferent air when the other begins to sing; moving to the farther end of the long perch, puffing himself out, and ostentatiously getting ready for a nap. The singer never fails to notice the offense at once, and follows up his tormentor, singing somewhat louder, till the naughty fellow deliberately puts his head under his feathers as if to sleep, when the voice rises to a positive shriek, and the offended bird stretches himself up tall, and towers above his sleepy comrade as though he would devour him.

The coolest insult I ever saw is often paid by a goldfinch to a cardinal as big as half a dozen of himself. He insisted upon alighting upon the cardinal's cage

to shake himself after bathing, and in spite of hard words from the owner, kept up the custom until sundry nips of his toes convinced the saucy goldfinch that it was not a good place to dry himself. Since then he perches close to the door of his crusty neighbor to sing, edging as near as he can, and singing his loudest. The cardinal expresses disapproval by sharp "Trip's" and other sounds, but when he becomes too enraged to contain himself he sings! It is certainly a strange way of showing anger. He puffs out his feathers, holds his quivering wings a little away from his sides, erects his crest, and sways his body like a Chinese mandarin in the tea shops, only from side to side, singing all the time at the top of his voice.

The goldfinch understands the meaning of this demonstration, and it really seems to awe him, for as long as the cardinal continues it he stands meek and silent. Although fearing it would be useless, I on one occasion fastened open the door of the angry bird's cage, to put him on more equal terms with his small foe. But so far from helping matters, the goldfinch became more saucy than before, even venturing into the enemy's cage for hempseed which he spied upon the floor. The cardinal hurried down when he saw this; but the smaller bird was so quick in his movements that he could go in, snatch a seed, and be out before his clumsy adversary reached him. Once outside, where he knew perfectly well he would not be followed by the irate proprietor, the small rogue stood on a perch not two inches from the open door, calmly cracked and ate his seed, and then waited for another chance to make a raid upon the coveted stores.

No one who has kept several birds needs to be told of their jealousy. In spite of infinite pains and redoubled attentions to the older resident, I have been pained to see the feeling towards a new-comer cause unhappiness, even

misery, and in one case a permanent souring of temper.

It is curious to see a bird show rage. Besides the singing already spoken of, the cardinal sometimes displays it in another way. He will perch as near as possible to the wires which separate him from the goldfinch; raise the feathers of his neck all around, till they look like a ruff; lean his head far over one side, with crest down, eyes fixed on the enemy, and *one* wing quivering. This attitude of speechless wrath seems to impress the goldfinch for a moment, but at last he takes courage and begins to sing, low at first, but gradually louder, till almost shrieking, while his own wings droop and quiver, and he edges nearer and nearer to his insulter, until his swelling body fairly touches the wires. Meanwhile, upon the opening of the song the cardinal scolds his harshest, and when the goldfinch touches his wires he gives a vicious dig into his rice, which sends a volley flying, and seizes a wire in his bill as though he would bite it off. Yet he will not avail himself of his open door. The native thrush alone, of all the birds I have watched, fails to display temper. I never saw one angry.

There is great difference in the general intelligence of birds, and so far in my studies I have found the larger ones on a higher grade in this respect. The robin, cat-bird, thrush, learn the intentions of the various members of a family towards them much more quickly than those that are smaller. These birds soon confide in me, let me do anything I like about their cages without a flutter, while the goldfinches, though the oldest residents and very familiar at a distance, and a linnet and a chipping sparrow are frightened if I touch the cage.

That birds show selfishness I am obliged to admit. Any dainty put into the cage of one arouses the interest of all, and a big bird hovering in the air before a neighbor's residence, to discover

if his grape or bit of apple is better than his own, is a queer sight. A bunch of fresh leaves in the goldfinch cage makes an excitement that would be funny, except that it is painful to see this ignoble passion so strong. To avoid trouble I always put in two bunches, one at each end of the longest perch. Neither bird can settle to one bunch lest the other is better, and so they vibrate between the two, till the whole is eaten. Even the gentle thrush so dislikes seeing others possessed of plantain leaves that he will snatch away from another's cage any leaf that he can reach from the outside. He is very dexterous, too, flying up and seizing the protruding stem without alighting.

Birds are as prone as children to imitate what they see others do. I have noticed them particularly in the matter of bathing. I have one bird that never really bathed till he learned by seeing another. He simply "washed his face," and then passed half an hour arranging his feathers. But when a companion was put into his cage who greatly enjoyed the bath, going in all over and splashing violently, he stood and watched the proceeding with great interest, came on to the perch nearest the bathing dish, looked on earnestly, and seemed to be amazed. Two or three days this went on, his interest in the thing not diminishing; and at last, after circling many times around the pan in an undecided way, dreading yet wishing to make the plunge, he finally got up his courage and jumped into the middle,—it was a shallow pan with one inch of water. Even then he hesitated, looked over to me, and called out gayly as though to say, "See what I've done!" I answered, and in a few moments he dipped his head and began to spatter. It was evidently a new experience, and he called to me again and again, and was so delighted that it was charming to see. Never since that day has he neglected the bath, and he often gets so wet

that he cannot fly to his cage, four feet above, till he has shaken himself out.

Now, at this hour of noon, all four birds are sitting quietly on their perches, indulging in their accustomed midday siesta. Suddenly the goldfinch utters in soft undertone, "Seep!" There is no reply, and after a moment he speaks again, a little louder: "Peep! peep!" Across the window the cardinal, sitting motionless on his perch, now adds his voice in a low call, followed soon by a loud "Three chēers! three chēers!" The thrush, on the other side of the room, next strikes in gently, a genuine whisper song, keeping his eye on me to see if I observe him. And at last comes the blackbird, with loud, clear "Conk-a-ree!" and all four are singing like mad. Then suddenly they drop to silence. The cardinal goes down for a lunch of rice; the thrush stands swelled out, motionless, on his perch; the blackbird

interests himself in the state of his feet and in stretching his wings; and the goldfinch plumes his feathers. When all these duties are performed and the cardinal has settled himself once more, there is a pause of a few moments, and the concert begins again in the same way.

Let me close with the sentiment of Emerson upon the bird:—

"In ignorant ages it was common to vaunt the human superiority by under-rating the instinct of other animals, but a better discernment finds that the difference is only of less and more. Experiment shows that the bird and the dog reason as the hunter does; that all the animals show the same good sense in their humble walk that the man who is their enemy or friend does, and if it be in smaller measure, yet it is not diminished, as his often is, by freak and folly."

Olive Thorne Miller.

AMONG THE REDWOODS.

FAREWELL to such a world! Too long I press
The crowded pavement with unwilling feet.
Pity makes pride, and hate breeds hatefulness,
And both are poisons. In the forest, sweet
The shade, the peace! Immensity, that seems
To drown the human life of doubts and dreams.

Far off the massive portals of the wood,
Buttressed with shadow, misty-blue, serene,
Waited my coming. Speedily I stood
Where the dun wall rose roofed in plummy green.
Dare one go in?—Glance backward! Dusk as night
Each column, fringed with sprays of amber light.

Let me, along this fallen bole, at rest,
Turn to the cool, dim roof my glowing face.
Delicious dark on weary eyelids prest!
Enormous solitude of silent space,
But for a low and thunderous ocean sound,
Too far to hear, felt thrilling through the ground.

No stir nor call the sacred hush profanes ;
Save when from some bare tree-top, far on high,
Fierce disputations of the clamorous cranes
Fall muffled, as from out the upper sky.
So still, one dreads to wake the dreaming air,
Breaks a twig softly, moves the foot with care.

The hollow dome is green with empty shade,
Struck through with slanted shafts of afternoon ;
Aloft, a little rift of blue is made,
Where slips a ghost that last night was the moon ;
Beside its pearl a sea-cloud stays its wing,
Beneath a tilted hawk is balancing.

The heart feels not in every time and mood
What is around it. Dull as any stone
I lay ; then, like a darkening dream, the wood
Grew Karnak's temple, where I breathed alone
In the awed air strange incense, and uprose
Dim, monstrous columns in their dread repose.

The mind not always sees ; but if there shine
A bit of fern-lace bending over moss,
A silky glint that rides a spider-line,
On a trefoil two shadow-spears that cross,
Three grasses that toss up their nodding heads,
With spring and curve like clustered fountain-threads, —

Suddenly, through side windows of the eye,
Deep solitudes, where never souls have met ;
Vast spaces, forest corridors that lie
In a mysterious world, unpeopled yet.
Because the outward eye elsewhere was caught,
The awfulness and wonder come unsought.

If death be but resolving back again
Into the world's deep soul, this is a kind
Of quiet, happy death, untouched of pain
Or sharp reluctance. For I feel my mind
Is interfused with all I hear and see ;
As much a part of All as cloud or tree.

Listen ! A deep and solemn wind on high ;
The shafts of shining dust shift to and fro ;
The columned trees sway imperceptibly,
And creak as mighty masts when trade-winds blow.
The cloudy sails are set ; the earth-ship swings
Along the sea of space to grander things.

E. R. Sil.

POE'S LEGENDARY YEARS.

THE Legend of Edgar Allan Poe would not be an inappropriate title for his biography. The most striking of the few things that the narratives of Poe's life have in common is a mythological strain, as if some subtle influence were at work in the minds of men to transform his career into a story stranger than truth, and to make his memory a mere tradition. It appears in that first newspaper article which Griswold wrote before the earth had chilled the body of the dead poet:—

"He walked the streets, in madness or melancholy, with lips moving in indistinct curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayer for their happiness who at the moment were objects of his idolatry; or with his glances introverted to a heart gnawed with anguish and with a face shrouded in gloom, he would brave the wildest storms, and all night, with drenched garments and arms beating the winds and rains, would speak as if to spirits that at such times only could be evoked by him from the Aidenn."

It is as plain to be seen in Baudelaire's declamatory eulogy over him as the martyr of a raw democracy. In Gilfillan he is the archangel ruined; in Ingram he is the ruined archangel rehabilitated; in all the biographies there is a demoniac element, as if Poe, who nevertheless was a man and an American, were a creature of his own fancy. This change which is worked upon Poe's human nature by the lurid reflection of his imagination is almost justifiable, since the true impression of him must be not only of a man who ate, slept, and put on his clothes, but of a genius as well, whose significant life was thought. In the legend of him, however, there is also a romantic element, not springing from any idiosyncrasy of his own character, but purely literary, historic; belonging to

the time when our fathers wore Byron collars and were on fire for adventure in the corsair line, and all for dying in the sere and yellow leaf of their thirty-sixth year. Thus, in what would sentimentally be called his *Wanderjahre*, Poe is represented as a young Giaour in Greece, or as a Don Juan in some French provincial town; but always as a scape-grace of the transcendent order, impetuous, chivalric, unfortunate, — in a word, Byronic.

It is an amiable human weakness to believe those we love better than they are; and he, even the humblest of us, who has not profited by such fond idolatry must be a very pitiable creature. The idealization of the illustrious dead is wrought similarly, though rather by the imagination than the heart; and this refining and exalting power is a great privilege of our nature, for it strengthens and supports our faith in perfection, and brings a light of promise on our own lives. Of old, Hercules and Perseus, Roland and St. Francis, were golden names on the lips of youth, and the modern age has not been a mean heir of history. There is a light round Shelley's head that any saint, the noblest and purest in the calendar, might righteously envy. No man would deny to Poe the honor or affection won by his manhood or his genius, if, in however less a degree, his purpose was of the same high kind. Nay, if the memory that gathers about his name were merely picturesque, were that of a boy-Byron, who rode on until he drank waters of Marah quite different from those mock ones for which the noble lord found hock and soda a sufficient remedy, we would welcome the romance and regret the sorrow of it, and never disturb the tradition of a fine folly. Let the myth increase and flourish if the root be sound and the flower sweet, and

let a leaf from it decorate our sober annals; but if the bloom be *fleurs du mal*, and the root a falsehood, let us keep our literary history plain and unadorned, raw democracy though we be. In the worship of genius, we know, as in that of the gods, there springs up now and then a degraded cult.

"In a biography," wrote Poe, "the truth is everything;" but he was thinking of other people's biographies. The speediest discovery that a student of his life makes is that Poe was his own myth-maker. He had a habit of secrecy, and on occasion he could render silence more sure by a misleading word. Thus it happens that in the various versions of his story the incidents seem to share in the legendary character of the hero. The record belongs, one would say, to that early period of literature when our ancestors first termed biographies *Veracious Histories*. The three white stones of life, even, — birth, marriage, and death, — are, in Poe's case, graven with different dates; the first bearing four from his own hand, to which Mr. R. H. Stoddard has thoughtfully contributed a fifth. The most obscure period, however, extends from the Christmas holidays of 1826, when he was just under eighteen years old, to the fall of 1833, when Kennedy found him starving in Baltimore. During this time, from July 1, 1830, to March 7, 1831, he was in the light of day at West Point. To the remainder of the period on each side of his cadet life the romantic element in his myth belongs, and to it this paper will be devoted in order to elucidate somewhat more in detail than was possible in a limited volume the facts of his career.

Poe left his home at Mr. Allan's in the beginning of 1827, and he entered West Point in July, 1830. The story which was accredited throughout his lifetime as a true account of his doings during the intervening years first appeared in print in the sketch of him in-

cluded in Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, published in 1842, the materials for which, Griswold said, were furnished by Poe himself. It was as follows: —

"Mr. Allan refused to pay some of his [Poe's] debts of *honour*. He hastily quitted the country on a Quixotic expedition to join the Greeks, then struggling for liberty. He did not reach his original destination, however, but made his way to St. Petersburg, in Russia, where he became involved in difficulties, from which he was extricated by the late Mr. Henry Middleton, the American minister at that capital. He returned home in 1829, and immediately afterward entered the military academy at West Point."

The next year, H. B. Hirst, a young Philadelphia poet, repeated this statement in a more extended sketch of Poe:

"With a young friend, Ebenezer Burling, he endeavored to make his way, with scarcely a dollar in his pocket, to Greece, with the wild design of aiding in the revolution then taking place. Burling soon repented his folly, and gave up the design when he had scarcely entered on the expedition. Mr. Poe persevered, but did not succeed in reaching the scene of action; he proceeded, however, to St. Petersburg, where through deficiency of passport, he became involved in serious difficulties, from which he was finally extricated by the American consul. He returned to America, only in time to learn the severe illness of Mrs. Allan, who, in character, was the reverse of her husband, and whom he sincerely loved. He reached Richmond on the night after her burial."

This was published in the *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, with which Poe then had close connections, and the article was written for the express purpose of advancing a scheme which he had in hand, in partnership with the owner of this newspaper, to establish a new periodical. Poe sent the sketch to Lowell

a year later as authority for a new life which the latter was to prepare for Graham's Magazine, and wrote that Hirst had obtained his information from Mr. T. W. White, owner of the Southern Literary Messenger, and Mr. F. W. Thomas, a *littérateur*, both intimates of Poe; and he added that he believed it was "correct in the main." Lowell therefore introduced the story as here told into his own article, and sent it to Poe, who revised it with his own hand and forwarded it to Graham's, where it appeared in February, 1845. Griswold naturally embodied the reiterated and uncontradicted account in his Memoir after Poe's death.

This, however, was the established version long before 1842. A gentleman who saw Poe last at some time earlier than 1831, at Baltimore, writes to me, "I remember he told me he had left Richmond in a coal vessel, and made his way to Europe, to Russia." Allan B. Magruder, Esq., who was with him at West Point, also writes, "I am unable to remember whether I derived the information I gave you in a former letter, as to Poe's rambles in the East and his whaling voyage before the mast, from Poe himself while a classmate at West Point, or from some mutual friend who received the account from him. I certainly learned it while he was at the military academy." Mr. Magruder goes on to give the story then current as follows: "He made a voyage to sea on some merchant vessel, before the mast. Finding himself in the Mediterranean, he debarked at some Eastern port, and penetrated into Egypt and Arabia. Returning to the United States, he enlisted as a private in the United States army at Fortress Monroe. After some months' service his whereabouts and position became known to Mr. Allan, who, through the mediation of General Scott, obtained his release from the army, and sent him a cadet's warrant to West Point." These letters fix the date of the alleged adven-

tures before July, 1830. The voyage to Greece and the journey to St. Petersburg, however, are stated by Mr. Didier, in his biography, to belong to the life of Poe's elder brother, William, and have consequently been discredited by later writers.

A second story is at hand, and for it we are indebted to Mr. Ingram, the English biographer. After mentioning that Poe's first book was printed at Boston, in 1827, on which account he supposes that the young man visited that city in the spring, he continues his narrative as follows:—

"Toward the end of June, 1827, Edgar Poe would appear to have left the United States for Europe. It is very problematical whether he ever reached his presumed destination, the scene of the Greco-Turkish warfare. . . . Edgar Poe was absent from America on his Hellenic journey about eighteen months. The real adventures of his expedition have never, it is believed, been published. That he reached England is probable, although in the account of his travels, derived from his own dictation, that country was not alluded to any more than was the story of his having reached St. Petersburg, and there having been involved in difficulties that necessitated ministerial aid to extricate him. The latter incident is now stated to have occurred to his brother, William Henry Leonard, whilst Edgar himself, it has been suggested by a writer claiming personal knowledge of him, resided for some time in London, formed the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt and Theodore Hook, and, like them, lived by literary labor.

"According to Poe's own story, which apparently accounts only for a portion of his time, he arrived, eventually, at a certain seaport in France. Here he was drawn into a quarrel about a lady, and in a fight which ensued was wounded by his antagonist, a much more skillful swordsman than he was. Taken to

his lodgings, and possibly ill tended, he fell into a fever. A poor woman, who attended to his needs and pitied him, made his case known to a Scotch lady of position, who was visiting the town in the hope of persuading a prodigal brother to relinquish his evil ways and return home with her. This lady came to see the wounded stranger, and for thirteen weeks had him cared for; providing for all his wants, including the attendance of a skilled nurse, whose place, indeed, she often took herself. Whilst Poe was in a precarious condition she visited him daily, and even persuaded her brother to come and see the young Englishman, as his language led them to believe he was. When the patient became convalescent he was naturally intensely grateful to his generous benefactor. As the only means he possessed at that time of showing his gratitude, he wrote a poem to her, which he entitled *Holy Eyes*, with reference to the trust, sympathy, and faith which he deemed her blue eyes typical of. Indeed, according to Poe's description, the lady's eyes were her chief personal attraction, she being otherwise plain, large-featured, and old-maidish. Owing to the peculiarity of her position in this foreign seaport, she did not wish her name made public, and impressed this upon the youthful poet. She made him promise to return to America — and perhaps supplied the means for him to do so — and adopt a profession, in which she expressed a hope of some day hearing that he had become famous.

"During his stay in France — so runs Poe's narration — he wrote a novel, in which his own adventures were described under the garb of fiction. The manuscript of this story he carried back with him to America, and retained it in his possession until at least some few years before his death. When asked why he had not published it, he replied that a French version of it had been published, and had been accredited to Eugene Sue,

but that he would not sanction its publication in English because it was too sensational; that it was not to his taste; that it had too much of 'the yellow-cover-novel style' for him to be proud of it; and, moreover, that it contained 'scenes and pictures so personal that it would have made him many enemies among his kindred, who hated him for his vanity and pride already, and in some respects very justly, — the faults of his early education.' The truth in his story, he asserted, was yet more terrible than the fiction. The *Life of an Artist at Home and Abroad* was the title by which Poe at one time designated this youthful novel: it was written entirely in the third person, and was pronounced by its author to be 'commonplace.'"

This circumstantial narrative was dictated by Poe to Mrs. Maria L. Shew, of New York, "from what," says Mr. Ingram, "it was deemed at the time might be his death-bed." That biographer finds it hard to decide whether the story "was fact, or fact and fiction deliriously interwoven, or mere fiction, invented in such a spirit of mischief as, like Byron, he frequently indulged in at the expense of his too inquisitive questioners." A death-bed is not the place where one expects to find a spirit of mischief, and there is more truth, though not perhaps in the sense meant, in what Mr. Ingram elsewhere remarks of this same matter: "There does not appear to be any reason for doubting the accuracy of this any more than of any other of the poet's statements."

A third story develops the tradition referred to by Mr. Magruder, that Poe was in the army; but instead of placing this in the period before he went to West Point, his biographers assign it to the time after he was dismissed from the academy. The first mention of it in print occurs in Griswold's *Memoir* as follows: —

"His contributions to the journals

attracted little attention, and, his hopes of gaining a living in this way being disappointed, he enlisted in the army as a private soldier. How long he remained in the service I have not been able to ascertain. He was recognized by officers who had known him at West Point, and efforts were made privately, but with prospects of success, to obtain for him a commission, when it was discovered by his friends that he had deserted."

Mr. Gill supports this version, on the authority of Mrs. Clemm, Poe's mother-in-law:—

"In a fit of desperation, the poet on leaving Mr. Allan's house [in 1831] enlisted in the army. He soon became seriously ill from the exposure incident to the unwonted hardship of barrack-life, and, being recognized by friends while at the hospital, his discharge was promptly secured. Griswold's statement that he deserted is, like others made by him, a malicious invention. The facts are, on the written testimony of Mrs. Clemm, that at this time his friends were seeking for him a commission."

Mr. Ingram remarks on this period:

"All attempts hitherto made to explain what Poe did and whither he wandered during the next two years [1831-1833] succeeding his expulsion from his godfather's home have signally failed. The assertion that he was residing at Baltimore with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, is not in accordance with fact, her correspondence proving *that she never did know* where her nephew was during this interregnum in his history. . . . Another biographer, of proven unreliability [Griswold], suggests that Poe enlisted in the army, but after a short service deserted."

Of other writers who have dealt with the problem, Powell states that Poe went to help the Poles against Russia (but this is evidently a misquotation from Hirst); Mr. Didier places him at Richmond in the first period, and at Bal-

timore in the second; and Mr. Stoddard, while discrediting the early rupture with Mr. Allan on the ground that the latter probably paid for the Boston edition of the poems, discreetly disclaims any faculty for writing imaginary biographies.

In all that has been laid before the reader in opening the state of the question there is but one sure fact. A book, *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, by a Bostonian, was published in Boston by Calvin F. S. Thomas in 1827. A copy is in the British Museum, and its contents consist of the first drafts of poems since known as Poe's. On the threshold of investigation, however, I was met by the opinion that the author was John Howard Payne; but this suggestion was altogether too startling, it disclosed too dismal a view of my hero, to be entertained. The volume had contemporary mention in *The United States Review and Literary Gazette*, August, 1827; *The North American Review*, October, 1827; and Kettell's *Specimens of American Poetry*, 1829. In all these it was only named, but that is enough to show that it was issued before August and had some circulation. The name of Calvin F. S. Thomas is in the *Boston Directory*, 1827, where he is described as a printer at 70 Washington Street; but he was not a member of the Franklin Typographical Union, nor does any Boston printer of that time remember him except one now in Wisconsin, who merely thinks that he recalls him. His name is found also, crossed off, in a trial tax-list of 1827, in which he is assessed only for a poll-tax. These are meagre facts, nor is much added to them by the statements of his daughter, who, I learned through some obliging strangers, is living in Missouri. She writes that her father resided in Boston with his widowed mother and a sister in 1827, and, being then nineteen years old, had a printer's shop there; he left the city in 1828, and afterwards lived in New York,

Buffalo, and Springfield, Mo., and died in 1876. "None of us," she says (his wife and sister being still alive), "can remember ever having heard him speak of himself as the publisher of Poe's early poems; no copy of the book is in the possession of any member of the family, — neither account-books nor letters of that period." In view of the almost universal publication of reminiscences by those who knew Poe, and of the extraordinary interest of this portion of his life, it may fairly be inferred that Thomas never identified the author of the first book he printed with Poe, or, in other words, that the latter dealt with him under an assumed name.

One other source of information, besides this volume, would naturally occur to the mind, but it is so obvious that resort to it would seem superfluous. If Poe was in the army, the records of the war department would show the facts. Secretary Lincoln had a search made for the name of Poe, or any name with his initials whose bearer's career in the army corresponded in time and character with that ascribed to him. Adjutant-General Drum took up the subject with great kindness, and it is to his personal efforts, Secretary Lincoln informs me, that the recovery of Poe's army record is due. The examination of documents both at Washington and elsewhere has been exhaustive.

From these papers it appears that on May 26, 1827, Poe enlisted at Boston in the army of the United States as a private soldier, under the name of Edgar A. Perry. He stated that he was born at Boston, and was by occupation a clerk; and although minors were then accepted into the service he gave his age as twenty-two years. He had, says the record, gray eyes, brown hair, and a fair complexion; was five feet eight inches in height. He was at once assigned to Battery H of the First Artillery, then serving in the harbor at Fort Independence; on October 31 the battery

was ordered to Fort Moultrie, Charleston, S. C., and exactly one year later to Fortress Monroe, Va. The officers under whom he served are dead, but it appears that he discharged his duties as company clerk and assistant in the commissariat department so as to win the good-will of his superiors. On January 1, 1829, he was appointed Sergeant-Major, a promotion which, by the invariable custom of the army, was given only for merit. He now made his circumstances known to Mr. Allan, and shortly after Mrs. Allan's death, February 23, 1829, he returned to Richmond on leave of absence. Of this furlough there is no record, but on February 28 he is reported on the rolls as present for duty. The result of his visit is told in the following letter, which is, however, extraordinarily inaccurate in its details: —

FORTRESS MONROE, *March 30th, '29.*

GENERAL: I request your permission to discharge from the service Edgar A. Perry, at present the Sergeant-Major of the 1st Reg't of Artillery, on his procuring a substitute.

The said Perry, is one of a family of orphans whose unfortunate parents were the victims of the conflagration of the Richmond theatre, in 1809. The subject of this letter, was taken under the protection of a Mr. Allen, a gentleman of wealth and respectability, of that city, who, as I understand, adopted his protégé as his son and heir; with the intention of giving him a liberal education, he had placed him at the University of Virginia from which, after considerable progress in his studies, in a moment of youthful indiscretion he absconded, and was not heard from by his Patron for several years; in the meantime, he became reduced to the necessity of enlisting into the service and accordingly entered as a soldier in my Regiment, at Fort Independence, in 1827. Since the arrival of his company at this place, he has made his sit-

uation known to his Patron at whose request, the young man has been permitted to visit him; the result is, an entire reconciliation on the part of Mr. Allen, who reinstates him into his family and favor, and who in a letter I have received from him requests that his son may be discharged on procuring a substitute. An experienced soldier and approved sergeant is ready to take the place of Perry so soon as his discharge can be obtained. The good of the service, therefore cannot be materially injured by the discharge.

I have the honor to be, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

JAS. HOUSE, *Col. 1st Art'y.*

To the General Commanding the E. Dept.
U. S. A., New York.

The reply to this was a special order:—

OFFICE HEAD QUARTERS EASTERN DEPT.
NEW YORK, *April 4th 1829.*

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 28.

Sergt. Major Edgar A. Perry of the 1st Reg't of Arty. . . . will be discharged the service of the United States, on their furnishing, each, an acceptable substitute without expense to the Government.

By order of Major General Gaines.

(Sd) R. LOWNDES,
A. A. Adj't. Gen'l.

In accordance with this Poe was discharged, by substitute, April 15th. Before leaving his post he obtained the following letters from his officers, which show conclusively that he had already formed the plan of entering West Point, and indicate that this entered into the understanding on which Mr. Allan took him into favor:—

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., *20th Ap. 1829.*

Edgar Poe, late Serg't-Major in the 1st Art'y, served under my command in H. company. 1st Regt. of Artillery from June 1827 to January 1829, dur-

ing which time his conduct was unexceptionable. He at once performed the duties of company clerk and assistant in the Subsistent Department, both of which duties were promptly and faithfully done. His habits are good, and intirely free from drinking.

J. HOWARD.

Lieut 1st Artillery.

In addition to the above, I have to say that Edgar Poe [originally written *Perry*, but changed to read *Poe*] was appointed Sergeant-Major of the 1st Arty, on the 1st of Jan'y, 1829, and up to this date, has been exemplary in his deportment, prompt and faithful in the discharge of his duties—and is highly worthy of confidence.

H. W. GRISWOLD.

Bt. Capt. and Adj't. 1st Art'y.

I have known and had an opportunity of observing the conduct of the above mentioned Sergt-Maj'r Poe some three months during which his deportment has been highly praiseworthy and deserving of confidence. His education is of a very high order and he appears to be free from bad habits, in fact the testimony of Lt Howard and Adj't. Griswold is full to that point. Understanding he is, thro' his friends, an applicant for cadet's warrant, I unhesitatingly recommend him as promising to quit himself of the obligations of that station studiously and faithfully.

W. J. WORTH.

Lt. Col. Comd'g, Fortress Monroe.

With these credentials in his pocket the discharged Sergeant-Major, aged twenty, went to Richmond, where no time was lost in attempting to place him at West Point.

The following letters were obtained for him:—

RICHMOND *May 6, 1829.*

D^R SIR: I beg leave to introduce to you Mr. Edgar Poe, who wishes to

be admitted into the military academy and to stand the examination in June. He has been two years in the service of the U. States, and carries with him the strongest testimonials from the highest authority. He will be an acquisition to the service and I most earnestly recommend him to your especial notice and approbation.

Very respy. yr. obt. serv't.

A. STEVENSON.

TO HONBLE. J. H. EATON,
Secy. of War.

RICHMOND, 6th May, 1829.

D SIR: The history of the youth Edgar Allan Poe is a very interesting one as detailed to me by gentlemen in whose veracity I have entire confidence, and I unite with great pleasure with Mr. Stevenson and Col. Worth in recommending him for a place in the Military Academy at West Point. My friend Mr. Allan of this city by whom this orphan and friendless youth was raised and educated is a gentleman in whose word you may place every confidence and can state to you more in detail the character of the youth and the circumstances which claim for him the patronage of the Government.

With great respect, your obdt. sevt.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

THE HONBL. JOHN H. EATON,
Sec. of War, Washington City.

RICHMOND, VA., May 13th, 1829.

SIR: Some of the friends of young Mr. Edgar Poe have solicited me to address a letter to you in his favor believing that it may be useful to him in his application to the Government for military service. I know Mr. Poe and am acquainted with the fact of his having been born under circumstances of great adversity. I also know from his own productions and other undoubted proofs that he is a young gentleman of genius and talents. I believe he is destined to be distinguished, since he

has already gained reputation for talents and attainments at the University of Virginia. I think him possessed of feeling and character peculiarly intitling him to public patronage. I am entirely satisfied that the salutary system of military discipline will soon develope his honorable feelings, and elevated spirit, and prove him worthy of confidence. I would not unite in his recommendations if I did not believe that he would remunerate the government at some future day, by his services and talents, for whatever may be done for him.

I have the honor to be

Very respectfully your obt. serv't,

JAMES P. PRESTON.

MAJOR JOHN EATON,
Sec'y of War, Washington.

Of more interest than all these, however, is Mr. Allan's own communication:—

RICHMOND, May 6, 1829.

D^R SIR: The youth who presents this, is the same alluded to by Lt Howard, Capt Griswold, Colo Worth, our representative and the speaker the Hon'ble Andrew Stevenson, and my friend Major Jno. Campbell.

He left me in consequence of some gambling at the University at Charlottesville, because (I presume) I refused to sanction a rule that the shopkeepers and others had adopted there, making Debts of Honour, of all indiscretions. I have much pleasure in asserting that he stood his examinations at the close of the year with great credit to himself. His history is short. He is the grandson of Quartermaster General Poe, of Maryland, whose widow as I understand still receives a pension for the services or disabilities of her husband. Frankly Sir, do I declare that he is no relation to me whatever: that I have many [in] whom I have taken an active interest to promote theirs; with no other feeling than that, every man is my care, if he be in distress. For myself I ask

nothing, but I do request your kindness to aid this youth in the promotion of his future prospects. And it will afford me great pleasure to reciprocate any kindness you can show him. Pardon my frankness : but I address a soldier.

Your obdt servt,
JOHN ALLAN.

THE HON'BLE JOHN H. EATON,
Secy of War, Washington City.

From the tenor of these letters it would seem that Poe delivered them in person. On his return from this journey to Washington he made the closer acquaintance of his blood relations at Baltimore, where he remained, engaged in publishing a new edition of his poems and corresponding with John Neal, the editor of *The Yankee*, until the end of the year. It must have been at this time that he received help from my unnamed correspondent, and said he had been in Russia, and that he entered into some obscure relations with William Gwynn, the editor of the *Baltimore American*, and showed him the manuscript of *Al Aaraaf*. On the issue of his volumes, in which it was stated that the Boston edition had been suppressed through circumstances of a private nature, he went back to Richmond, about Christmas time, and waited for his cadet warrant. His birthday came and went; he was twenty-one, and hence past the legal limit within which he could receive an appointment. This circumstance did not disturb him: he had grown four years older in 1827; he now grew two years younger in 1829, and relying on the fiction he solicited the favor of Powhatan Ellis, a younger brother of Mr. Allan's partner, and then Senator from Mississippi, who wrote to the Secretary of War in his behalf : —

WASHINGTON *March 13, 1830.*

HON. JOHN H. EATON.

DEAR SIR: I have received a letter from a young gentleman in Richmond

by the name of Edgar A. Poe stating, that he was an applicant for a situation in the Military Academy at West Point. He requested me to ask you, if there was any probability of his receiving a warrant to enter that institution. I am not personally acquainted with Mr. Poe, but from information I would say his capacity and learning eminently qualify him to make in a few years a distinguished officer.

I am sir, with great respect,
Your obdt. servant,
POWHATAN ELLIS.

HON. MR. EATON,
Secretary of War.

This letter received immediate attention. The appointment was made, and Mr. Allan, as Poe's guardian, gave his formal consent to his ward's enlistment.

RICHMOND, VA. *March 31st 1830.*

SIR: As the guardian of Edgar Allan Poe I hereby signify my assent to his signing articles by which he shall bind himself to serve the United States for Five years, unless sooner discharged, as stipulated in your official letter appointing him a cadet. Respectfully

Your obt. servant,
JOHN ALLAN.

THE HON : SEC'Y. OF WAR,
Washington.

There is no evidence that General Scott, Judge Marshall, or John Randolph had any hand in securing the appointment, as has been asserted since Hirst wrote his early sketch of Poe. Scott's wife was a cousin of the young lady whom Mr. Allan was now preparing to marry, but his interest in Poe belongs to a later time. Powhatan Ellis's letter was plainly the determining influence. The young cadet was furnished by Mr. Allan with whatever was necessary, and started north. He stopped at Baltimore, where he called upon Dr. N. C. Brooks, as that gentleman told

me, and read, and engaged to send to him, a poem for a forthcoming annual, and at length entered West Point July 1, 1830,—his age being recorded as at the time of entrance nineteen years and five months,—and there he figured among his classmates as an adventurous boy who had run away from home and sown his wild oats in the East.

In further elucidation of Poe's life at this period an extract should be added which has only lately been brought within my reach, by the courtesy of Colonel Thomas H. Ellis, the son of Mr. Allan's partner. It is from an open letter April 22, 1880, from himself to the *Richmond Standard*, and contains in my judgment the only account of the relations between Poe and Mr. Allan that can pretend to any authority whatever. In this Colonel Ellis quotes from a letter of the second Mrs. Allan to himself (and this is the only published utterance of the Allan family upon the subject) as follows:—

"Mr. Poe had not lived under Mr. Allan's roof for two years before my marriage, and no one knew his whereabouts; his letters, which were very scarce, were dated from St. Petersburg, Russia, although he had enlisted in the army at Boston. After he became tired of army life, he wrote to his benefactor, expressing a desire to have a substitute if the money could be sent to him. Mr. Allan sent it, Poe spent it; and after the substitute was tired out, waiting and getting letters and excuses, he (the substitute) enclosed one of Poe's letters to Mr. Allan, which was too black to be credited if it had not contained the author's signature. Mr. Allan sent the money to the man, and banished Poe from his affections; and he never lived here again."

Mrs. Allan was an interested witness, and her prejudices were strongly excited against Poe. If her story be true in its essential part, it explains where Poe might have obtained the money to pay for his second volume of poems,—a bill

which Mr. Allan was not likely to meet voluntarily; and since it indicates that his purse was not liberally supplied, it also explains how it happened that during his long stay in Baltimore he was now and then out of funds. This incident, however, may be left one side; nor would it have been revived here had it not seemed necessary to include in this article everything which has been alleged regarding Poe during this period.

The natural construction to be placed on the foregoing story would seem to be this: that Poe's officers, becoming interested in him, advised him to go to West Point, the only way in which he could rise in the service; and that in compliance with the dying request of Mrs. Allan, with whom Poe kept up some correspondence, Mr. Allan recalled him, provided a substitute, and agreed to befriend him further, on the distinct understanding that he should go to West Point, but with no intention of ever making him his heir; and, finally, that during the fifteen months intervening between his discharge at Fortress Monroe and his entrance at West Point Poe lived mainly apart from Mr. Allan, and gave no reason for the latter to trust him more than in years past. It would also appear that Poe invented the account of his travels in the East or in Russia at once, possibly appropriating something from the adventures of his brother, who died in Baltimore, in July, 1831, and that he used this tale in later years to conceal his enlistment. If he ever went on a voyage before the mast, as is not altogether unlikely, it must have been on his way from Richmond to Boston, when he first left Mr. Allan's counting-room, in 1827. He would then have as the basis of the nautical knowledge he displays in his works his early ocean voyages in boyhood, this hypothetical one, and those with his regiment in its changes from post to post, besides the information he would naturally

acquire during a two years' residence by the sea; nor is it to be forgotten that his later journeys between the North and South were largely by water. His seamanship thus seems to be amply accounted for without assuming that he derived it from any long practical service in the merchant marine. As to Mr. Ingram's legend of the duel in France, the Scotch lady, and the novel ascribed to Eugène Sue, it requires no discussion.

In the seventh month of his cadet life Poe was court-martialed for neglect of duty, and dismissed the service. The sentence went into effect March 6, 1831. The version of this affair that was circulated by Poe has been universally adopted. This was that the birth of an heir to Mr. Allan by his second wife having destroyed Poe's expectations of inheriting his patron's estate, and Mr. Allan having refused to allow him to resign his place, he intentionally so acted as to be dismissed, in order to be free to follow some other profession better suited to a poor man than was that of arms. This may be substantially true. Nevertheless, as Mr. Allan was not married until October 5, 1830, there was no heir born in January, when Poe's offenses against discipline were committed: the marriage alone, therefore, determined him to take so extreme measures, and as it was a near event when he entered West Point he was probably apprised of it from the first. From the tone of Mr. Allan's letter to the Secretary of War it would seem that he had most likely made it clear to Poe that he did not look upon him as his heir, and meant merely to start him in a military career. Poe left West Point, one can be quite sure, not because he had lost the hope of a large fortune, but because he was restless, willful, and discontented. There is, however, nothing improbable in the statement that his dismissal was sought by him as his only way of exit from army life.

On the morning of March 7, 1831, he was thus a free man. He had, left over from his pay, twelve cents to begin that career which was better fitted for a poor man than the military profession. Possibly additional funds were provided from the subscription of the cadets, at seventy-five cents each, to the new edition of his poems; this money was allowed to be deducted from their pay, but a part only was advanced. Poe went to New York, and may have stayed in the city a while attending to his forthcoming volume, which was not delivered to the cadets until some time after he had departed. It is commonly said that he now went to Richmond to Mr. Allan's, where he was coldly received, and after a short time banished from the house. One hesitates to reject entirely so generally received a tradition, though it has no evidence in its support. It is unlikely that Poe, who had now made Mr. Allan's renewed efforts in his behalf wholly futile by violent and disgraceful methods, should present himself as if he expected to remain an inmate of the home where he had not lived for five years past, and to which in the mean time a young wife of thirty had come; nor would Mr. Allan's letters to him have invited such a course. At all events, the only fact in the matter is that two months after leaving West Point he was in Baltimore, and perhaps that was as far South as he got upon this present journey. On May 6, 1831, he addressed his old acquaintance, William Gwynn, the editor, as follows:—

May 6, 1831.

MR. W. GWINN.

DEAR SIR:—I am almost ashamed to ask any favor at your hands after my foolish conduct upon a former occasion, — but I trust to your good nature.

I am very anxious to remain and settle myself in Baltimore as Mr. Allan has married again and I no longer look upon Richmond as my place of residence.

This wish of mine has also met with his approbation. I write to request your influence in obtaining some situation or employment in this city. Salary would be a minor consideration, but I do not wish to be idle.

Perhaps (since I understand Neilson has left you) you might be so kind as to employ me in your office in some capacity.

If so I will use every exertion to deserve your confidence.

Very respectfully yr. ob. st.,

EDGAR A. POE.

I would have waited upon you personally, but am confined to my room with a severe sprain in my knee.

Poe's application to Mr. Gwynn was apparently fruitless, and shortly afterwards he wrote to another acquaintance, Dr. Brooks, — to whose annual, it will be remembered, he had promised a contribution, — and asked for a position as teacher in that gentleman's school at Reisterstown, but there was no vacancy. Dr. Brooks, who told me the incident, recalls perfectly well the time of its occurrence. This is, however, the last definitely dated event in Poe's life until October 12, 1833, when his name was printed as the winner of a prize for the best story contributed to the *Saturday Visiter*, a Baltimore literary weekly. During this period, the tradition of the Poe family and the sketches of his life published before he died place him at Baltimore, and there is not in any quarter the slightest bit of evidence on which to base a doubt of the truth of this belief. The fact that Judge Neilson Poe was then living in another town, and that Mrs. Clemm, Poe's future mother-in-law, had apparently also moved away, may explain why our knowledge of his whereabouts is not more exact, and how he came to fall into such circumstances of poverty as he did. A cousin, however, then Miss Herring, whose reminiscences of Poe have been carefully

obtained for me by a member of the Poe family, says that Poe called on her at this time, in the morning or afternoon, when he could see her alone, and used to entertain her by reading, or by writing verses in her album; but her father discouraged these attentions because of the relationship and of Poe's habits of drinking. These calls were made at frequent intervals, on flying visits from Philadelphia and other places, and this lady is positive that they extended from 1830 to 1834, when she was herself married. She never heard of his leaving this country during these years. A date that depends only on the memory of a long-past event is always open to question. In this case it was in 1830 that Poe called on his relatives as he passed through Baltimore to West Point; in 1834 he visited Richmond, and possibly Philadelphia, where he was endeavoring to get a book published: and such absences, though few, may have left the impression that he was given to traveling. However this may have been, such are the statements of the only person who claims any personal knowledge of Poe between the summers of 1831 and 1833.

Some inferences may be drawn from the condition in which Poe was found by Kennedy, who befriended him on his reappearance as a prize story-teller. Griswold may have exaggerated the meanness of Poe's poverty, but notwithstanding the strenuous denials of Mr. Ingram and others, who seem to think Poe degraded by misfortune, there is not the least doubt that he was in extreme distress, as is conclusively shown by this extract from Kennedy's diary: —

"It is many years ago, I think, perhaps as early as 1833 or '34, that I found him in Baltimore, in a state of starvation. I gave him clothing, free access to my table, and the use of a horse for exercise whenever he chose; in fact, brought him up from the very verge of despair." (*Tuckerman's Life*

of Kennedy.) It is further illustrated by the following self-explanatory note from Poe to that kind-hearted gentleman, who throughout life was seeking out and advancing merit : —

“ Your invitation to dinner has wounded me to the quick. I cannot come for reasons of the most humiliating nature — my personal appearance. You may imagine my mortification in making this disclosure to you, but it is necessary.” (Tuckerman's *Life of Kennedy.*)

And if further proof be needed it is furnished by a letter of Poe's, written years afterwards, in which he says, “ Mr. Kennedy has been at all times a true friend to me — he was the first true friend I ever had — I am indebted to him for *life itself.*” (Poe to Thomas Stoddard.)

If this extreme destitution of Poe be considered in connection with the fact that he had sent in to the competition for prizes six tales, so well finished that the committee advised him to publish all of them, it may fairly be thought that he had been devoting himself to literature for some time previous, and that his garret was in Baltimore. Nevertheless, if any one chooses to suppose that Poe was starving elsewhere, there can be no check to the vagaries of his fancy; for if the unappreciated genius who had now found out what a poor man's career was like was not at Baltimore, there is as much reason to imagine him in Hong Kong as in any other place.

One other source of information must be glanced at, since it has been relied on to clothe Poe with more respectability when he was in his worst disgrace with fortune and men's eyes. Mr. Lambert A. Wilmer, whose books, at least, do not entitle him to much regard, since they are scurrilous and filthy, was one of the projectors of the *Saturday Visiter*. He published reminiscences of Poe several times, but the only article which need be referred to here is one,

Recollections of Edgar A. Poe, contributed to the *Baltimore Daily Commercial*, May 23, 1866. He writes : —

“ My acquaintance with Poe commenced in Baltimore, soon after his return from St. Petersburg, ‘ covered with debt and infamy, and confirmed in habits of dissipation,’ as one of his biographers represents. I can most conscientiously declare, however, that at the time referred to, and a long time afterwards, I heard nothing of his debts and infamy, and saw nothing of his dissipated habits. His time appeared to be constantly occupied by his literary labors; he had already published a volume of poems, and written several of those minor romances which afterwards appeared in the collection called *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*. He lived in a very retired way with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and his moral deportment, as far as my observation extended, was altogether correct. ‘ Intemperance,’ says the biographer quoted above, ‘ was his master-passion.’ How then did it happen that during an intimate acquaintance with him, which continued for more than twelve years, I never saw him intoxicated in a single instance?

“ His personal appearance and equipments at the time I speak of have been thus described : ‘ He was thin and pale even to ghastliness; his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A well-worn frock-coat concealed the absence of a shirt, and imperfect boots discovered the want of hose.’ This description is wholly incorrect. In his youthful days, Poe's personal appearance was delicate and effeminate, but never sickly or ghastly, and I never saw him in any dress which was not fashionably neat, with some approximation to elegance. Indeed, I often wondered how he could contrive to equip himself so handsomely, considering that his pecuniary resources were generally scanty and precarious enough.

"My intercourse with Poe was almost continuous for weeks together. Almost every day we took long walks in the rural districts near Baltimore, and had long conversations on a great variety of subjects; and however dry might be the subject of our discourse, and however dusty the road we traveled, we never stopped at any hotel for liquid refreshment, and I never observed any disposition on the part of my companion to avail himself of the liberal supplies of alcoholic beverage which were always to be had in the vicinity of Baltimore. In short, his general habits at that time were strictly temperate, and but for one or two incidents I might have supposed him to be a member of the cold-water army. On one occasion when I visited him at his lodgings he produced a decanter of Jamaica spirits, in conformity with a practice which was very common in those days, especially in the Southern and Middle States, where one gentleman would scarcely visit another without being invited to drink. On the occasion just referred to, Poe made a moderate use of the liquor; and this is the only time that ever I saw him drink ardent spirits. On another occasion I was present, when his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, scolded him with some severity for coming home intoxicated on the preceding evening. He excused himself by saying that he had met with some friends, who had persuaded him to take dinner with them at a tavern, where the whole party had become inebriated, — a circumstance for which many a poetical gentleman's experience might furnish a parallel. I judged from the conversation between Mrs. Clemm and Poe that the fault for which she reproved him was of rare occurrence, and I never afterwards heard him charged with a repetition of the offense."

This is all that Wilmer has to say with regard to this particular time. The twelve years' intimate acquaintance with Poe which he asserts is an absurd claim.

He knew Poe well only for a very few months at this time; during six of the twelve years he did not see Poe at all, and for the last five of them he met him only incidentally in Philadelphia. Other statements in this article — for example, the circumstantial account of Poe's attempt to learn lithographing in Philadelphia about 1841 — are entirely fictitious. Wilmer, therefore, is not a scrupulous and careful witness, and his word would not for a moment stand against Kennedy's as recorded in his diary. From Wilmer's book, *Our Press Gang*, in which he gives an account of his life, but without dates, it appears that he went from Washington to Baltimore to start the *Visiter*, and was its editor not much longer than six months; he lost his place, and was soon forced to go away from Baltimore in search of a living elsewhere, and did not return until after Poe had left the city. It is possible, of course, that Poe offered his services to the new weekly at once, and that an acquaintance sprang up between the editor and contributor, but this supposition cannot be verified, as no file of the paper is known to exist. It is quite as likely, and the hypothesis reconciles all the facts, that Wilmer's intimacy with Poe grew out of the latter's winning the prize, and his reminiscences therefore cover the months just subsequent to Kennedy's charity, when, after Mrs. Clemm again settled in Baltimore, he went to reside with her. Poe was then, under the stimulation of Kennedy's friendship and active interest, trying to retrieve his reputation and break off his bad habits.

Whether during these hard years Poe made any application for assistance to Mr. Allan has never been publicly known. The account which Colonel Ellis (whose article, as has been said, is the only one of the slightest authority) has given of the final scene between Poe and his old patron, though it took place six months after Poe's literary

adoption by Kennedy, seems to belong here : —

"A short time previous to Mr. Allan's death, on the 27th of March, 1834, he was greatly distressed by dropsy, was unable to lie down, and sat in an armchair night and day ; several times a day, by the advice of his physician, he walked across the room for exercise, leaning on his cane, and assisted by his wife and a man servant. During this illness of her husband, Mrs. Allan was on an occasion passing through the hall of this house, when, hearing the front-door bell ring, she opened the door herself. A man of remarkable appearance stood there, and without giving his name asked if he could see Mr. Allan. She replied that Mr. Allan's condition was such that his physicians had prohibited any person from seeing him except his nurses. The man was Edgar A. Poe, who was, of course, perfectly familiar with the house. Thrusting her aside, and without noticing her reply, he passed rapidly up-stairs to Mr. Allan's chamber, followed by Mrs. Allan. As soon as he entered the chamber Mr. Allan raised his cane, and, threatening to strike him if he came within his reach, ordered him out, upon which Poe withdrew ; and that was the last time they ever met."

In this article all that has ever been alleged or is now known in regard to Poe's life, from his desertion of Mr. Allan's home in 1827 to his expulsion from it under the circumstances just related, has, I believe, been included. His story, stripped of its fabulous incidents, has turned out to be the commonplace one of a runaway boy, who persistently rejected and at last forfeited the honest kindness of his friends. There

is nowhere in it a generous, noble, or picturesque incident. If one desires to build up a transforming legend and to perpetuate the romance of a bygone literary fashion, he can do so only by suppressing the facts and elaborating the myth in the direction of a tawdry and foolish sentimentality. Whether or not, as Poe said, the truth is everything in a biography, justice has a supreme right there as elsewhere : I do not mean the justice that is expressed in verdicts, but that ideal justice, which, however obscured, or lost, or overborne, it may be, by the intrusion of extraneous influences, is nevertheless discernible in human affairs, and brings about a certain consistency in life and character. Shelley's youth was full of error, and at his death his name was held in dishonor ; but, the nobility of his nature always remaining undefiled, ruin could not touch him nor shame live beside his grave. If Poe, on the other hand, was the victim, he was also the servant, as he was the poet, of the evil gods ; and the same consistency, the same ideal justice, working itself out to a different end, is to be seen in his life as in Shelley's. It is not the career of a youth between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five that has been so minutely examined in this paper ; it is rather the sowing-time of a man of genius, whose harvest proved so black a growth that it is deemed hardly natural. But so far from learning to credit any part of the legend that strives to turn Poe into the object of an exceptional fatality, one rises from the exhaustive study of his days from birth to death, with only the more profound conviction that nothing but a man's own acts can plunge him into the worst of life.

G. E. Woodberry.

AN AMERICAN FLIRTATION.

TIME, a warm, moonlit night in April ; Scene, a public parlor in a comparatively old and incomparably respectable hotel ; Place, one of the very loveliest of the many lovely little spots that have sprung up along the shores of the wonderful Mediterranean to lure the shivering Briton from his wintry home ; Dramatis personæ — but no ; the actors were out of the way for the moment, and the audience, to wit the rest of the hotel company, was discussing them in their absence. A fire of dry olive wood and odorous pine cones burned brilliantly on the hearth, intended, however, like many another blaze, for display rather than for comfort, as the windows were wide open at the same time, and the breath of the roses outside stole fragrantly in through the green lattices.

A number of ladies — an inordinate number it seemed at the first glance, so voluminous were the petticoats and so various the shawls — sat comfortably established about the room. They were nearly all old, nearly all interested in the subject-matter, and quite all English, as was indicated by the brilliancy of the gowns and the universality of that formidable piece of architecture known as the cap, even without the added testimony of their voices, — those soft, full, pleasant tones which are the privileged birthright of Englishwomen, and which the Pilgrim mothers, in their transatlantic voyage, unfortunately lost by the way.

"Of course they are engaged," said one of these ladies, with that emphasis which seems to establish indisputably the fact which it announces. "It's impossible that they are not."

"Well, no, Lady Bruce, I believe not, — not exactly, you know," said another voice, a little apologetic cough following the hesitating contradiction like a gentle

"By your leave." "Of course I did n't like to ask either Mr. Elsworth or Miss Allison point-blank, but I hinted the question to that friend of hers, — that wide awake little Miss Wright, with the American nose, you know. And she said there was n't anything in it on either side ; it was only the American way. It seems all the young men in the States are always particularly devoted to some girl or other, — first one, and then another, continuously."

"It's a very shocking way," said Lady Bruce severely, pausing in her work to smooth out a blue worsted stripe upon her purple satin knee. "I hope we may never import it into England. How is one to know whether a young man means anything or not?"

"He never does mean anything, I am told."

"Oh, but, my dear Miss Woodruff, a little common sense will tell you that there must come a time when he does mean something, don't you see? And if this sort of thing goes on in the mean while, how are parents ever to judge of his intentions? Now this Theodora Allison, — if that young Elsworth is n't courting her, why is he allowed to dangle after her in this open fashion? If any young man devoted himself to my daughter in that marked manner, I should ask him his intentions directly. I should fail in my duty if I did n't."

Miss Bruce, a small, plain, white-faced little thing, hopelessly deficient in that bright, healthful beauty which belongs to most young English faces, was sitting silently by her mother's side, and blushed the color of her hair at the bare idea of a young man ever being devoted to her in the way that Mr. Elsworth was devoted to Miss Allison. Perhaps up in heaven there might be some manly angel detailed for that

kind office, but certainly here on earth every other impossibility would happen first.

"They went off for a walk this afternoon," volunteered a third lady, with an amused laugh.

"Alone, I suppose?"

"Quite alone, if you please."

"Fancy, now! Goodness knows where they went to."

"Only to the pier, I believe," answered Mrs. Pemberry reluctantly, feeling that she owed an apology for the tame admission. "Theo told me about it at the *table d'hôte* to-night. She said it was so interesting watching the workmen dump in stones. Odd taste, isn't it?"

"Extraordinary!" said Lady Bruce, thrusting on her thimble as one would clap an extinguisher on a candle. "The unprotected way in which American parents allow their girls to go about with young men is something incomprehensible. Fancy my Anna here going about alone with a young man!"

Anna again blushed, the suggestion was so shameful and so undeniably attractive.

"They went on a donkey ride this morning, did you see?" said somebody else from an unimportant corner. "It was quite a large party, to be sure; still Mr. Elsworth started by the side of Miss Allison, and came back by her side, and doubtless he never left her for a moment."

"American girls do seem to have such a good time of it!" murmured little Miss Bruce quite irrelevantly.

It was a bold speech. Lady Bruce glanced around sharply, then bent again to her work. "American girls are the worst brought up in the world," she pronounced scathingly; "and this free-handed comradeship between young men and young women is simply scandalous. The girls treat the men like so many other girls, and the men treat the girls as if making love to each one they speak

to. It's an unnatural and preposterous state of affairs. But in the case of these two, of course there can be no question how matters stand. They are engaged."

"Hush, here he is!"

A sudden expectant silence fell upon the room as a young man appeared in the doorway. The *entr'acte* was over, and the curtain had risen again upon the drama.

The new-comer was a tall, handsome fellow, with a noticeable air of good breeding and refinement. He stood still an instant, while his pleasant glance shot swiftly around the little circle. Miss Allison was not there yet, and what a dull time the poor women were having! He must make the best of it till she came. In another moment he had gathered Miss Woodruff's skein from the back of a chair, and was holding it for her with admirable grace and dexterity, chatting amiably and generally as he did so, with an easy flow of talk that could hardly fail to please his feminine audience, even though it betrayed neither great originality nor unusual intelligence. It was the guiding rule of this young man always to make the best of existing circumstances, extracting the utmost pleasure from even the most unpropitious materials, — a selfish principle which produced charmingly unselfish effects; and he now threw himself so heartily into the task of entertaining and of being entertained that even Lady Bruce was won over, observing to Mrs. Pemberry, in what she intended for an undertone, that this agreeable polish of manner was due entirely to the young fellow's foreign education, no American being able to get it at home.

Miss Allison, with her friend Miss Wright, came in somewhat later. Miss Bruce looked up at her with a faint pang, impossible to repress. It was very hard that American girls should have not only all the fun and all the young men, but so much of the prettiness and the taste-

ful dressing, too. Theo Allison certainly was enviably pretty. With her large, innocent blue eyes and her fluffy hair, parted on the side and falling across her forehead in great light rings that tempted one to lift them into place with caressing fingers, and with a certain quaint picturesqueness of dress, which had always some little dainty extra touch to make it an altogether different affair from every other toilette, she was indeed a pleasant object to look upon.

Elsworth naturally rose at once to give her a chair, and as naturally placed his own beside it, immediately concentrating upon her the attentions hitherto diffused among the roomful. He was only acting up to his creed,—doing what brought himself the most pleasure at the time; and no one could deny that for a young man it must certainly be pleasanter to talk with Theo than with any one else present. After her entrance, therefore, those who had for a short while enjoyed the privilege of the full loaf had again to content themselves with the crumbs. The two sat chatting merrily enough, yet saying nothing whatever that the others might not overhear; and in point of fact what was so overheard formed the chief staple of conversation for the rest, who used it as a text upon which to build running commentaries.

"He calls her Miss Theo. Why should n't he say Miss Allison?" said Lady Bruce, biting off a thread as if it were a dissenting opinion. "It would make me shiver to hear my daughter familiarly spoken to in society as Miss Anna. I should fancy that all the young men were footmen."

"Oh, he's asked her to go to church with him to-morrow!" broke in Miss Bruce, with wide eyes, aghast at the idea of this devotion to a fellow creature being carried into the very heart of the sanctuary. Dear, dear, how was it possible that Miss Allison could say her prayers rightly, with such a handsome

young fellow kneeling directly beside her! Would n't she get the service hopelessly jumbled up, and perhaps begin with the "We beseech Thee to hear us" before it was time to have done with the "Good Lord, deliver us"? "I know *I* should," said honest little Miss Bruce pathetically to herself.

"Do young ladies often go to church alone with young gentlemen, in America?" she inquired timidly of Miss Wright.

Miss Wright gave her a keen little glance of intelligent condolence.

"Often," she replied, with the relish of one speaking from personal experience of a desirable and not widely enough disseminated custom,— "very often. It's good for the young men. They would otherwise stay at home, perhaps, to smoke injurious cigarettes."

"But I should think it might n't be quite as good for the girls," stammered Miss Bruce confusedly. "It might distract them from the service. Why, if I had a young man next me and he looked over my Prayer-Book, I should be so afraid it might open of itself at the marriage service that I could n't attend to anything else."

"It would be much more likely to open at the commination service, I should say; there are so many things you English are forbidden to do," replied Miss Wright, with compassion. "Theo, are we not to have some music?"

The request being warmly seconded, Theo rose at once and went to the piano, Elsworth following as a matter of course to find her the music and turn over the leaves. She was an accomplished performer, and for a while all voices were still as her skillful fingers swept over the keys, gliding from one harmony into another before any one had time to ask for more, or even to know that the first was ended.

"Why does n't it fluster her to have him stand so near and never take his

eyes off her?" whispered Miss Bruce. "It would make me play all my sharps flats."

"Oh, we Americans are so used to young men that we never think of minding them," Miss Wright returned, with what seemed the very acme of *sang froid* to the little English girl. "They never put us out."

"And are you as used to them as Miss Allison?" ventured Miss Bruce. This stolen talk about young men was certainly treading on forbidden ground, but after the first step it did not seem so wrong to go further.

"Oh, yes, I am quite as used to them," responded Miss Wright calmly, "though to be sure I have none here; but that is because there is no one here but Mr. Elsworth, and he belongs to Theo."

"Belongs to Miss Allison?" repeated Miss Bruce eagerly. "Oh, then they are" —

"Oh, no, they 're not," said Miss Wright. "They 're merely having a good time together. It's so much pleasanter for a girl to have some man always devoted to her, and so much easier for a man to devote himself to one girl rather than to half a dozen, don't you see?"

"Oh," said Miss Bruce blankly, conscious of a sympathetic pity for the neglected five.

"At home I have any number of gentleman friends," continued Miss Wright, with an air of being rather bored by the subject which possessed so absorbing an interest for her companion. "But Europe is a poor place for men. We girls leave our good times behind us when we come abroad. Europeans are always in earnest when they go in for this sort of thing, you see, and that quite spoils it. Theo was uncommonly lucky to get hold of Fred Elsworth here."

"But how do Americans act when they are in earnest?" asked Miss Bruce, growing bold in iniquitous inquiry.

"Oh, they don't act any differently.

The girls just know it's different; that's all. It's perfectly easy to tell. Any American girl understands directly whether a man is in love with her or whether he's only passing the time. But I must go upstairs now. Good-night;" and with a bright nod around at the roomful of ladies, and scarcely a glance in the direction of Elsworth, — to whom, since he belonged to Theo, she was as indifferent as to a log of wood, — Miss Wright made her escape.

Soon after she had disappeared something dreadful happened. Theo rose all at once from the piano in the middle of a bar, turning around a sweet, flushed face.

"I can't play another minute!" she exclaimed, lifting her hands to her cheeks. "The heat is stifling."

Elsworth looked at her concernedly. "I am afraid you have over-exerted yourself, Miss Theo. That sonata is one of the most difficult of the set. You have played too long."

"No, it is not that, only I am so warm. Those shutters don't let in a breath of air."

"Come outside," suggested Elsworth. "It's a lovely night, and there's quite a refreshing breeze in the garden. It will revive you."

"I believe it would," assented Theo, bending back her neck, as if even the soft lace at her throat impeded her breathing. "Do let me get out of this stuffy atmosphere for a moment," and she impulsively turned to the door.

"Wait. You may need a shawl!" cried Elsworth. "Ah, here is one. Miss Woodruff, you are always so kind, — I'm sure you won't object to lending us this. We'll be back in a minute," and he hurried off after his fair companion.

A blank silence followed the departure of the reckless couple. Was it possible that such improprieties as this were of daily occurrence in America, — young men and young women going

out *alone* together into the garden at night? To be sure, the garden was very small, — scarcely more than an open vestibule; one could hear the voices of the two as they paced leisurely up and down before the house, passing and repassing the windows; and to be sure, there was a brilliant full moon shedding its broad rays with an effulgence that should have turned the darkest deed white; and to be sure, too, the garden was never less deserted than at this hour, when the proprietor and his book-keeper and at least a maid or two were always strolling about it. But still — no, it was impossible to believe that such regardless acts were common even in the land of enormities. Miss Bruce felt her heart beat high, half in rebellious sympathy with the sinners, half in alarm at the scandal of their behavior. After this, what might they not do! And out there in the garden, what might they not be doing this very moment! He might be holding her hand. He might even, — he would n't mind the proprietor and the maids, perhaps, — he might even — even be pressing it! A little chill ran over Miss Bruce as the unmaidenly thought flashed through her mind, and she looked guiltily around in an agony lest some one had read it on her face. Everybody else looked around, too. Mrs. Pemberry raised her eyebrows till they were almost lost under her cap, and Miss Woodruff coughed deprecatingly, feeling somewhat incriminated from the fact that she had lent the offenders the countenance of her shawl.

Lady Bruce was the first to speak:—

"Do you understand that this is an ordinary proceeding for American young people, Mrs. Pemberry, — going out alone in this way at nine o'clock at night?"

Mrs. Pemberry lifted her hands in protest at the appeal. "Don't refer to me, please. I was never but five weeks in America, and then only in Nova

Scotia. I'm sure I don't know what may n't go on in the States. Almost anything, I believe."

"How can Mrs. Allison allow her daughter to do such things!" continued Lady Bruce. "Do you suppose she knows it? She seems a refined, well-bred woman, too. Anna, you'll remember never to be with Miss Allison again unless I am by. It's really scandalous to leave those two out there alone. Some one ought to go to them. If it were not for my rheumatism, I would go myself."

A merry laugh rang out near the window as she spoke. The pair were just passing.

"Yes, indeed," said Theo's high, clear voice. "*Riz de veau* five days out of seven is rather often, I admit."

"And the chickens," responded the gentleman with animation, — "don't you think it would be an advantage if they had fewer legs and more wings?"

And the voices passed out of hearing.

"If I were not afraid of stopping in the night air, I should certainly go outside to them," said Mrs. Pemberry virtuously. "But the girl can't come to any real harm, can she? After all, every one knows she's an American."

"That excuses a great deal," added gentle old Miss Woodruff conciliatorily. "Those two young things are certainly deeply interested in each other, — deeply; and one must make allowances for people in love. I dare say to stand out there under the moon and look in each other's eyes is bliss enough to risk everything for, even a sore chest to-morrow."

The voices were going by the window again.

"You don't mean it! The man cheated you!" Elsworth was saying. "Why, I only gave twenty-three francs for mine, and I thought that an awful price. Try the shop on the left-hand side next time," and distance swallowed up the rest.

"All I can say," declared Lady Bruce oracularly, "is that, if they are not en-

gaged, they ought to be. I never saw such devotion before, — he waiting on her every movement, without thought for another being if she is present, and she accepting it all in the most matter-of-fact way as her rightful due. Why, *of course* they are engaged.”

“Oh, I feel so much better,” said Theo from the door. “Miss Bruce, you ought to have come, too. You don’t know how nice it is outside, only all the couriers are smoking. Miss Woodruff, thank you so much for the shawl.”

Miss Woodruff took it back, with the smile of generous pardon difficult to withhold from an offender who has the grace to be young and pretty, while Lady Bruce rose austere, and carried off her daughter to the safe seclusion of their own apartments. Anna never dreamed of asking to be left behind, though there was a whole roomful of competent old chaperones, and only one young man to be chaperoned from. She followed her mother obediently upstairs, and sat for a long time pretending to read by the glimmer of an incapable lamp, which threw as dull a light upon her book as the book threw upon her brain. In reality she was wondering whether in that great and strange world over the seas, which seemed to be stocked so full of unappropriated young men, it could be possible that even plain girls — even ugly girls, she added stoutly to herself, catching a glimpse of her unattractive little face in the mirror — might stand a chance of winning from any one such lovely service as was now being laid at Theo’s feet. How gladly would she repay with her whole soul’s wealth but a tithe of such devotion as this! It was a great pity indeed that English people could not spend their winters sometimes in America, instead of always on the Riviera. Oh, what a land that must be, where life’s highest pleasures not only were never forbidden fruits, but were hung by a beneficent fate within convenient reach of even the

most timid hand! One could afford to be just a little barbarous, for the sake of being denizens of such a country.

The next day was Sunday, and, attended by her faithful cavalier, Theo came to church in the morning, looking prettier than any picture. Anna saw the couple the moment they entered, and colored high with interest, becoming immediately so wholly absorbed in them that she made sorry work with her responses, and at last forgot to turn over the leaves of her book as the service proceeded. It was surprising that Theo could look so innocent and unabashed all the time, though not even Miss Wright was there to support her. Once Mr. Elsworth leaned towards her and murmured something in the tiny pink ear next him, and the faintest gleam of a smile appeared on Theo’s charming face, followed by the lightest possible deepening of the delicate rose in her cheeks. Was she blushing at what he had said, or only blushing because she had smiled? And once, when some unprofessional chorister in the background added a few original and altogether unpraiseworthy notes to the anthem, Theo turned to Elsworth with a wicked little glance of intelligence. Anna watched the pair breathlessly, and wondered whether “Woman, wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?” got elaborately mixed up with the text in Theo’s brain, as it somehow did in hers.

The sermon, truly, was quite lost on poor Anna. It was a black-letter day for her morals. She felt as if she were reading a novel in church. But who could lay down so sweet a romance unread, when it was fate, not will, that thus enticingly turned the leaves?

Mrs. Pemberry joined Lady Bruce at the conclusion of the service. Theo and Mr. Elsworth were directly in front of them, as they all strolled slowly homeward along the sun-bright esplanade.

“Engaged, don’t you think so?” whispered Mrs. Pemberry, with a nod

of her many ribbons towards the pair in front.

"Unquestionably," answered Lady Bruce, quite aloud. "Ought to be, if they are n't. Anna, can't you keep up with us?"

Anna was lagging behind. It seemed indelicate to walk within earshot of that self-centred couple. Perhaps even Lady Bruce was moved by some compassionate instinct of the sort, for she presently quickened her pace, till her party not only reached Theo, but passed her by. Anna could not help catching a bit of their conversation in the moment of passing, though she conscientiously tried her best not to hear.

"Hot, was n't it?" from Elsworth.

"Awfully," from Theo.

"Hard seats, too."

"Yes. I wish I had stayed at home. There was sure to be a mail."

"That's so. The steamer's in. Let's hurry."

Oh, how silly to hurry home for letters when one could linger on such a tête-à-tête walk as that! Anna sighed. How little some over-blessed people appreciate Heaven's favors!

But that very afternoon, as she sat at the window of the reading-room, while Lady Bruce bent devouringly over the Times, undisturbed by the hungry gaze of an old gentleman who had been waiting already three quarters of an hour for the paper, Anna saw the fortunate pair starting out again for a stroll, Theo turning up her bright face to a window above to kiss her hand to her mother. Mrs. Allison certainly seemed to see no harm in her daughter's walking off all alone with a young man. Strange that two mothers judged so differently of the same thing, one deeming altogether right what the other deemed altogether wrong! But of course it is always one's own mother who knows best. That is what makes a line of action clear and easy to each daughter. Still Anna's eyes rested wistfully on the pair.

"Prettily matched, are n't they, dear?" murmured Miss Woodruff, drawing a fur cape closer around her neck, with the unconscious caution of a confirmed invalid, as she stretched out her head beside Anna's to look after them. "Very imprudent of them to go out in this wind; and likely as not, too, they'll forget that they should come in before sunset. But I suppose young people can't be minding doctors when they're in love. Foolish, foolish; but it seems they can't be separated a moment. I dare say they're going up among the olives."

Anna's heart beat high. Up among the olives! All alone, with that kindly, leafy screen shutting them out from unsympathetic eyes! "Do you think so?" she answered faintly. Through her mind there darted, like the glimpse of a painted picture, a possible scene under the gray old trees: two young people seated together on a bench not long enough for three, holding each other by the hands and not speaking for content. No wonder she blushed so hotly and turned away her head. "Do you think so?" she repeated, lower yet.

"I should think it natural," said Miss Woodruff, quite off her guard from her deep interest in the couple. "At least," she added hastily, recollecting her duty towards the uncontaminated young girl at her side, — "at least, it's *most* foolish and out of the way, and not at all to be recommended, my dear; but they're so wrapped up in each other, poor things, — see him buttoning her gloves; I almost feel as if we ought n't to look, — and they'll like to have a good, quiet talk, off by themselves, I doubt not. It's the way of young people in their state. It's a very foolish state, my dear."

"Good-by," called a cheery voice from some window out of sight. "Good-by, Theo."

"It's Miss Wright," whispered Anna.

Theo looked up, still holding out one gloved hand towards her knight, and

with the other tilting back her hat, the better to see her friend. "Oh, Nettie, do change your mind, and come too!"

"Can't. Letters to write," came down in decisive answer.

"Merely an excuse, I am sure," commented Miss Woodruff, reaching out her head still further in a vain attempt to see Miss Wright, too. "When one is at home one says headache, and when one is abroad one says letters. But it's kind of her to take their condition into consideration, utterly foolish as it is."

"So sorry," Theo called out skyward. "We are going to the public gardens. It's fun to see the crowds there. Good-by."

The picture in Anna's mind of the two alone beneath the olives was suddenly obliterated. Still, in a crowd, an Italian crowd, — and she rapidly reflected that English was not taught in the common schools, — almost as much might be ventured as in a tête-à-tête. Theo was still greatly to be envied.

"What do you suppose they talk about when they are off all alone?" she asked Miss Woodruff, in the convenient half whisper in which their conversation was conducted out of regard to Lady Bruce and the Times.

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed the good little old lady, scandalized at such an over-curious question, and hastily drawing in her head. "It won't do for us to imagine. They are Americans, and so of course not to be judged by our codes; but I really would n't like to guess. It's very improper, their being allowed off so beyond all restraint and oversight of their guardians, and I don't know at all what they may be saying under such circumstances; but I have a sort of idea," — she glanced around uneasily at Lady Bruce, and lowered her voice still more, — "of course I don't *know*, but I have a sort of idea that the young man must either be making her a declaration every moment, or at the

least paying her very open compliments, such as he would n't dream of doing in the presence of a mamma, they would sound so foolish. And compliments *are* foolish; remember that, my dear. They are always foolish, even when the mamma is n't by."

"But Theo," whispered Anna almost inaudibly, — "what could she be saying? She could n't be accepting him over and over again, you know."

"Well, no, she could n't. That is true," agreed Miss Woodruff, after a moment's consideration. "I don't see what she could be saying. Perhaps she only listens. But, as I said, it won't do for us to imagine it too closely. It's a very unhealthful subject for young girls. You should keep your mind clear of all such foolishness. And I think your mamma is wanting you."

It was an easy way for Miss Woodruff to be rid of the delicate subject. But Anna was absorbed, body and soul, in this one theme, and for her there was no escape from it, turn where she would. All the sultry afternoon she sat closeted in her own little room behind closed blinds, peering down stealthily through the slats. Her book lay unopened on her lap. If lost in reading she might miss seeing Theo as she came back. She was more than rewarded for the long watch, when at last the two returned, by the glimpse of a bunch of violets in Theo's belt that was not there before. Were these the first flowers he had ever given her? Violets were cheap on the Riviera, but oh how precious these must be! Doubtless as he gave them he told her that they were the color of her eyes, only less sweet, and less blue, and less perfect, as all things were less perfect to him than she was. Perhaps she permitted herself to smile back at him as he said it, unless, frightened at the love welling over in her heart, her lashes had drooped lower than before, and she had not dared to lift her head.

Surely, the next best thing to having a romance in one's own life is the living near some one else's romance, and poor little Anna felt very, very near to Theo's, — so near that it quite made her heart jump when they met. She wondered if Theo had made a confidant of her friend, and if so how it was possible for Miss Wright to look so unconscious and cool all the time, just as if no such lovely secret lay throbbing on her soul. For of course Theo and Mr. Elsworth were betrothed. Everybody said they were only waiting for the arrival of Mr. Allison for the engagement to be announced. And it was but a few days later, in fact when it was suddenly proclaimed that Mr. Allison was actually coming.

"He will be here to-morrow night," said Miss Woodruff, her gentle face all aglow with pleasure. "Theo told me just now, and you never saw such bright eyes and rosy cheeks. 'I dare say his coming means a great deal to you, my dear,' I said, very significantly. 'It's surely a great deal more than just your papa's coming back that brings such roses to these bonny cheeks.' The pretty creature stooped and kissed me, and laughed, and then ran away, redder than ever. Silly of her not to say anything, was n't it? But one can't expect sense of young people in love, and it'll be all settled now."

"Time it was," said Lady Bruce, — "high time. I hope they'll be married the day after. Then perhaps they can see enough of each other, which they don't seem able to do now."

But the very day of Mr. Allison's expected arrival a remarkable event took place.

Lady Bruce, with her docile daughter at her side, stepped into the reading-room on her way indoors from a walk, and quite ran into Mr. Elsworth, who, cap in hand, and arrayed unmistakably in traveling garb, was saying farewell to the two or three ladies present.

"Ah, Lady Bruce, I am glad not to

have to leave without saying good-by to you!" exclaimed the young man, coming up to her with his most cordial smile. "I am just off for Genoa."

"Indeed? How soon do you return?"

"I really can't say," he rejoined, smiling still more. "But it will hardly be again this season."

Lady Bruce drew back, and looked at him.

"What!" she said.

Her tone gave the monosyllable something of the character of a pistol shot. Anna looked to see the young man felled by it, but he merely shook his head in the most amiable way, and drew out his watch.

"Yes, — hardly again this season," he repeated cheerily. "I am to join friends, who are not thinking of coming this way. Perhaps" — he looked quite embarrassed all of a sudden — "you have all been so kind to me, perhaps it may interest you to hear what calls me away. You must congratulate me. I am going to Genoa to meet the young lady to whom I am engaged, and whom I am to marry next fall, so that whether I shall ever return here or not will depend, you see, upon a higher will than my own. However, I hope I may meet you all again some day. Good-by, Lady Bruce. Good-by, Miss Woodruff. Good-by, Miss Bruce. Good-by."

He shook hands heartily all round, including in his large good-humor a newly arrived old maid, with whom no one had as yet exchanged a syllable, and who was greatly taken aback at this exuberant cordiality; and in another moment he was off.

The group of ladies looked at each other in consternation.

"Well!" said Lady Bruce. "What has he done with Miss Allison? What does it all mean? And her father coming this very day!"

"Oh, the poor pretty dear! the poor pretty young creature!" sighed Miss

Woodruff, with wet eyes. "The wretch has broken faith with her. Oh, the unfeeling, cruel monster! the heartless scoundrel! To think of her pink cheeks last night, and her bright eyes! Oh, the poor pretty child! She'll be crying her sweet eyes out now up-stairs, locked in her room. To think there's no saying a word to comfort her! Whatever will she do? However will she look us all in the face again, and we knowing how it is? I said to her only last night, 'I dare say your papa's coming means a great deal to *you*, my dear,' and I said it *most* significantly."

Anna stood by, very white and silent. Was this, then, the cruel end of that lovely romance she had been watching from its beginning? Down to the profoundest depths of her compassionate heart, she pitied that poor girl up-stairs. Vividly as she had pictured the scene beneath the olives, she now pictured Theo in her desolation. How had he told her the cruel truth? Had he thrown it at her shortly, bluntly, unfeelingly, as he had thrown it at them, regardless of her pain? Had it nearly killed her to hear it, or had she been brave, as heroines sometimes are, and smiled up at him unflinchingly over her broken heart, as if listening to welcome news? Oh, but it was cruel, cruel! And she could do nothing to show her sympathy! Unless — what if she should lay a rose beside the girl's plate at dinner? She could slip it into place as she went by. Her mother and she were always down before the rest. Nobody need know who put it there, and perhaps Theo would feel a little comforted, finding so delicate a message of love from an unobtrusive friend. Comforted somewhat herself with the idea, Anna stole away into the garden to seek her flower. It must be very fair, very sweet, very perfect, that rose that was charged with so tender a burden of sympathy. She found it at last, after a long and patient search, and returned to the house just

as the omnibus drove up to the door from the station. There were but two passengers, one of them evidently Theo's father. Mrs. Allison had come down-stairs to meet him, all smiles and gentle gladness; and Miss Wright was there, too, with her American nose, and her wide-awakeness, and her air of encyclopaedical intelligence. Anna did not like to push by to reach the door, and so stood a little aside, timidly waiting till the greeting should be over, and holding her rose gingerly between her fingers, lest pressure should fade it.

The omnibus stopped, and almost before the passengers could alight a third figure sprang out from behind the others and threw herself into the old gentleman's arms. It was Theo. Was she laughing or crying on her father's neck? Anna's eyes dropped. How could she lift them to the poor girl's face, so dreading what she should see there?

But the other passenger, a handsome young fellow, much like a second edition of Elsworth, was bolder than Anna. He walked up to Theo, and standing directly behind her loosened her hands from her father's neck, and so drew her backward till he could look down into her face.

"Theo!" he said.

And right before everybody that strange and bold young man stooped and kissed her on the lips. Theo's face was rosier than the dawn, and her eyes were brighter than any stars, and she looked like one who had that very minute entered heaven.

In the hall there was the usual bustle of officious porters, and ubiquitous bags, and bowing landlords. Back of them all stood Lady Bruce.

"Miss Wright," she said, unceremoniously stopping that young lady on her way up-stairs after the others by lunging at her with her parasol, "is that young man Miss Allison's brother?"

"Bless you, no," returned Miss Wright, cheerfully, moving a step or two

out of reach of the dangerous weapon. "That's Theo's *fiancé*. Good-looking, is n't he?"

"And Mr. Elsworth? Pray, was he her *fiancé pro tem*?"

"Oh," answered Miss Wright brightly, "I always told you there was nothing in that. They were only good friends. Each one knew all the time that the other was engaged. It made it very safe and pleasant for them."

Lady Bruce gave an unaristocratic grunt. "And what name do you give such sort of devotion as theirs, if you please? It's a common thing in your country, I believe."

"Very common, indeed; rather often-

er than not," replied Miss Wright, unconcernedly, turning to follow her friends up the stairs. "Nobody means anything by it, and everybody understands. You might call it an American flirtation, if you like. *Au revoir*."

Just outside the doorway poor little Anna stood transfixed. Her rose had fallen to the ground, and the heel of the bold young man who had kissed Theo had crushed it quite out of shape as he passed by.

So nobody meant anything, and everybody understood.

Ah, could it be that if anything like that ever happened in her own life it would mean no more than this?

Grace Denio Litchfield.

CANADA AND THE BRITISH CONNECTION.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS summed up his conclusions upon the Future of Canada, in an article printed last summer in a Montreal newspaper, by saying that "at the present time there is not the slightest ground for believing that the subsisting connection with Great Britain is in the least danger of being dissolved." Sweeping as the statement is, it is probably quite true. Were any intelligent Canadian to be requested to name the most distinguishing national trait of his countrymen, the chances are that he would instantly respond, "Loyalty to the Crown." The people of the Dominion are never weary of repeating, in public and in private, at meetings, in the newspapers, and in conversation with casual acquaintances, their expressions of attachment to the mother country, and their unwillingness even to discuss the possibility of a weakening of the bonds between the dependency and the imperial government.

Nor is this a case of protesting too

much. There are known to be some Canadians who are persuaded that their country is not working out the highest destiny of which it is capable, but those who favor a change in the relation with Great Britain are very few in number and uninfluential. Moreover, there are sporadic and local outbreaks, like that in British Columbia a few years ago, and like the more recent one in Manitoba, which might lead superficial observers to think that no very strong provocation would be needed to bring about a general movement in favor of the independence of Canada. But these ebullitions have slight significance. The newspapers on the American side of the line make all that is possible out of them, which is not much. The men who participate in these movements are for the most part recent immigrants, who are neither strongly attached to Canada, nor burdened with a sense of responsibility for her past, present, or future government. The facility with which, when their real or their fancied grievances have been

redressed, they become obstreperously loyal suggests that their solemn threats of secession and revolution were not meant to be taken seriously. If we allow, however, to such outbreaks all the importance that might be claimed for them, it still remains true, so far as an outsider can discover, that not one Canadian out of a hundred has ever brought himself to the belief that a change in the relations between Great Britain and the Dominion would be desirable under any circumstances which may be classed as probable.

So much being admitted, it may be deemed presumptuous to maintain, nevertheless, that the imperial connection is an injury rather than a benefit to Canada. It seems to imply that a whole people, including statesmen and private citizens, are laboring under a delusion. It does not, however, really imply so much as that; for the willingness of men to adhere, conservatively, to things as they are causes them frequently to undervalue the arguments in favor of a change, if not to refuse to listen to such arguments; and the chance that this particular bond might not be snapped except by war may have disinclined Canadians even to consider what they might gain by separation.

What a Canadian may not do without forfeiting something as a penalty of his temerity, an American may do. Of course it is permitted to the people of the Dominion to believe that the motive that prompts a writer on this side of the line to present the argument is territorial cupidity. But annexation, or union, which is the better term, is no longer considered as a probable event of the future by our most flighty orators. There would inevitably be a strong opposition to the acquisition of Canada, were the Dominion to solicit admission; and the least symptom of unwillingness to join us would reduce the number of those who would favor the acquisition to the merest handful. No wise states-

man could support the measure. We have had experience enough with a group of States which, having tried to sever the ties which united them to the rest of the country, resumed their allegiance with great reluctance. To assume responsibility for the government of what would be the Ireland of America, should Canada become a part of the American Union except of her own free and unanimous choice, would be rash and imprudent to the last degree.

It is, however, no part of the present purpose to consider what the ultimate future of Canada should be, but to examine the effect upon her material interests of the relation in which she stands toward Great Britain, the limitations it imposes upon her freedom and her progress, and, briefly, the possibilities which a career as an independent country might open before her.

Canada is, with exceptions to be noted, a self-governing dependency of Great Britain. In the conduct of its domestic affairs but two restrictions are placed upon its sovereignty and supremacy. A Governor-General is sent out by the home government, which also reserves a right to disallow — that is, to give an absolute veto to — any act of the Dominion Parliament. Under existing circumstances, under any circumstances which are likely to arise, neither of these features of the Canadian constitution impedes the progress of the Dominion. The Governor-General represents the sovereign, and bears substantially the same relation to the Canadian legislature that the queen bears to the Parliament of Great Britain. Though he is governor, he does not govern. He accepts the advice of his ministers, who are responsible only to Parliament, in all matters of administration, and would act unconstitutionally if he acted otherwise. The government of the day and the Parliament exercise complete authority, and the Governor-General merely gives to their doings his official sanction. That

authority is nominally unlimited. The government raises money at its discretion in any amount, by taxation or by loan, and expends it for such objects as seem desirable. It establishes courts for the enforcement of its own civil, social, and criminal laws. As between its own citizens, it is conscious of no superior authority; for although the right of veto exists, the power is rarely exercised, and will never be employed in a way to cause irritation between the authorities at Ottawa and those at Westminster, until one government or the other is desirous of an excuse for separation. Canada will attempt to pass no law distinctly hostile to Great Britain, nor any which it expects to be disallowed, unless it is ready to dispense with British approval altogether by declaring its independence. On the other hand, so long as the imperial government sets a proper value upon its richest colony, it will not exercise the veto power capriciously. It may be said, therefore, that if the British connection is of no value in domestic affairs — and it would be difficult to specify wherein it is of value — it has not been, and is not likely to be, a hindrance.

The right of self-government at home, which has been, in the main, wisely employed, has made Canada a nation. But the privilege which independent nations prize more than any other, and which is more valuable than any other, Canada has not. Sovereign in all internal affairs, she has no voice whatever in regulating her foreign affairs. She is a part of the British empire. She is governed by all treaties made in the name of the sovereign, but really made by the prime minister and the foreign secretary of England, who are no more responsible to Canada for what they do or leave undone than they are to the people of Chicago. The very fact that Great Britain asks no help from Canada in men or money for the support of its army and navy, contributes nothing to the

defense of the Dominion, and shapes its general foreign policy without consulting Canadian wishes is proof enough that the foreign interests of the empire and of the colony are distinct, though they may not be adverse to each other. For Canada has interests abroad separable from those of the empire. Were it a free and independent government, it would make treaties with other powers different from those which are made, partly for her alone and partly for the whole empire, by the home government. It would not be doing justice to themselves for Canadian statesmen to assert that a British foreign minister could understand what Canada needs as well as they do, or that he would enter into a negotiation with as great spirit as would they, and with the same singleness of purpose which would animate them.

It is in the virtual prohibition upon Canada to have and pursue a foreign policy of its own, and to adopt such measures as from time to time might be expedient for the promotion of its own interests, regardless of the wishes of Great Britain, and in the ability of England to use the Dominion as a pawn in its own great game, that the weakness of the position of Canada chiefly consists. No doubt the people are aware of the resources which their country possesses. The subject is with them a frequent and a favorite theme. But if they know, also, what an advantage these resources, by their character as well as by their magnitude, might give them in dealing with other powers, they must be conscious of making a great sacrifice for the sake of the British connection. Their peculiar treasures are the finest fisheries in the world, immense tracts of valuable forest, and an unsurpassed wheat country. As Canada is at present situated, it derives no benefit whatever from these advantages, except the money return from the sale of its products. If it were an independent power, it might easily adopt measures

which would give to it certain advantages which it does not now possess.

For example, no Canadian is unaware that Americans desire fishing privileges in British waters, which the sovereign authority has the right to concede or to withhold. These privileges have been the subject of discussion, of negotiation, of treaty, of compensation, for nearly a century. The present arrangement — which will soon come to an end — is thoroughly unsatisfactory to Americans, but not so much on account of the amount as by reason of the form of compensation which this country pays, during a short term of years, for the privileges it has purchased. The Treaty of Washington was concluded under circumstances peculiarly favorable for Canadian interests. The government of the United States, having the Alabama claims on hand, was disposed to yield more than it would ordinarily, certainly more than it would after its recent experience, concede on this minor point of the fisheries; and Canada was directly represented in the joint high commission. It is not difficult to see that, when the subject comes up for discussion again, Canada's position will be less advantageous in each aspect of the matter. There is no other question than this, of any moment, between Great Britain and the United States. Should the imperial government treat this matter by itself, and yield to Canada all the benefits and compensation which may be made the price of a share in the fisheries, it can obtain no more than a Canadian minister might obtain; it is likely to get much less. For the British foreign secretary, or the British minister at Washington, is not to be expected to place as much value upon the privilege as a Canadian would set upon it; and the British government, with its manifold concerns of trade and commerce in all parts of the world, would be willing to concede more, and be more ready to come to terms, than would independent Canada, in order to

have no questions at issue with a country whose cordial friendship is so useful to it as is that of the United States.

It is not necessary to carry out this line of thought, for it is quite obvious that Canada itself knows its own interests best. To assert that the British foreign office can promote them better than they could be promoted by a Canadian statesman would be uncomplimentary to the latter. To assert that they would be more zealously advanced by a British minister would imply either a lack of patriotism on the part of Canadians, or a disposition on the part of the home government to sacrifice something of value to England to secure an advantage for one of its colonies; and the latter supposition involves a degree of self-abnegation on the part of the mother country which even the most loyal of Canadians will never expect.

But it is in the relations of Canada toward Great Britain itself that the chief objection to the existing connection lies, so far as commercial interests are concerned. Roughly stated, nine tenths of her foreign trade is with the United States and Great Britain, and this amount is almost equally divided between the two. At the best she can make a commercial treaty with the United States only with the consent of the mother country; in making and changing her relations with Great Britain she has no voice and no share. If one may draw any conclusion from the numerous attempts made, it was for many years desired, on the part of Canada, that there should be a reciprocity treaty between the Dominion and the United States. Whether the desire continues or not does not matter. Canada invariably met with complete indifference on the subject on this side of the line, but not because American merchants did not appreciate the value of a trade with Canada, nor because they would not advocate a treaty which would promote that trade; on the contrary, they would do much to secure a more

extensive commerce over the frontier. The reason was because Canada had nothing to offer in exchange for the admission of Canadian products into the United States free of duty. She might agree to reduce her tariff on certain articles of American manufacture, or to remove the duty altogether. But if she had done that she must have included in the same measure, and admitted on the same terms, the similar manufactures of Great Britain, and of all countries with which England had treaties of commerce. The only benefit America would derive from such a treaty would be the sale of a slightly larger amount, but not a larger percentage, of the whole quantity of goods carried into Canada, in case the lower duty stimulated imports.

To be specific: a reciprocity treaty would naturally admit free at United States custom-houses bread-stuffs, wood, unmanufactured lumber, fish, and coal. Though we were to place all these articles on the free list, as regards all countries, the benefit would go exclusively to Canada, which is the only large producer of either class of articles that could compete with our home supplies. On the other hand, we might sell in the maritime provinces a few more barrels of flour, and in Ontario a few tons of anthracite coal. What we wish to sell in Canada is our manufactured goods. To have even a slight advantage in that respect over Great Britain might be worth paying for by deranging our own revenue laws. But if the Canadian tariff is to be the same on English and American pianos, on cotton cloth from either Manchester, on cutlery from Massachusetts or from Sheffield, why should we care much whether that tariff be high or low? Canada, having found a state of perfect indifference on the subject of reciprocity in the United States, has turned its attention in another direction, and has adopted a "national policy" of protection to its own manufactures, with an avowed purpose of retaliating upon

the United States, and of recompensing this country for its illiberal commercial policy. The result has not been specially injurious to American trade, and no disposition to modify our sentiments on the subject of a reciprocity treaty has yet appeared.

Sir Francis Hincks, in the newspaper article already referred to, dismisses the idea that the power to make treaties for itself would be useful to Canada, in the most offhand manner. "The policy of civilized nations, with few exceptions," he remarks, "is to incorporate in their commercial treaties a clause known as the most favored nation clause. Were Canada independent it could not avoid agreeing to a similar proviso, and would therefore be unable to adopt the policy which has found favor with some of her prominent politicians." The statement is altogether too sweeping. If Canada, being independent, and putting the most favored nation clause into her treaties, were to agree with the United States to admit "coal" free of duty, no doubt it would be necessary for her to admit English coal free, also. But if she were to admit "anthracite coal" free, who would profit by it? The United States admits "Hawaiian sugar" free of duty without giving offense to Spain or to the Netherlands, upon whose Cuban and Javan sugar there is a heavy duty. Should Canada, as an independent power, desire to grant special trade privileges to the United States in compensation for other privileges received, she would find no practical difficulty in the way. In her present position she can do nothing whatever; but as a part of the British empire is required to observe the most favored nation clause, which has been imposed upon her without consulting any special interests she may have. The inability to regulate her own foreign affairs, or to change in any respect her trade regulations with Great Britain, is a real and serious disadvantage. It will continue as long as

the right to conclude treaties is withheld, and that right will never be conceded as long as the British connection is maintained.

Still another class of disadvantages must be mentioned as a result of this connection. It is certainly not regarded in Canada as a misfortune that the Dominion is enabled, by being a dependency of Great Britain, to borrow large sums of money on favorable terms; but there is too good reason to think that it is a misfortune, nevertheless. At all events, no candid Canadian statesman will deny that a huge and burdensome debt has been created, nor would he assert that it would have been incurred but for the facilities which the situation of Canada with respect to Great Britain conferred. A brief study of Canadian finances will be interesting.

On the 1st of July, 1867, when the act of confederation went into effect, the net debt was \$75,728,641. On the 1st of July, 1883, the last date to which the accounts have been published, the net debt was \$158,466,714. The net interest during the last year reported was \$6,603,387, being an average of \$1.52 per annum upon each inhabitant of Canada, according to the census of 1881. The expenditure for interest on the public debt by the United States during the same year was \$59,160,131, or an average of \$1.17 per annum for each person, according to the census of 1880. The following figures compare the situation of the two countries, as respects their debts, in the middle of 1883. The difference of a year in the time of the census is to the advantage of Canada in the comparison:—

	Canada.	United States.
Population	4,324,810	50,419,933
Net debt	\$158,466,714	\$1,538,781,825
Debt per caput	\$36.64	\$30.52
Net interest	\$6,603,387	\$59,160,131
Interest per caput	\$1.52	\$1.17

Canada had thus, at the date specified, created a debt, and was forced to pay interest upon it, imposing a heavier bur-

den, both of principal and of interest, than rests upon the American people. To say nothing of the fact that the relative wealth and resources of the United States are so much greater than those of Canada that the nominal difference expresses only partially the real difference in the weight of the burden, the debt of the Dominion is still constantly augmenting. About one half of the twenty-five million subsidy to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company remained to be paid over to the company in the middle of 1883. Last year, in addition to all that had been done before, a further loan of \$22,500,000 to the same company was authorized; and the end of the grand system of public works has not yet been reached.

Let us pause here, and consider that, while the American debt was necessarily incurred for the purpose of national self-preservation in war, the debt of Canada represents for the most part expenditures for public improvements in a time of peace. What are the works to which this vast fund has been devoted? Chiefly railways and canals which do not pay the bare expenses of operation. During the fiscal year 1882-83 the revenues of all the government canals were \$346,768; the expenses of operation were \$487,205. The revenues of all the government railways were \$2,541,205; the current expenses were \$2,636,552. The combined deficit was \$235,784. But to this deficiency should be added the sum of \$1,833,422, expended and charged to capital cost of the canals, and \$1,683,819, expenditure in construction and equipment of railways owned by the government. The Intercolonial Railway, 946 miles long, connecting the maritime provinces with Quebec, has cost the Dominion government more than forty-one million dollars. During the year 1882-83 its revenue exceeded its ordinary operating expenses by the insignificant sum of \$10,547.83, which would have been applicable to-

ward interest on the forty-one millions of cost, had not the Dominion spent more than a million and a half dollars in extensions, side-tracks, stations, rolling stock, and other capital charges.

The liberality of the government toward the Pacific Railway has been unbounded. A gift of twenty-five million dollars, and as many acres of land; a guarantee of three per cent. per annum for ten years upon its capital stock, now sixty-five millions, and to be increased to one hundred millions; and a loan of \$22,500,000, — these are the favors of the government granted to the company up to the present time. It is true that security has been given for the guarantee and for the loan; but that does not prevent the loss, in case the railroad should be unsuccessful, from falling altogether upon the Dominion government.

The object of incurring these enormous obligations was to cement the political union of the provinces and to consolidate the Dominion. That is an intelligible and a praiseworthy motive. But has not Canada paid an excessive price for what it has gained? Were it looking forward to an independent existence, perhaps not, for no one can blame a free and public-spirited people for assuming great burdens in order to insure their unity and strength. Canada, however, is still a dependency, and has no thought of separate national life. What it has accomplished and hopes yet to achieve by its magnificent extravagance in public works is surely of great value to Great Britain, but what is to be its value to Canada? The expenditure for the Pacific Railway — at all events, for that part of it beyond Manitoba — is the price paid for the union of British Columbia with the Dominion. Of what advantage is that union to the eastern provinces? In a commercial point of view, the benefit is as nothing compared with the cost of the railway. Is it then a political advantage, and if so in what sense? Whether the union

exists or not, the whole territory included within the Dominion and all the people inhabiting it are British. The prestige of Great Britain may be increased by the possession of a great country stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the railroad is to it a benefit strategically. But how does the railroad improve the political standing of Canada? Her fame in the world is not increased by it, and she is always remembered as a dependency. She gains nothing in her relations to England; she has no relations with foreign powers; she is not stronger or richer at home.

In short, Canada has expended vast sums to promote and cement a union which is beneficial to Great Britain, but not especially so to Canada. The statesmen of the Dominion, holding the views they profess, will hardly maintain that to be Canadian-British is something better than to be British. But if the political union which they have expended much money to secure is so valuable, should they not have all the advantages of it, instead of paying all the price and allowing Great Britain to derive all the profit?

As has been remarked, the creation of this debt has been assented to by the Canadian public in great measure because the British connection made it easy to borrow. It would be interesting to analyze the ideas of borrowers and lenders with respect to these loans. On the part of the Canadians there is, no doubt, an abiding faith in the richness of their country, and in their ability to bear even greater burdens than they have assumed. But there is something beyond this. There is a feeling that in case of need, and as the last resort, they can appeal successfully to England for help. That is what the imperial guarantee of a large part of the Canadian debt means, and it explains the readiness of the Dominion government to incur obligations recklessly. But however good may be the prospect that

Great Britain might afford temporary assistance to her colony, in case of urgent need, not only must the responsibility for all Canadian obligations rest finally upon Canada itself, but the imperial government will, as it has the power, enforce payment. No doubt the creditors of Canada have a confidence which is justified in the large resources and the good faith of the Dominion. But it is the power of Great Britain over Canada which they rely upon as their ultimate security, and it is that which explains the ease with which loan after loan has been taken on favorable terms. Had the case been different Canada would not have been able to borrow at such a prodigious rate, and a much more cautious and economical policy would have been necessary.

Turning to the effects of the British connection upon the growth of Canada, we can trace nothing beneficial to that connection. The Dominion has no trade which it would not have as an independent power. It has attracted no immigrants who have gone thither because it was a British dependency, except immigrants of the least desirable class. It has gained nothing in wealth by the connection. On the contrary, the habit of regarding England as "home" influences many persons to return to Great Britain with the wealth which they have acquired by trade in Canada. The result of the connection is to make the people British rather than Canadian. The sentiment of national pride is not destroyed, but it is weakened. Attachment to the country is a secondary matter, and the tendency is unfavorable to vigorous growth, because there are so many persons who regard residence in Canada as, not exactly an evil, but as something which is to be endured with good grace until a lucky stroke of fortune enables them to return "home."

The population of Canada has increased at a good rate, but not so rapidly that any part of the increase can be

attributed to the fact that the Dominion is British territory. Its growth, indeed, has been less, proportionately, than that of the adjoining territory on the American side. To illustrate this compare the population of Canada in 1871 and 1881 with that of a strip of territory on the south side of the border in 1870 and 1880. Take the three northern States of New England; that part of New York north of a line drawn from Troy to Binghamton, but including neither of those cities; the State of Michigan; the Territory of Dakota; and the Territory of Washington. The aggregate population of this imaginary district in 1870 was 4,487,290; in 1880 it was 5,357,520, an increase of 19.4 per cent. The population of what is now Canada was 3,670,676 in 1871, and 4,324,810 in 1881, an increase of 17.8 per cent. So that, although we have included in the American district the most sluggish States in the country, so far as growth of population is concerned,—because there is a constant drain from them into the newer States,—and although the district is formed so as to include no commercial city of the first class, the growth of that district has been more rapid than that of Canada. Washington Territory tripled its population in the decade, adding more than fifty thousand to the number of its inhabitants; British Columbia, according to the census, was stationary. Dakota increased nearly tenfold, and added 120,000 to her numbers; Manitoba increased a little less than sixfold, and added less than 55,000 to her population. Michigan's percentage of increase was thirty-eight per cent., while that of Ontario was only eighteen per cent. It is true that in the east the Canadian growth has been more rapid than has that of the corresponding territory in the United States, but even there the population is barely more than one third as dense as it is in Northern New England. The average population to the square mile in Maine, New Hampshire, and Ver-

mont is 27.5; in the four eastern provinces of Canada it is but 9.7.

The trade of Canada has not shown any remarkable growth during the last ten years. The exports of the Dominion in 1883 were but ten per cent. higher than they were in 1874. A more proper comparison, and one more favorable to it, is between the exports of 1879, the lowest in ten years, which were valued at 71½ millions, and those of 1882, the highest in the decade, valued at 102 millions,—an increase of nearly forty-three per cent. The imports of 1883 were three per cent. more than those of 1874. The increase from 1879 to 1883, when the lowest and the highest amounts respectively were recorded, was from 82 millions to 132½ millions,—sixty-one per cent. Compared with the much more steady growth of the trade of this country, the above figures are not favorable. Our imports in 1883 were twenty-seven per cent. and our exports forty per cent. higher than in 1874, and the increase from the poorest year to the best was in each case sixty-eight per cent.

Perhaps these comparisons, and others of the same class which might be made, are "odious." They are made, of course, not for the sake of depreciating Canada or of glorifying America, but merely to show that Canada derives no advantage in these respects from the British connection which is not possessed in a greater degree by her neighbor, which is independent. The inference is very strong that Canada herself would gain in population, in wealth, and in commerce by cutting herself loose.

Let us very briefly consider what would be the situation of Canada, starting out on an independent career. Can anything to be desired by a nation proposing such a destiny for itself be conceived which Canada has not? It has, in the first place, a perfectly defined boundary: the sea on three sides, and on the fourth a line accurately deter-

mined by treaty, arbitration, and survey,—a line, moreover, which is accepted through its whole length by the only government whose territory adjoins its own. Its people, more than four fifths of them natives, and more than one half of them members of families which are occupiers of land, are attached to the soil. They have been accustomed to self-government, and for seventeen years have been living together as a *quasi* nation. Their institutions are excellent in form and well administered; their laws form an intelligible and well-digested code, and public sentiment sustains their just and impartial enforcement. Canada is furthermore as well situated as is the United States to maintain itself free of entangling foreign alliances. It has the most peaceable and the least covetous of neighbors, and only one. The country has large wealth and varied resources, of which Canadians are even now justly proud and boastful, and of which, were they sole possessors of those resources, they could make much more than they have yet made of them. It has a foreign commerce of no mean importance, extensive shipping, admirable harbors, and well-lighted coasts and rivers. Having all these things, it has no enemy anywhere, and but one question—that of the fisheries—on which it finds it necessary to come to an early understanding with any other power; and even that question is only for how much it can sell an eagerly sought privilege.

Should it be said that, while it might be for the present advantage of Canada, in material things, to be free, the chances of a war are to be considered, the answer is easy. England's interests might force Canada to participate in a war with other countries; Canada's own interests could hardly bring her into collision with any country except the United States. But whereas Canada would inevitably be involved in any war between this country and Great Britain, no

matter what the occasion of it might be, her independence would secure her against hostilities on any account except her own. It would be insulting to Canada to suppose that she would reject independence on account of a fear that the changed relation would leave her defenseless against the attacks of a powerful neighbor; but it would be no less unjust to the United States to think that this country covets more territory, or has any but the most friendly feelings toward Canada, or cherishes the most remote thought of assailing the Dominion. Unless this is an untrue statement, the danger of being involved in war is far greater under existing circumstances than it would be if Canada were independent.

What remains? A sentiment, and certainly a very high and noble sentiment. That which we call patriotism, and which in monarchical countries includes loyalty to the sovereign, is one of the most elevating emotions of which the human heart is capable; and the deep loyalty of the Canadians is altogether to their credit. Yet it is by no means true that the highest manifestation of loyalty consists, necessarily, in devotion to the government as it is. History proves abundantly that, while conquests and revolutions and treaties have developed new nations and altered the map of the world times without number, the sentiment of patriotism has survived through all these changes. In-

deed, it has never been displayed in greater fervor and intensity than on occasions when it has employed itself in breaking down existing institutions and in rupturing existing national relations.

It is, therefore, — without offense be it said, — merely an accident that causes Canadian patriotism to assume the form of loyalty to the British crown. Should the national interest — for, after all, Canada is a nation — point in the direction of a dissolution of the political bands which have connected it with Great Britain, it would be the aim of the highest patriotism to effect that dissolution. The watchword, “Canada first!” is an assertion of the priority of Canadian interests. Were the time ever to come when the people of the provinces must choose between devotion to the crown and devotion to themselves, they would be highly unpatriotic not to act upon the principle, *Canada before all!*

In the present temper which prevails both at Westminster and at Ottawa the question cannot be presented in a form which will excite ill-feeling in Canada. Doubtless it would be extremely difficult, in the absence of an intolerable grievance, to persuade the people of the Dominion even to consider the advantages of separation. But that condition of the public mind is entirely consistent with the existence of overpowering reasons why it would be for the best interest of Canada to become an independent nation.

Edward Stanwood.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IN this Club I suppose we may have our little private fling at the editors. They will probably never read it. And besides, they doubtless have an Editors' Club somewhere, in secret, where they relieve their minds about us con-

tributors, and so get their revenge. There are two grievances I wish to mention: First, the apparent assumption by the editors that we are going to be vexed, or feel injured, at receiving back our small contributions of unac-

tive through having so much of this to do, — by being, as it were, a kind of returning board. But there really is no reason for its being ridden constantly by dark imaginings of our raving round our apartments, tearing our expensive note paper and saying disagreeable words. There may be exceptions, but certainly as a rule we do not do it. We feel only the meekest emotions when we take out of our post-office boxes these too, too thick envelopes, with the neat print of the magazine's address in the upper corner. Sometimes we almost wish this tell-tale print had been omitted; so much do we suspect the sprightly post-mistress of having mentally registered the correspondence, and the number of stamps on the rejoinder. As we look with an air of unconsciousness at the trivial remainder of our mail, edging our way unobtrusively through the knot of villagers who loiter about the post-office door, we wonder if she is looking out through the glass boxes, and reading our innermost reflections in the expression of our back.

So far from feeling shocked or outraged at the verdict, we do not even feel any surprise; unless it be a small sense of guilty surprise that we should have had the temerity to send away the things at all. So far from hating the editor, we always feel that he has done a kindly and Christian act in sending back our little unavailable efforts. Why should he? The green-grocer does not send back to the farmer his load of undesired pumpkins; nor does the farmer send away to the depot in his best spring wagon the peddler whose wares he did not wish to buy. Why should the editor be obliged to return the basketfuls — or what might have fitly become basketfuls — of offered pumpkins from Parnassus that are not "some," or the prose peddler's tinsel finery?

The second grievance is that the editors seem to fear that we shall not enjoy the printed circular that sometimes so

courteously accompanies our trembling manuscript home. But there are many painful situations in life where the least said the soonest mended. When Barnardine, in *Measure for Measure*, refused absolutely to "rise and be hanged," protesting, "You rogue, I am not fitted for 't,'" it was no doubt because the communication was made too effusively personal. If Abhorson had sent in a neat circular, he would probably have felt very differently about it. There may, again, be exceptions, even outside of boarding-schools and asylums for the mildly insane; but I avow that, so far as my own observation extends, we contributors prefer the editors' communications to be "yea, yea," or "nay, nay." I mean, of course, on that particular subject of our *Rejected Addresses*. On other topics, we should prize the largest utterance possible.

When we shall become very famous personages, and receive the distinguished pilgrim to smoke pipes with us in our awful attic sanctum, while the faithful wife keeps off the vulgar who stand without, then we may wish to talk and be talked to about our literary offspring. But oh! not now! Have we not studied whole nights on short methods for changing the subject, when approached on the theme of our modest productions? Only last month, when the magazines came to the book-store, did we not practice thirteen new ways of suddenly seizing on the subject of the weather?

— It seemed very like the theatre, as at the entrance designed for the public were presented little octagonal bits of pasteboard with printed inscriptions: "Entrée pour une personne. Chambre des Députés. Gallerie D." Still more did it seem so when our tickets were torn in two, a coupon returned to us, and we passed on by one scarlet and black memorial to another till we reached Gallerie D. At the top of the staircase our theatrical illusion was by no means dis-

D. At the top of the staircase our theatrical illusion was by no means dissipated; for there we were received by yet another scarlet and black menial, who held the door of Gallerie D tightly closed while he said in exactly the tone of a *Porte Saint Martin's ouvreuse*, intent upon *pour-boires*, "Will you not relieve yourselves of your mantles, mesdames? It is very hot in there. There is a great crowd."

There *was* a crowd. The gallery above us, like our own, was thronged. The séance of the day before had been so stormy that cards of admission had been in great demand for this afternoon's continuation of the same discussion. This subject was *l'interpellation* of the government upon the condition of its magistracy in the island of Corsica. This subject does not smell of fire and brimstone to the natural mind. It proved, however, a perfect mine of gunpowder among French legislators. It exploded parties out of all natural relations to each other, and resulted in the queerest of combinations: fragments of the extreme Left in affiliation with the extreme Right; Bonapartist and Radical embracing each other; Paul de Cassagnac and the fiercest Intransigent falling on each other's necks, and if not exactly kissing each other, at least ceasing to bite.

The interpellation originated in the Left wing of the Republican party, and its object in citing the ministry to show cause why its management of Corsican affairs should not be condemned was to overthrow the present cabinet for the chance of one of less conservative tendencies. An internecine fight in a party is of course the most delightful of spectacles to the opposition, which is therefore quite ready to help in every way to ferment the disorder. In this case poor Corsica was the bone of contention, and was so pulled and hauled about, so reviled and spat upon, by one side and another, in its morals and manners, that a Corsican deputy, M. Emmanuel Arene,

whose seat was next to that of Corsica's most active traducer, M. Andrieux, both of them of the extreme Left, kept jumping up all through his colleague's speech, like a Jack-in-a-box, in a continual sputter of contradiction and recrimination. Thus we had the curious spectacle of a speaker contemptuously howled at by one section of his own party while applauded from the opposition benches; a member of the extreme Left receiving applause from Monseigneur Frappel.

One's first impression of the Chamber is a very crimson one. But as the benches fill with deputies the upholstery disappears, and the Chamber becomes an arrangement in black and red. Its shape is a semicircle: the flat side is occupied by the president's lofty chair and desk, the orator's tribune below the president's, with the reporters' table below and in front of the orator's tribune. The benches of the deputies rise amphitheatrically, the upper row scarcely an arm's length below the lower of the two galleries devoted to spectators. The ministerial benches are the first three of the Centre, and are inscribed in large gold letters, "*Bancs des Ministres*."

There is little decoration except a large painting flanked by two rather superciliously smiling female statues above President Brisson's head, two gold-and-green panels over the crimson-draped doors through which the deputies pass, and very light gold ornamentation upon the white paint of the galleries.

Of course there were numerous clocks. We smiled in counting them. They reminded us of the *four* ticking away in our two rooms in the hotel, and striking all sorts of hours at all sorts of unreasonable times, in flat contradiction to every one of the countless timepieces striking in the rooms above, below, and each side of us. There were five clocks within our sight in the Chamber; we could only guess at the number there might be somewhere out of our sight.

Before the séance began we amused

ourselves with various frivolous observations. Thus we decided that there were more blonds upon the Republican benches than elsewhere, and a greater luxuriance of whisker. The best furnished heads—that is, hirsutely furnished—were those of the Centre, and among them white was the color most in wear. Upon the benches of the Right baldness and shiningness seemed the rule, amid which baldness and shiningness the wonderful black crop of Paul de Cassagnac and the purple velvet cap of Archbishop Frappel, always hobnobbing together, thrust themselves with striking effect. Archbishop Frappel is a fat old man in a black gown with red cords up the seams of the back of the body, and a purple scarf around the ample waist. He is decidedly a militant priest; too much so to be a self-possessed and effective orator. Once when we heard him speak in the Chamber upon the question of substituting affirmation in place of the legal oath, he waxed into such a tremendous temper in the tribune, and consumed so many glasses of beer before our very eyes, that he reminded us much more of a war-horse prancing in among the captains, and shouting, “Ha! ha!” than of a Christian priest. Paul de Cassagnac, the Creole swash-buckler, the unscarred hero of twenty duels, cannot get any further Right than he is, unless he moves out into the corridor. His seat is at the very end of the front row of *bancs de droites*. De Cassagnac was once a handsome man, so the tradition runs; but to look at him now tradition seems greatly to have flattered him. His back is hugely broad; not unshapely, but with the soft plumpness of encroaching flesh and retreating muscle. He is tall, swarthy, with ample mustache, and a marvelous black mane combed entirely back from his face, and of such dense blackness as to seem almost unnatural and unhuman. His skin and features are coarse, the *ensemble* that of

a bully cultivated into the appearance and manners of a perfect man of the world. That he is as irrepressible as ever is proved by the fact that he was incessantly called to order during this séance by President Brisson, whose patience finally gave way to the extent of inflicting two fines upon him, *avec inscription au procès verbal*.

Monsieur le Président Brisson, whose office is no sinecure, and whom we have sometimes heard with voice so broken by efforts to quell the noisy transports of the deputies that he could only whisper, is a tall, imposing-looking man in a dress coat. His head is gray, but his body is stalwart and vigorous; otherwise he would have been long ago forced into a better world, under the terrific physical strain of this. The little respect shown his authority by the more turbulent members is amazing to American eyes. The writer has seen him go through every dramatic expression of command, expostulation, entreaty, and finally even piteous supplication, extending his arms this side and that, crossing them despairingly upon his breast, striking his head, madly ringing his bell, beating the table with his knife; and all the time not a sound could be heard from his frantic pantomime, because of the howlings, screamings, vituperations, criminations, and recriminations raging upon the floor beneath him. During the recent debate upon the divorce bill the uproar at one time became so ungovernable that the president was forced to put on his hat and stand speechless and motionless before the astonished Chamber as evidence that nothing could be done with it,—that the séance was dissolved. At one time, during the séance at which we were present, M. le Comte Douville-Maillefeu, in a violent temper, stood, or rather raged to and fro, in the tribune. He had been called to order several times during the session, and was now attempting to expostulate against the president's

injustice in so doing while overlooking the interruptions of favorites. M. le Comte was so naive in his wrath, he banged and thrashed the tribune so like a passionate boy, was so generally infantile in his fury, that the whole house burst into uproarious merriment.

"I will not have you making fun of me! You have no right to grin while I am speaking!" screamed the tribune. Then more laughter from the deputies, more impotent rage from the tribune, till finally we saw M. Brisson, from his altitude above, bending down towards the tribune, whence M. Douville-Maillefeu reached up, both to every appearance shaking vicious fists in each other's faces, while not a sound amid the universal uproar could be heard proceeding from them. "They are going to fight!" exclaimed the lady next us. And indeed it looked so.

The first speaker was M. Andrieux, deputy from Arbresle, a former *préfet de police*. Once his radicalism found Blanqui's lukewarm; to-day he speaks in the name of Law and Order against the license of a conservative Republican cabinet! He is a gray-haired man, of the thoroughly French type, sallow and black-eyed, of middle age and middle stature, with the red ribbon upon his breast. He spoke fluently from occasional notes, with voice both sonorous and penetrating. He was evidently well prepared with charges against the government's administration in Corsica, and spoke two mortal hours, arraigning the ministry, — except at such intervals as he could not make himself heard, and calmly recuperated for another *élan* during the deafening uproar.

Sometimes an excited deputy would be laid hold of by a friend or two, and an animated private squabble would go on under the president's hail of rebukes and amid the larger general clamor. Mingled with it all the sharp ding, ding, ding, of the president's bell made confusion worse confounded, while unhappy

M. Brisson varied his ordinarily more virile attitude by pathetic appeals.

"Laissez parler, messieurs! Je vous en supplie! Laissez parler!"

"Who would imagine these the law-makers of a nation!" said an astonished-eyed American.

During this scene the ministers upon their central benches appeared to take no interest whatever in the proceedings. Jules Ferry, *blasé* and faded, looking older than his photographs, with a few hairs strained over the scalp and long, lax, tired-looking side whiskers, seemed half asleep. Beside him sat a gentleman, slightly more interested, — very slightly, — who made occasional languid notes. We thought him too young for a minister, and wondered to see him upon those benches. We wondered still more when, after M. Andrieux had descended, he calmly mounted the tribune to reply to him, and we discovered that this was the minister most virulently accused by the preceding speaker, the Minister of the Interior, M. Waldeck-Rousseau. M. Waldeck-Rousseau does not look more than thirty-five. His appearance is of striking elegance, without hint of foppishness; his manner cold, dignified and of perfectly haughty *aplomb*; his type medium blond, his stature above middle height, his figure moderately slender. He began to speak in a voice scarcely raised above conversational level, but was greeted by cries of "Plus haut!" from the Left benches. Notwithstanding this hint he made no apparent effort to be better heard, although by degrees his voice grew upon us, till its calm, dignified, even accents became infinitely more articulate to our foreign ears than the war-whoops of M. Douville-Maillefeu, the thick-tongued, half-lisping boom of Paul de Cassagnac. The minister's speech was chiefly a rebuttal of charges brought against the magistral administration in Corsica. The subject afforded no field for eloquence, even if M. Waldeck-Rousseau possesses

that gift, which his passionless manner seems to deny. We followed his self-possessed, easy diction with but scant interest, and certainly sympathized with the voluble lady near us who exclaimed exultantly, "We have well done to come to-day." A row is always more interesting than a debate."

M. Waldeck-Rousseau was not obliged to submit to quite so many interruptions as his predecessor, though those interruptions were numerous and vicious enough to disconcert almost anybody else than a French legislator.

It seemed curious to us that the deputies speaking from the tribune never address "M. le Président" as English and American parliamentarians address "Mr. Speaker." The deputies address each other, and stand with the president not only *above* their heads, but behind their backs. When the occupant of the tribune speaks of or to another deputy he rarely says "my honorable colleague from So and So," or "the member for This and That," but speaks personally of or to each gentleman by name. During M. Waldeck-Rousseau's occupancy of the tribune, M. Laguerre, a youthful and conspicuous deputy of twenty-six, ally and co-accuser with M. Andrieux called out, —

"You know that is a calumny while you are saying it!"

"M. Laguerre," called President Brisson, "you have used unparliamentary language. I call you to order!"

"I will not allow a minister to slander me in the Chamber any more than I will in the discourses he makes while traveling about the country," retorted M. Laguerre.

As, pale and exhausted, the minister took his seat beside Jules Ferry, the volcanic Comte Douville-Maillefeu rushed into the vacated tribune. Fairly forced from it by the derisive laughter of the Chamber, he was followed by Paul de Cassagnac. De Cassagnac looked fat and slouchy in the tribune,

of careless carriage and *insouciant* manner. He gave forth a thick-voiced grumble — "full-throated," but not in the least like "laughter of the gods" — against President Brisson for showing partiality toward M. Waldeck-Rousseau in permitting him liberties of speech restrained from M. Andrieux. Here was one of the curiosities of this *séance orageuse*, a member of the Extreme Right quarreling for the right of free speech for a member of the Extreme Left!

It was half past six when the séance was suspended. MM. les Députés rushed pell-mell from their places, like hungry schoolboys kept beyond their dinner hour. As we came out from Gallery D we saw the scarlet and black menial delivering cloaks and gathering in his harvest of francs. As we also presented our pour-boires and possessed ourselves of our umbrellas, we certainly seemed to be leaving some place of lively entertainment rather than a legislative assembly.

— A pleasant study in human nature is to ascertain the estimate formed of each other by any two persons of like mental and moral status. Commonly, such mutual reflectors are little in love with their mirrors. This was notably the case with the Two Georges. If similarity of trait and habit make for amity, there was every reason why these two should have been most favorably inclined each towards the other. On the principle that misery loves company, it might seem that the bond between them should have been indissoluble; though the question arises, Were they indeed miserable? On the theory that two of a trade cannot agree, the deep-rooted prejudice which existed between them is more easily explicable, — though I am reminded that neither individual had ever mastered a trade.

The Two Georges — such was the joint title which they had acquired in their native village — were privileged characters of the *roi fainéant* order.

Free and idle, with the civic irresponsibility of the sluggard king, they might have been seen, and were often seen, in all the favorite haunts of the village, among which were included the post-office, the grocery, the steps of the town hall, and a particular corner fence that had always afforded excellent leaning facilities to the possessors of bodies inert and spirits unweariedly speculative. The Two Georges, it must at length be said, belonged to that class of humanity which a rustic euphemism of mild negation characterizes as "*not overly smart*." While there may have been those accounted of whole wit who found entertainment in "*bantering*" these "*half-witted*" ones, the latter were generally treated with kindly consideration for their infirmity. But the odium existing between the two themselves was of an extreme degree, neither being able to put up with the feeble intellectual calibre of the other. "He's a fool, and I can't bear a fool, nohow!" George I. was wont to declare, referring to George II. This opinion was fully reciprocated by George II., who was known to have pronounced his compeer "*commompos mentis*,"—an epithet which, I suspect, had been recommended by some one or other of the whole-witted.

It was remarked that this mutual antipathy affected the entire walk and conversation of the Two Georges. To cover with derision and discredit any statement made by the other was the particular delight of each; if one expressed preference, the other was moved to excessive dislike towards the object in question; and the opinion of each regarding any matter of local interest was at once determined adversatively, upon learning what was the other's view. While George I. was a strenuous supporter of Republican principles, George II. held as tenaciously to those of the Democratic party; and I have heard it said that the two debated political measures with very nearly as great sagacity

as was observable in many whose vote could never be "*challenged*."

In this singular feud there was that which resembled the nature of a profound attachment. When, in course of time, death took the one, the other exhibited every sign of the deepest melancholy; but whether this melancholy should have been attributed to grief, or merely to the satiety of an existence no longer made relishable by antagonism, cannot, at this remove in time, be asserted with any certainty.

— I wonder why it is that blue flowers are so few in proportion to red, yellow, and white ones. It may seem as foolish to ask the reason of this simple natural fact as to question why the sky is blue or the grass green, and yet there must be æsthetic laws governing the production of beauty in the visible world. I think I am not mistaken about the fact of the comparative scarcity of blue flowers, either wild or cultivated. I have no very wide acquaintance with the flowers of the woods and fields, but according to my observation white, vivid red, and yellow are the prevailing colors, together with a smaller number of pink and purple blossoms. White and yellow flowers bloom all through the season, from the anemone and dandelion of early spring to the wild carrot and golden-rod of the later summer. There is surely an artistic design perceptible in the natural succession we see, which harmonizes the delicate tints of the early-coming flowers, the arbutus, laurel, wild azalea, and wild rose, with the tender green of spring foliage and the soft blue of spring skies, and again assimilates with the glowing sunshine and the richer green of summer the intenser tones of golden-rod and sumach berry, purple aster and thistle blossoms.

In driving about these Connecticut uplands I have noticed this season several blossoming weeds I was not before familiar with, mostly of varying shades of yellow. One of these is the clustered

blossom of the *wild tansy*; another, having a delicate little head nodding like a columbine, on the slenderest of stems, I have called the "fly-catcher," or wild lady-slipper. Two others are as yet nameless for me: one with a bright canary-colored flower starred over a bush looking not unlike the English gorse, while the other, more rarely found, is brilliant with a clustered mass of reddish-orange or orange-red. The dwarf sunflower, which children sometimes not inaptly name "Black-eyed Susan," is blazing everywhere, and my favorite golden-rod, waving its graceful plumes, "fringes the dusty road with harmless gold." Here and there appears a wild orange lily, and in almost every farmhouse "yard" tall groups of flaming "tiger" lilies, which have an excellent æsthetic value in juxtaposition with the soft gray of weather-painted old houses set back among the maple-trees. Nature orders that all these gorgeous yellows shall be contrasted with a due proportion of purple, in the wild aster (or "Michaelmas daisy" of England), the downy thistle blossom, the pinkish-purple lobelia, and other weeds whose names I have not discovered. To my great satisfaction, I lately came upon the royal-hued cardinal flower; at first but a single, half-opened spray, which it cost me a wetting to pluck from its moist bed. Since then I have found a glowing mass of it in the shadow of a wooded bank overhanging a little lake unromantically known as North Pond. Let me in passing pay a tribute to the picturesqueness of this sheet of water, connected with two larger ones by channels so narrow that a row-boat must work its slow way through by careful paddling and poling from either side. The longer of these channels throws light and shade in the most charming fashion, the clear brown water reflecting the tops of the tallest trees upon its edge. Each curve presents a new and lovely picture, — a tangle of wild green-

ery closing in about the base of thin-stemmed, light-foliaged trees; here and there the bare gray trunk of one prone among the undergrowth, and clambered over with bright vines, or fast falling to decay and leaning across the stream to rest its bent head against a brother still erect and strong. One could fancy the little creek a Louisiana bayou; the scene, indeed, in its wildness and silence, might have been almost anywhere as well as in this old-settled State. It was just too late in the month for us to gather the beautiful white pond lilies from the lake, and the thickly wooded shores yielded the sight of no other blossom than the cardinal flower I have mentioned.

The love of flowers seems to be universal, and the cultivation of them in tiny garden patches or in a few pots upon a window ledge the sole æsthetic indulgence of thousands of poor folk in town and country. How one wishes that country people grasped more enjoyment from the beauty within their reach! A poet sings, —

"I said it in the meadow path,
I said it on the mountain stairs,
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares."

This is true, no doubt, yet with qualification. After the joys of the domestic affections, the love of natural beauty is a source of pure and unfailling delight, open to a greater number than perhaps any other; but this love does not spring up and grow in people without education, any more than the love of art does. In regard to either there must be a certain fund of native sensibility to work upon, and the rest is developed and refined by cultivation, by intimate acquaintance with the things which minister to the æsthetic sense. Hard-working farmer folk have small time to spare for anything beyond the routine labors of the day. Yet this one pleasure is within reach, if they but knew enough to seize it. Their imagination

and their powers of reflection upon subjects not of direct practical importance are, however, so unused and undeveloped that it is safe to say the mass of them pay as little heed to the natural beauty about them as the oxen that draw their ploughs. It is not mere familiarity with the scene they live in that breeds this neglect of its beauty, but their eyes have never opened to see it. They feel in a half-conscious way the pleasantness of clear sunshine and soft airs, but do not pause in their sowing or reaping to look at the lovely gold-green light filtering through the tree branches, or the soft blue shadows

over in the misty hollow of the hill, or the rich contrast of their yellow grain fields with the dark green of the wooded slope beyond. Could they only have learned to take in all this simple beauty, what a refreshment to mingle the sense of it with the toil of the working-day! Would it not be a missionary labor worthy to absorb the life of a true lover of his kind to go and dwell among these people, whose existence is so narrowed and whose powers of enjoyment are so stunted and starved, and teach them to know this one unbought delight and make it theirs for the enlargement and refreshment of their minds and souls?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Illustrated Books and Books on Art. Shakespeare's *The Seven Ages of Man* has again been made the subject of illustration by Church, Harper, Shirlaw, Frost, and others. (Lippincott.) The illustrations are photogravures from original paintings, a process which keeps something of the painting quality, yet lacks firmness of outline. The treatment of the several subjects is unequal. Mr. Church's nurse and child is graceful, and Mr. Frost's *Justice* repeats the character cleverly. But are they photogravures? The same designs are issued in a smaller form as engravings on wood. The comparison of the two forms is interesting for the hint it gives of how an engraver may either help or harm. Mr. Shirlaw's second childhood, for example, gains in definiteness in engraving, and Mr. Hovenden's in color, but Mr. Church's loses in richness. — *Picturesque Sketches*, comprising architectural sculpture, statues, monuments, tombs, fountains, capitals, cathedrals, iron-work, details of ornament, etc. (Osgood), a series of twenty-six plates in a case. It is difficult to see on what principle of selection the subjects are taken. Good, bad, and indifferent objects are huddled together, and all rendered commonplace by some inferior process of reproduction. The plates are useless for any study of detail, and the drawings are too undecided to have any picturesque value. — *Gray's Elegy* (Lippincott) is a new edition of a work already recorded here, with no addition that we can discover. — *The Wagoner of the Alleghanies*, by T. B. Read (Lippincott), is illustrated from drawings by Hovenden, Fenn, Gaul, and Low. The engravings have a hard, metallic character. Whatever dreaminess there may have been about Mr. Fenn's illustration "Vague as a vessel in a dream" has been

resolutely waked up in the engraving. — *Marmion*, by Sir Walter Scott, has been issued by J. R. Osgood & Co. in an illustrated edition, on the same general plan as *The Lady of the Lake* and *Tennyson's Princess*, but a somewhat bolder style of work seems to have been adopted. — *The Art of Life and the Life of Art*, by Alexander F. Oakey, appears in Harper's Franklin Square Library, with a number of effective illustrations, and comprises several short essays which deal with the relation of art and life in an honest anti-commercial spirit. — Austin Dobson's *Thomas Bewick and his Pupils* (Osgood & Co.) is a delightful bit of art and literature. Mr. Dobson's appreciative text is illustrated by nearly a hundred specimens of Bewick's work. — *The English Illustrated Magazine* for 1884 (Macmillan) makes a handsome volume. England evidently does not mean to let the American illustrated monthlies have the field all to themselves. — *The Art Year Book for 1884* (John Mason Little) is among the most artistic volumes of the season, and in point of variety and workmanship sets a handsome example to the makers of conventional holiday books. — Mr. Bouton sends us the *Illustrated Catalogue of the Luxembourg Gallery*, containing 250 reproductions after the original drawings of the artists, engravings, and miscellaneous documents, edited by M. Dumas. The execution of the process plates compares unfavorably with American work. The letterpress is better than usual, a brief historical sketch of the old Luxembourg palace being especially interesting. — M. Racinet's valuable work, *Le Costume Historique* (Bouton, New York), has reached its fifteenth part. Many of the plates are marvels of color-printing.

History and Politics. A History of Presidential Elections, by Edward Stanwood (Osgood), is a very convenient hand-book, which gathers into compact form all that one can desire to know respecting the mode in which our electoral machinery has worked. It contains the text of party platforms and a great deal of political matter which it would be hard for any student to collect from the various ephemeral sources. — Contemporary Socialism, by John Rae, is a historical survey of the subject by a clear-headed man who is in sympathy with the people from whom socialistic movements spring, but critical of the philosophy which they have adopted. (Scribners.) — The Conventional Lies of our Civilization, from the German of Max Nordau (L. Schick, Chicago), on the other hand, is a somewhat virulent attack from the socialistic side upon the various outgrowths of civilization. The author is for plucking up by the roots all the tares, regardless whether the wheat comes up or not. — The True Issue is No. XVI. of Questions of the Day. (Putnams.) Its subject is Industrial Depression and Political Corruption caused by Tariff Monopolies, by E. J. Donnell, who calls for reform in the interest of manufacturers, farmers, and workmen. The tract bristles with italics and small caps., and Mr. Donnell calls so many names that he makes one doubt if a debater so heated when treating of economic subjects can be trusted to keep carefully within the lines of reason and fact. — The Standard Silver Dollar and the Coinage Law of 1873, by Worthington C. Ford (Society for Political Education, New York): a tract of a different order, written by a man who goes carefully to work with his facts, and labors to convince the reasonable man. — Reforms, their difficulties and possibilities, by the author of Conflict in Nature and Life. (Appleton.) The writer is a man of conservative habits of thought, who recognizes the value of institutions, which have been the slow growth of generations, while at the same time he is ready to acknowledge the defects which weaken them. He occupies a middle ground, and endeavors in the various questions of labor, finance, and society to point the way both to preserve and to correct. Such writers are rarely heeded, but this one is worth attention. — The Man versus the State, by Herbert Spencer, contains four papers contributed originally to the Contemporary Review. (Appleton.) Mr. Spencer perceives a tendency in politics to give to the state a tyrannical power, and to check the freedom of the individual. His message is a warning to democracy, but does he take into account sufficiently the immense advantage given to the individual by the increased facility of combination and the greater ease of breaking up combination? Certainly, if political experience in the United States teaches anything, it teaches the flexibility of society, the increasing power of leagues for the accomplishment of definite ends, and the lessening power of party to enforce allegiance. — Social Problems, by Henry George (John W. Lovell Company, New York), is a new edition in cheap form. — In the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science a very interesting number is Dr. Edward Channing's paper on Town and County

Government in the English Colonies of North America. (N. Murray, Baltimore.) Dr. Channing shows very clearly the connection between the English parish and the New England town. — The Policy of Protection, by Charles A. Murdock (Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco), is a mild plea for the continuance of a protective policy. — Protection and Free-Trade To-Day, at Home and Abroad, in Field and Workshop, by Robert P. Porter (Osgood), is a more vigorous plea of the same sort. — Protection and Communism, a consideration of the effects of the American tariff upon wages, by William Rathbone. (Putnams.) Mr. Rathbone, who is a M. P., contends that in free-trade England's wealth is becoming more widely dispersed, while in protective America it is becoming massed in a few families. But the fact in America certainly is that the day of great fortunes for the few is passing by. There must therefore be other causes at work than those which can be referred to the two policies. — The Ancient Empires of the East, by A. H. Sayce. (Scribners.) Mr. Sayce has attempted in this volume to give his readers the benefit of the latest discoveries. He writes in the spirit of the new learning, which does not see this subject through a strictly classical atmosphere, yet is well equipped in the best that Greece and Rome can give. — History of Gustavus Adolphus, by John L. Stevens. (Putnams.) Mr. Stevens was at one time United States Minister at Stockholm, and used his opportunity for becoming acquainted with his subject at first hand. He treats his work modestly, and evidently has labored to make it fair and truthful. Perhaps on this ground one should forgive the writer for being a little dull in his style. — Women under the Law of Massachusetts, their rights, privileges, and disabilities, by Henry H. Sprague (W. B. Clarke & Carruth, Boston): a careful summary, under heads, of the statutes relating to the subject, accompanied by slight comment, but the whole cast in a form to render the pamphlet of great value to those who would understand the exact standing of woman before the law. Mr. Sprague's conclusion is that, with a few amendments, woman's position in Massachusetts may be regarded as an unusually favored one. — Icaria, a Chapter in the History of Communism, by Albert Shaw, Ph. D. (Putnams.) Icaria is a community founded by a Frenchman, Etienne Cabet, who set sail in 1848 with sixty-nine followers, landed at New Orleans, and thence went to Texas to lands near Dallas, which had been bought for the enterprise. The place chosen was unsuited, and after various vicissitudes a remnant of the company settled in Iowa, and last of all in California, where the organization still continues. The story of this enterprise is admirably told, and the book throws a good deal of light on the philosophy of communism. — Fifty Years' Observation of Men and Events, civil and military, by E. D. Keyes (Scribners): an entertaining volume of reminiscences, in which Scott, Sherman, Thomas, Grant, Lee, Washburn, and lesser men are described with considerable picturesqueness by a frank and generous soldier. There are many descriptions of historical events which will be valuable hereafter to

those who write history and need the testimony of eye-witnesses. — History of the Andover Theological Seminary, by the Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D. (Osgood) : a valuable work, long in MS. in the hands of both the Woods, and now printed by a grandson of the first professor. The documents and other papers are not the least important part of the book, which will be welcomed for the light it throws on a tangled controversy. — Mr. Motley's work has been both of advantage and of disadvantage to Mr. Alexander Young in writing his History of the Netherlands. (Estes & Lauriat.) Mr. Motley has undoubtedly made his task easier, though this new book makes use of new material and also of criticism on the earlier work; but, on the other hand, Mr. Young stands under the shadow of a great name. His book, to be sure, is briefer, but it will inevitably be drawn into comparison. It will not suffer in one respect, for its clearness of language and straightforwardness of style are more agreeable to many readers than Motley's high color. It also brings the subject to date, and altogether one would have to go far to find so business-like and interesting a history within the limits which Mr. Young has set himself. It is a pity that the cuts could not have been fewer if they were going to be so poor.

Theology, Exegesis, Biblical Studies, and Philosophy. Dr. Mark Hopkins, long the president of Williams College, was wont to preach at every Commencement a sermon to the graduating class. In these sermons he gave as good an example of his method in treating philosophical religious themes as can be found in any of his writings. The sermons, moreover, were charged with a personal feeling, always earnest but always subordinated to the theme. He has collected twenty of these sermons under the title *Teachings and Counsels* (Scribners), and it would be hard to find twenty discourses by one writer of the day of more comprehensive thought and more practical in their bearing. — Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible appears in a new form, a compact volume of 800 pages, in which Rev. F. N. and M. A. Peloubet have tried their hands at bringing the work into a shape most useful to Sunday-school teachers. It might have been condensed still further by the omission of the pious reflections and a good many of the cuts. — Manual of Biblical Geography (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago) : a much more serviceable book than the last, and well adapted to aid teachers and pupils in a thorough and systematic study of Bible history upon a geographical basis. The maps are clear, and the whole work has grown out of practical experiments in the class-room. — An Outline of the Future Religion of the World, with a consideration of the facts and doctrine on which it will probably be based, by T. Lloyd Stanley. (Putnams.) Mr. Stanley looks for a world's religion which will rest mainly on the teachings of Christ, but he seems to disregard the central teaching of all as regards the personal relation of Christ to God and man. — The Reality of Faith, by Newman Smyth (Scribners), is a series of sermons looking toward a new adjustment of Catholic belief with modern terms. The book has all the writer's persuasive

rhetoric and large disregard of stumbling-blocks. — Correspondences of the Bible. The Aynials. By John Worcester. (Massachusetts New Church Union, Boston.) A new edition of a thoughtful book, in which the writer, in the light of Swedenborg's faith, turns the natural world into a spiritual parable. — The Native Religions of Mexico and Peru, by Albert Réville, translated by P. H. Wicksteed (Scribners) : a volume of lectures on the Hibbert foundation. The study of these religions gives the author an opportunity to make certain comparisons, and to confirm himself in the belief that the religious nature is immanent and indestructible. "It teaches us," he concludes, "that there is a principle, bordering closely upon that of religion itself, which must serve as the torch to guide the religious idea in its development, — not to supplant it, but to direct it to the true path. It is the principle of humanity." — Simon Peter, his Life, Times, and Friends, by Edwin Hodder. (Cassell.) It is a little odd that while Paul has had his life written a thousand and one times Simon Peter should have had to wait patiently for his turn. The material, of course, is not so abundant, but the character is quite as striking; the situations, indeed, are far more dramatic. Mr. Hodder treats his subject as if he were personally interested in it, and has made a readable, sensible book. — The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of his Origin, by John Fiske (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.) : a suggestive little book, in which immortality is considered by a student who examines the subject by the aid of the theory of evolution. His treatment of infancy is singularly fresh and thoughtful. — Occident, with Preludes on Current Events, by Joseph Cook (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), merely uses the circumstance of travel in Europe for the exploiting of views in philosophy and religion. Mr. Cook travels far in his thought, but constantly comes home to make a fresh start.

Biography. Some Heretics of Yesterday, by S. E. Herrick. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The heretics are the great Protestants, exclusive of Luther; the term being used not technically, but to include such churchmen as Savonarola and Tauler. Mr. Herrick sets before himself no severer task than to tell over again in brief form the stories of a dozen or more of these men, but he does it with an animation and an interest in his subject which commend the book, and the adoption of a chronological order makes the volume a running commentary on Protestantism. — The Letters and Times of the Tylers, by Lyon G. Tyler. In two volumes. (Whittle & Shepperson, Richmond.) The Tylers are Judge Tyler and his son John Tyler, the President. The piety of a descendant has produced a full and minute biography, involving a discussion of historical subjects with which the two men were connected in a greater or less degree. The work, of which the first volume only has appeared, promises to be monumental in character, and the diligent student will find a good deal of local history which will interest him. Judge Tyler also, whose life occupies the former half of the first volume, offers a good picture of a Virginian gentleman. — Another campaign life of Cleveland, with a sketch of

Hend icks, appears in Lovell's Library, by Deshler Welch. The writer is not fulsome, but like previous biographers makes liberal use of Governor Cleveland's public papers. — Some Literary Recollections, by James Payn (Harpers), is an interesting little book, written with as much candor and modesty as can be expected of a man who does not leave his memoirs for other folk to print. Like all English books that especially require an index, this has none.

Natural History and Travel. The Fishes of the East Atlantic Coast, that are caught with hook and line, by Louis O. Van Doren; including the Fishes of the East Coast of Florida, by Samuel C. Clarke (The American Angler, New York): a series of chapters originally contributed to the Angler by men who are sportsmen rather than commercially interested. The writing, like that of all enthusiasts, has humor, intentional and unwitting. In speaking of the menhaden, so useful for bait, one of the writers says, "The great use the menhaden are put to is in making fish oil, and right here lies a very threatening danger to our coast fishing. Seine nets are made that cover acres. Fast-sailing steam tugs scour the shoal waters of the coast at all times and seasons, and with one haul of the nets, worked by huge engines, countless thousands of the defenseless menhaden are taken. In this way, in season and out of season, thousands upon thousands of the most important bait fish that swims are ruthlessly slaughtered to serve the pleasure and avarice of greedy capitalists, among whom it would be safe to bet there is not an angler." — A Naturalist's Rambles about Home, by Charles C. Abbott. (Appleton.) The home is in New Jersey, and Mr. Abbott, without straying from it, has presented the results of his observations in some forty interesting chapters. He is not a literary scientist; that is, his first object is not to turn a graceful sentence; but he is a close observer, an interested narrator, and his writing is free from technicalities. Altogether the book is a capital one, which young people will read with avidity and older readers will find equally attractive. — Country Cousins, Short Studies in the Natural History of the United States, by Ernest Ingersoll. (Harpers.) Mr. Ingersoll writes partly at first hand and partly at second hand. His book lacks, therefore, some of the freshness of Dr. Abbott's, and while much of his matter is interesting there is often a lack of simplicity and directness, a wordiness in short, which renders his book occasionally unnecessarily tedious. — Our Birds in their Haunts, a popular treatise on the birds of Eastern North America, by Rev. J. Hibbert Langille. (Cassino.) The author does not lay aside his cloak altogether, but the reader of his preface will be misled if he fancies that he is constantly to be reminded of the argument for design. On the contrary, the book is a readable account of birds in widely remote districts, and is drawn much more from personal observation than from books. — Life and Labor in the far, far West, being notes of a tour in the Western States, British Columbia, Manitoba, and the Northwest Territory, by W. Henry Barneby. (Cassell.) One ought to read this book on a long, long, weary day. As a hasty series of letters writ-

ten home to one's wife it has some excuse, but the writer makes little discrimination between the trivial and the exceptional, and occupies his pages with a good deal of detail which supplies one with little real knowledge of the country traversed. — Descriptive America, a Geographical and Industrial Monthly Magazine. (George E. Adams & Son, New York.) The August number, devoted to Michigan, has reached us. The somewhat unwieldy form of the magazine appears to offer convenience only to tabular views, but the general plan of such a magazine is well adapted to give a rapid survey of the features of the several districts of the country. A State, however, is rather a large field for one number. — Ten Days in the Jungle, by J. E. L. Cupples, Upham & Co.: a simple, unpretending narrative of personal experience in a journey from Penang, told in the form of letters.

Fiction. Where the Battle was Fought (Osgood) is the title of the first novel published by C. E. Craddock, whose stories collected under the title of In the Tennessee Mountains are already familiar to readers of The Atlantic. — A Yankee School-Teacher in Virginia, by Lydia Wood Baldwin. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The title-page further describes the book as a tale of the Old Dominion in the transition state, and the scenes are carefully studied, — too carefully, one might think, for entire freedom and naturalness. Nevertheless, the freshness of the subject compensates for what might otherwise be only a conventional tale. — The Children of Issachar, a story of wrongs and remedies (Putnams), has its scene also laid in the South after the war. It is a confusing *mélange*, in which a purpose struggles through, intelligible apparently to the author, but somewhat concealed from the reader. — Love and Marriage, or the Waiting on an Island (Harpers), is a sentimental English tale, in which the actual facts are enveloped in a gauzy unrealism. — A Young Girl's Wooing, by Edward P. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.), — a moral tale. — Recent issues in Harper's Franklin Square Library are: Hago the Dreamer, a tale of Scotch University Life, by William Sime; Between the Heather and the Northern Sea, by M. Linskill; Judith Shakespeare, by William Black; Joy, or the Light of Cold-Home Ford, by May Crommelin. — Admiral Porter has begun a serial romance, Allan Dare and Robert Le Diable. It has an old-fashioned honest tang about it, and if the admiral brings his venture into port he will probably find a good many of the inhabitants waiting to cheer him. (Appleton.) — Tales of Three Cities, by Henry James (Osgood), includes the Impressions of a Cousin, Lady Barberina, and a New England Writer. — An Old Sailor's Yarns, Tales of Many Seas, by Capt. R. F. Coffin. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A continuous stream of maritime lingo unrelieved by any reasonable English gives one a fatigued sense of trying to keep on his legs in these stories, and a doubt whether he is going to reach any harbor at all. — It may be well to record here the sensible little paper by Walter Besant on the Art of Fiction. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) — The sixth volume of Stories by American Authors (Scribner's Sons) is notable for Mr. C. H. White's The Village Convict. This sketch and Mr. Bunner's Love in

Old Clothes (in volume five) seem to us the best stories in the collection thus far. — In *Partnership*, by Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner (Scribner's Sons), contains eight short stories, the first and fourth being written in partnership. Of these two, *The Documents in the Case* is much the superior, in both *motif* and execution. Mr. Matthews "goes alone" in *Venetian Glass*, *The Rival Ghosts*, and a pretty little parlor piece called *Playing a Part*. Mr. Bunner contributes *The Red Silk Handkerchief*, *A Letter and a Paragraph*, and *Love in Old Clothes*, the last being easily his best work in this line. — It is difficult for a person with ink of only one tint to write adequately about a book printed upon paper of seven different colors. — *The Inner Sisterhood*, by Douglas Shirley (J. P. Morton & Co.), is a series of social studies supposed to be written by several (feminine) hands. The conception demanded a sort of dramatic ability which the author does not seem to possess. The sketches differ from each other in degree and not in kind. The most successful of the series is cleverly called *Flirting for Revenue Only*. The printing and paper of the volume remain its most striking features.

Books for Young People. *The Boys and Girls' Herodotus* is a companion volume to the *Plutarch* of last year, edited by the same scholar, John S. White. (Putnams.) Mr. White has not had the advantage of such good translations as served him in the former instance, and has given, we think, a little too involved a form. Sir John Mandeville ought to have translated *Herodotus*. The project, however, is admirable, and a better book for young people it would be hard to find. — Under the title of *Captains of Industry, or Men of Business* who did something besides making Money (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), James Parton has written nearly fifty brief biographies, in which he gives in sharp outline the careers of men who have made their mark not only by achieving personal success, but by making the success carry with it the good fortune of others. Of the list about four fifths are Americans, the remainder being English and French. The book is one well calculated to stimulate the honorable ambition of boys. — *Hawthorne's Wonder-Book* has been charmingly illustrated by F. S. Church (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and the page and style generally of the book are fit form for the most delightful modern translations of the ancient stories. The very frankness with which Hawthorne throws away all the antique dress of the stories enables one to accept them, not as imitations or even as reproductions, but as transmutations. — *Queer Stories for Boys and Girls*, by Edward Eggleston (Scribners): lively stories of a *bizarre* order, and we think they might have been just as lively and just as natural if Mr. Eggleston had used a little more reserve in the boyish language. — *The Viking Bodleys*, by H. E. Scudder (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), implies by its title far more savagery than the readers of the mild *Bodley* books are accustomed to, but the Berserker rage is all on the title-page and in an occasional picture. The book intends a jaunt through Norway and Denmark. The author takes leave

of his readers at the end of the eighth volume of the series, and promises not to write any more. — *The Hunter Cats of Connorloa*, by Helen Jackson (H. H.), is a story of California, in which cats and children and Chinamen figure in a very interesting fashion. The story is a bright one, well told. (Roberts.) — *Tip Cat*, by the author of *Miss Toosey's Mission* and *Laddie*. (S. P. C. K., E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.) *Tip Cat* is not one of H. H.'s kind, but an English squire, Tipton Cathcart, of eccentric memory, and the story centres about him. It is rather for misses of the romantic period than for children, but it has character and humor in it. Published also by Roberts Brothers. — *The Story of Vitean*, by Frank R. Stockton (Scribners). Vitean is the name of a château in Burgundy, and the story is of the time of Louis IX., with two boys for the principal characters. Mr. Stockton has told his historical tale with simplicity and directness, and while he cannot altogether lay aside his drollery he has not allowed it to dominate in his work. One discovers from this book, if he has doubted it before, that the author's humor, dry and unintentional as it appears, is really a subtle force which he understands perfectly. His *naïveté* is a distinct, measured quality. — *A Sea Change*, by Flora L. Shaw (Roberts), is a story of a waif saved from shipwreck, whose history is unraveled in the course of the book. The scenes are laid in England among gentlefolk, and the story is what may be called a novel for children. — *Ralph the Drummer Boy*, a story of the days of Washington, by Louis Rousselet, translated by W. J. Gordon (Holt), — a French version of our war for independence. The foreign accent to the story makes familiar things picturesque, but it is a pity that the author could not have kept to facts a little more closely. His desire for dramatic effect has made him negligent of historic truth. — *The Ice Queen*, by Ernest Ingersoll (Harpers): the story of how some young people moved themselves and luggage a hundred miles across the frozen Lake Erie to Cleveland, with the thrilling adventures which they met on the way. Mr. Ingersoll has seized on a very clever and novel theme, and his story illustrates the immense field of new adventure open to writers of American life. — *Jack Archer*, a tale of the Crimea, by G. A. Henty (Roberts): the old story of a young English midshipman who marries not the captain's daughter, but a Russian nobleman's daughter. We suppose these gallant tales will go on forever, and old heads continue to sprout from young shoulders. — *Our Young Folks' Josephus*. (Lippincott.) Josephus has been simplified by William Shepard, and the book makes a volume far more likely to be read than the original unabridged Josephus, although that has been the nutriment of many minds now mature. The heroism of the Maccabees can be read nowhere else so well. — *Young Folks' Ideas, a Story by Uncle Lawrence* (Lippincott): chats about the philosophy of familiar fact, such as cooking, printing, photographing, mining, etc. It requires some *threshing to get the wheat*, and the story portion is not especially to be commended.